

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

November

5c
Canada



Greta Garbo

Enter Freddie Bartholomew's Contest
and Begin His "Life and Adventures"

Del Rio and Connie Bennett Talk about Each Other!



IT TAKES MORE THAN THIS TO BE QUEEN OF THE MAY . .

THIS is Pamela . . . pretty and charming . . . adding to her good looks with a "permanent." The big Spring party is on at the club tonight, and Pamela would like to be voted the Queen of the May, or, better still, the queen of some suitor's heart . . . But Pamela will never be queen of anything . . . people with halitosis never are . . . it is the millstone about many a lovely neck . . . and all so unnecessary.

Why take a chance?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. But others do, and give you the cold shoulder. What do they care how attractive you are if your breath is a

nuisance! Why offend others unnecessarily? You can put your breath beyond suspicion in a second or two. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine attacks fermentation, declared by a noted dental authority to be the cause of 90% of mouth odors. Then it gets rid of the odors themselves, leaving the breath sweet, agreeable, and wholesome. Don't forget also, that Listerine overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes, devoid of antiseptic power, fail to conceal in several hours.

Never make the mistake of assuming that you are immune to halitosis. Fermentation takes place even in normal mouths; consequently anyone is likely to offend at some time or other. Don't take that chance. Use Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is so pleasant, so refreshing, so safe, so effective.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine quickly checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)

"OUTRAGEOUS!" Says MODERN SOCIETY
"SPLENDID!" Says THE MODERN DENTIST

Pat 14
2883
4849



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

CAN'T you just hear the shocked whispers flash around a dinner table at her conduct? ... "How terrible" ... "How perfectly awful" ... And they'd be right—from a social angle.

But your dentist would come to her defense—promptly and emphatically.

"That's an immensely valuable lesson in the proper care of the teeth and gums," would be *his* reaction ... "Vigorous chewing, rougher foods, and more primitive eating generally, would stop a host of complaints about gum dis-

orders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!" Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and

Vincent's disease far in the background.

Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana awakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

Try Ipana on your teeth and gums for a month. The improvement in *both* will give you the true explanation of Ipana's 15-year success in promoting complete oral health.



1K2-17/18/36



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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November, 1935

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Cover Portrait of Greta Garbo by Charles Sheldon

WATCH FOR Announcement of WINNERS IN SHIRLEY TEMPLE CONTEST in the Next Issue!

Are YOU one of the winners of the biggest contest SCREENLAND has ever had, the Shirley Temple competition which was presented in the September issue? You may be; remember there are 535 prizes in all, meaning that there will be 535 happy women, men, and children who will be announced in our next number—the December issue, on sale November 1st—as the winners.

The Shirley Temple Contest brought more response than any other contest in SCREENLAND's history, and very probably in the history of any other screen magazine. We are proud of the many thousands of entries; grateful to the entrants; and we're going to give Shirley a great, big hug the next time we see her! And while on the subject of contests, may we call your attention to our Freddie Bartholomew Contest in this issue? Here's another competition to appeal to the whole family. Everybody saw and loved Freddie in "David Copperfield." This is Freddie's first contest, with many fine prizes. Help him make it as big a success as Shirley's!

YOU HAVE WAITED 7 YEARS FOR THIS!

M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast. **THE GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW IN SCREEN HISTORY!**

**SING THESE
SONG HITS!**

"On a Sunday Afternoon"
"You Are My Lucky Star"
"Broadway Rhythm"
"Sing Before Breakfast"
"I've Got A Feeling
You're Foolin'"

by Nacio Herb Brown
and Arthur Freed, com-
posers for the original
"Broadway Melody"

BROADWAY MELODY of 1936

with

JACK BENNY • ELEANOR POWELL • ROBERT TAYLOR

UNA MERKEL • FRANCES LANGFORD

SID SILVERS • BUDDY EBSSEN

JUNE KNIGHT • VILMA EBSSEN

HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Hollywood's loveliest colleen, Maureen, makes informality the mood of her parties. Ping pong is a favorite game.

Inside the Stars' Homes

When Maureen O'Sullivan "has the Gang in" everybody has fun—you, too

By Betty Boone

and windows open," she said, "and a fire's such company!"

The room is done in autumn shades, with a deep couch drawn up before the fireplace, not too much furniture and that easily cleared away for dancing or games. John Farrow's portrait—John is Maureen's fiancé—holds the place of honor.

"Do you know the person I'd rather be like than anyone else in the world?" said Maureen. "Mrs. John McCormack! She's the perfect hostess, the perfect wife. She can put (Continued on page 90)

Below, Maureen whips up a delicious chafing-dish concoction for her "gang."

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is Irish, but she lives in a Spanish court apartment, an exotic looking place built around central gardens in which fountains splash and brilliant-hued flowers grow in orange-and-blue pots set in rosy tile. Under tropical trees, metal garden tables and awning-striped chairs add a fiesta-like touch.

Her apartment is on the top floor, and is reached by an iron stair at the head of which a small green gate opens onto her balcony.

"I painted the mail box myself, not to mention most of the flower pots," pointed out Maureen, proudly, indicating her handiwork. "I'm one of those women who adores a paint brush!"

The balcony, with its freight of flowers, is so high above the gardens that it seems to rest in the tree tops. "Makes me feel as if I had a pent house!" smiled Maureen.

"I'm not what you'd call a mixer," she warned me, gravely, "so I don't have a big place, just this apartment; but the living-room is big enough to accommodate a good many people when I do break out with a party. I like to get everyone busy playing ping pong, or some other game. Some of my guests may have to sit on the floor, but that's all right—I couldn't be anything but informal here."

The living-room is spacious, with a heavily beamed ceiling and tiled floors, Spanish fashion. There's a huge fireplace in which Maureen likes to have a fire burning on all but the hottest days. "I can always keep the doors



A RICKLESS, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN..

Cool, calculating, hard, she spun the Wheel of Fortune in a roaring cauldron of untamed, clashing humanity . . . the Gold Coast . . . Against this sweeping canvas of a nation in the making, Samuel Goldwyn has created a production so magnificent, challenging and thrilling to the imagination that it will hold you spellbound.

SAMUEL
GOLDWYN
presents

BARBARY COAST

with

MIRIAM HOPKINS

EDW. G. ROBINSON

• JOEL McCREA •

Directed by HOWARD HAWKS

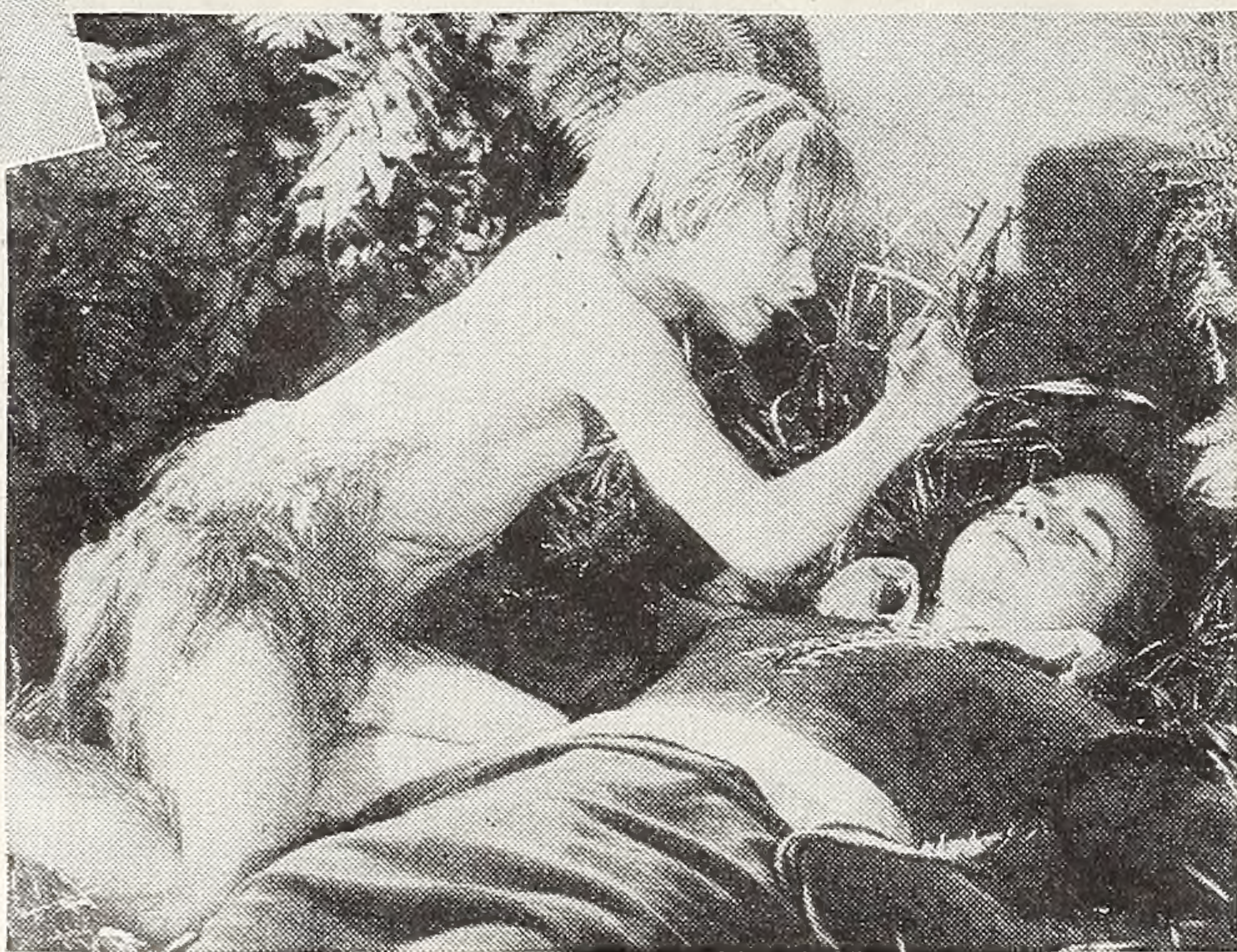
Screenplay by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists



SCREENLAND Honor Page



Mickey Rooney as Puck will be the most discussed screen character of the day. He appeals to children and adults alike, for he represents the spirit of the small boy in every human heart. Above, Mickey in close-up. Right, in a scene with Dick Powell from the film.



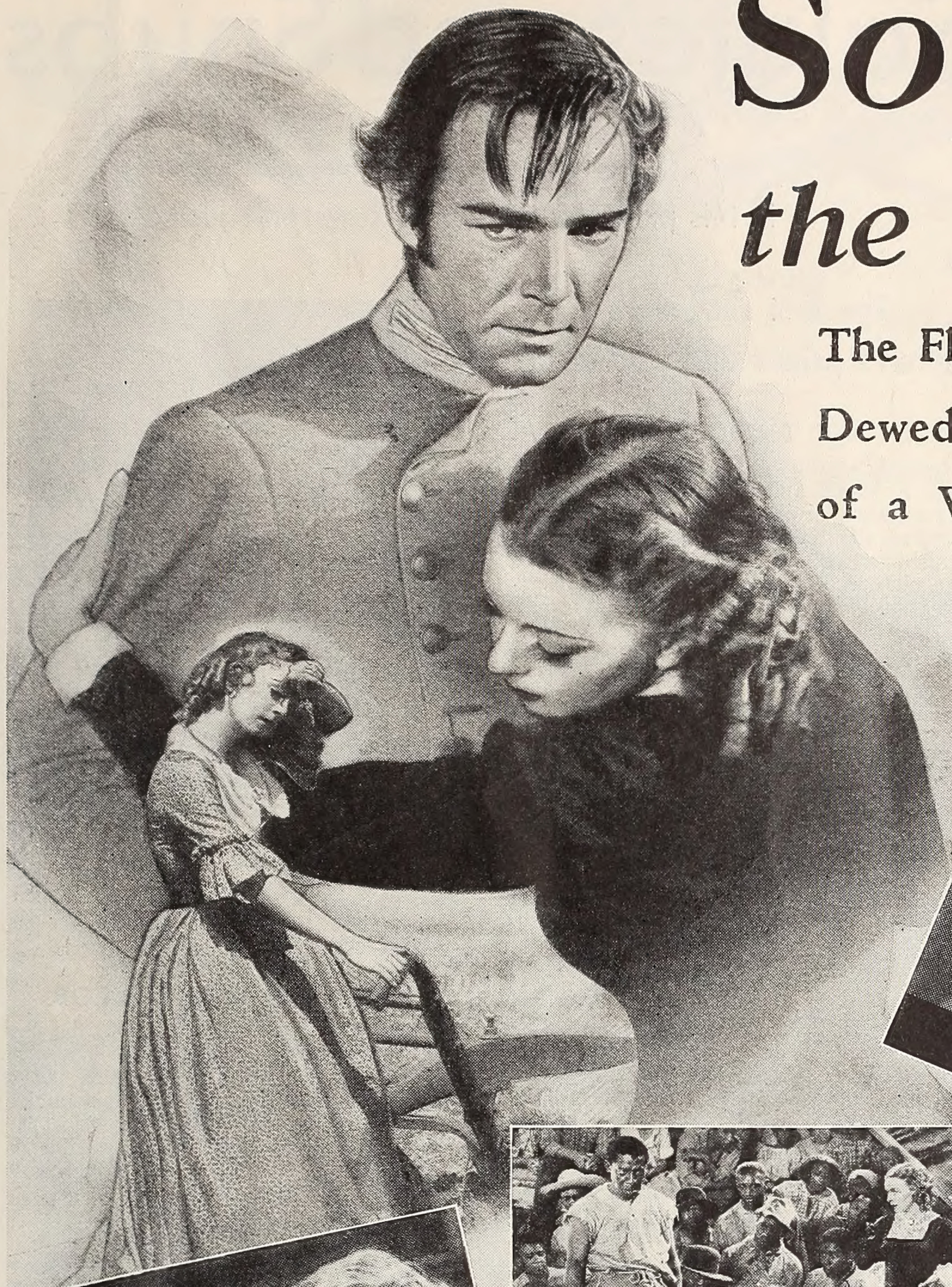
"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a motion picture of many marvels; but the most amazing is *Puck*, played by Mickey Rooney

MAX REINHARDT'S genius has made Shakespeare's fantasy sheer magic on the screen. At his direction a great all-star cast of popular Hollywood personalities give truly inspired performances. All the woodland wonder, the gaiety, the spirited romance, the clownish comedy are wonderfully interpreted. Audiences will be charmed by the beauty, enchanted by the fun; but they will go away talking about *Puck*, so marvelously portrayed by a real boy, Mickey Rooney. Here is an almost uncanny characterization—a sort of juvenile *Tarzan* with an even weirder cry and a much more vivid imagination. *Puck* will appeal to the children of our fair land as no screen character has ever done before. His antics will be imitated, as nearly as possible; his eery laugh will echo in households from coast to coast. For *Puck* is the Spirit of the Small Boy incarnate. Shakespeare wrote him; Reinhardt sponsored him; but Mickey Rooney, a Hollywood product, brings him to life on the screen for the enjoyment of us all.



"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears . . .



The Girl He Left Behind Him



Slaves in the First Frenzy of Freedom



A Son of the South Goes Forth to War



A Daughter's Love Heals War's Wounds



A Last Sad Parting as the Bugles Sound



Women Await the Dreaded News



War's Axes Smash a Southern Home

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.

Make-Up News from HOLLYWOOD ...and it's about you!



Jean Muir in Warner Bros.
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

EXCITING NEWS from Hollywood! Max Factor, make-up genius has discovered a color harmony powder that can make you look radiant, young, instantly! The discovery resulted in creating make-up for screen stars...it might have still been a professional make-up secret if beauty editors and society women had not begged Max Factor to tell them how he made up screen stars to look so alluring...now you too may share this magic secret.

Max Factor's Powder will enliven your skin, give it youthful radiance because it is created in color harmony shades—one for you and one for every type from brunette to blonde. The uniform texture gives your skin a satin-smooth finish that lasts for hours. Being pure, it will keep your skin fine-textured, young just as it does for famous stars.

You will find Max Factor's Powder in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads at your favorite store. Use it and discover how lovely you can be.



Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood
Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood

SEND Please-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWN ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Only ☐ Dry ☐	Dark ☐	Dark ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

4-11-10

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Salutes and Snubs

Forum of the film-goers. Enter your letter in this prize discussion of stars and films!

The first six letters
receive prizes of \$5.00 each

WE THINK SO!

Recently, mainly through curiosity, I entered a small Indian hut. Immediately, baskets were displayed, as ragged urchins clustered about their parents. The interior furnishings included a blanket, stove, and a huge picture of Clark Gable. That shows vast popularity. What do you think?

Mylla Stanchfield,
4424 West 44th St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE BARD'S BOUQUETS

Shakespeare describes the stars:

Jean Harlow: "Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Fred Astaire: "When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that."

Grace Moore: "O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear."

Bliss Buchan,
723 Exposition Boulevard,
New Orleans, La.

JUDGMENT DAY FOR COLOR

Don't make us judge color in films until a modern picture has been made. We cannot judge "Becky Sharp" by our modern standards. The coloring was indeed beautiful, but the styles and color combinations sometimes irritating. One redeeming feature was the beauty of Frances Dee in color.

Colleen Lumsford,
324 Hyde Park Ave.,
Tampa, Fla.

BEERY SLEUTH REPORTS!

The "real" Wallace Beery must be just like the "reel" Beery! By that I mean just the every-day sort of person we like to know. Mrs. Beery's sister lives near here and what we don't hear about Wallace would make even a Broadway columnist red with envy—and there isn't a skeleton to be found.

F. K. Beckwith,
6300 14th Ave., N.W.,
Seattle, Wash.

TEMPLE MAKES DUTY A JOY

When Shirley Temple plays locally, I have always taken my children "for duty's sake." Last week, with the children at summer camp, and Shirley in town, I found myself creeping sheepishly to see her by myself. Remember the martyred father who "had to take his children to the circus?"

Mrs. H. A. Seymour,
Hillsboro, Ill.

EYE AS WELL AS EAR APPEAL

Who says the human race hasn't progressed? Think back to the period when great soprano voices belonged to overstuffed ladies. Then consider the loveliness of Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald!

R. C. Young, Jr.,
1492 Sixth Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.



Saluting Robert Taylor, who gets close-up honors by popular request this month.

A BOW TO BOB TAYLOR

Three cheers for Robert Taylor, the new screen personality! He has proved that he can act—by playing such parts as a racketeer, an interne, and a ship's officer.

Martha Jane Tobey,
1895 Beacon St.,
Brookline, Mass.

VERY CLEVER, THESE CARTOONS

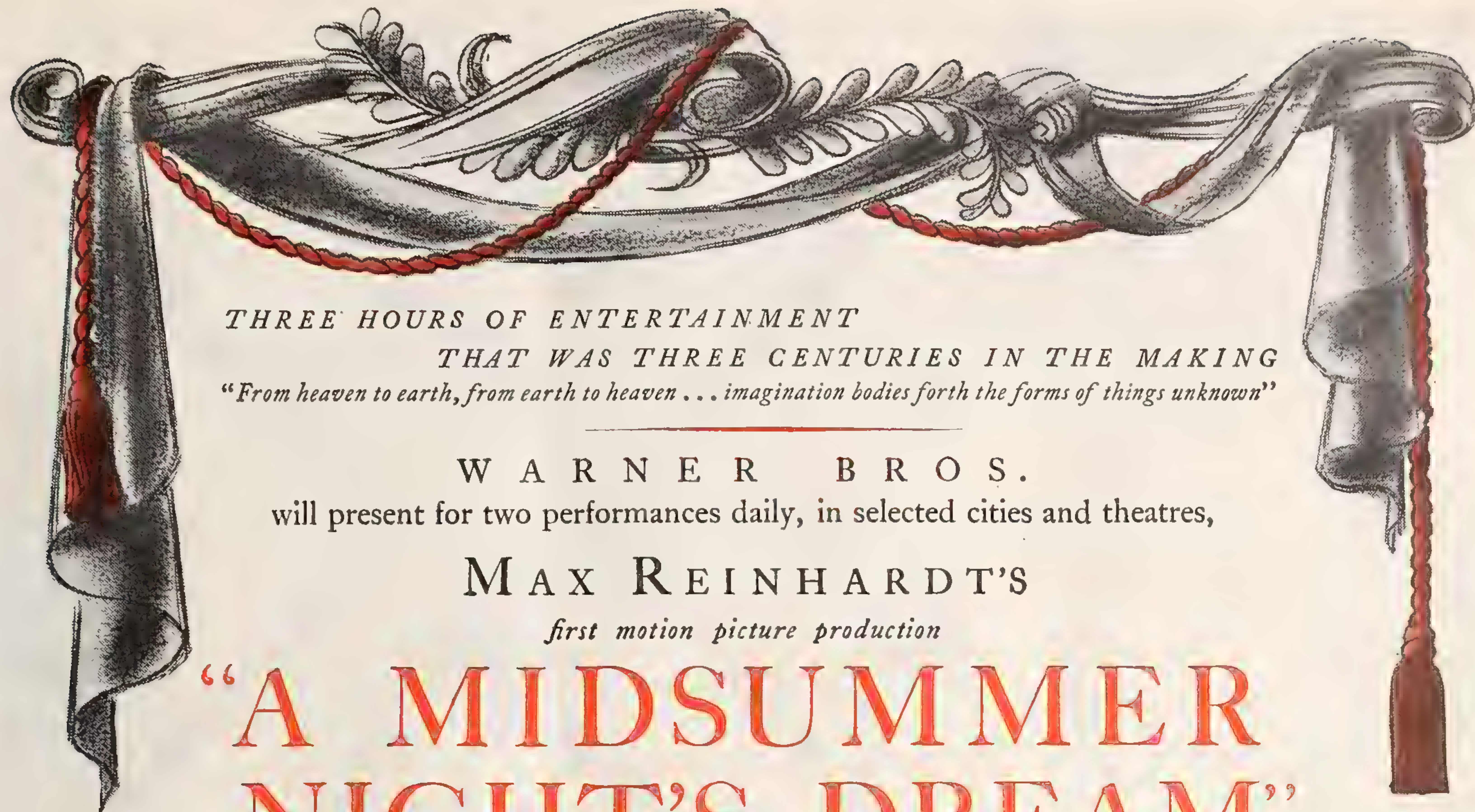
How can anyone sniff at the delightfully fantastic animated cartoons? In them can be seen all the heavy emoting of our living stars—the comedy of the Farmer in "Terrytoons," the Tarzanic prowess of "Popeye." I even detect the suavity of William Powell and the impetuosity of Gable in Mickey's courtship of Minnie.

Mrs. J. S. Hollman,
300 Buchanan St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

One sure way to know all the answers as to what's on the screen public's mind, is to read it right here, in print. For example, one letter tells quite plainly what essential characteristic is an important factor in Clark Gable's tremendous popularity; another, why Robert Taylor is fast coming to the fore as a screen personality and actor.

Well, that's just an idea of the range and scope of the cinematic subjects that occupy the attention of very able commentators in this month's Salutes and Snubs department. Read all the letters, for your own entertainment, and information on the live topics of the movie day.

Also, make up your mind now to write a letter to Salutes and Snubs, telling what you think! The stars, the directors, the producers in Hollywood will be glad to get your ideas; so, too, will your fellow SCREENLAND readers. Also, you'll be mighty glad if your letter is judged one of the six best—because then you'll receive a prize of \$5.00 in cash. Make your letter brief—fifty words is the limit—and mail it to: Letter Page, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.



THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

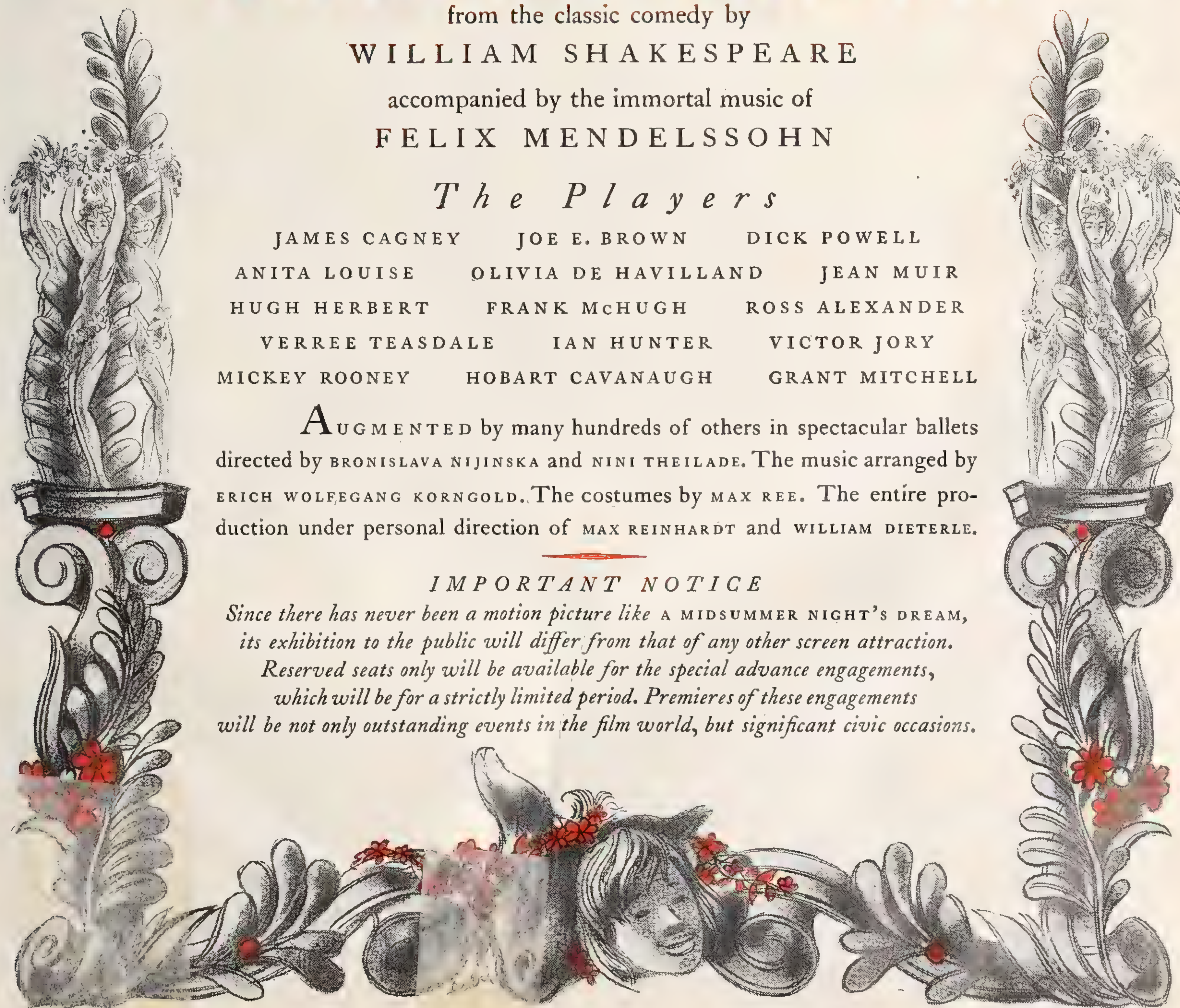
The Players

JAMES CAGNEY	JOE E. BROWN	DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE	OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT	FRANK MCHUGH	ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE	IAN HUNTER	VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY	HOBART CAVANAUGH	GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.



TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
at our expense!



... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the
Perfolastic Co. and sent for
their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually al-
lowed me to wear
the Perfolastic for
10 days on trial."

"and in 10 days,
by actual measure-
ment, my hips were 3
INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time
I had reduced my
hips 9 INCHES and
weight 20 pounds."

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slender self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer...

**REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**

... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 7311, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

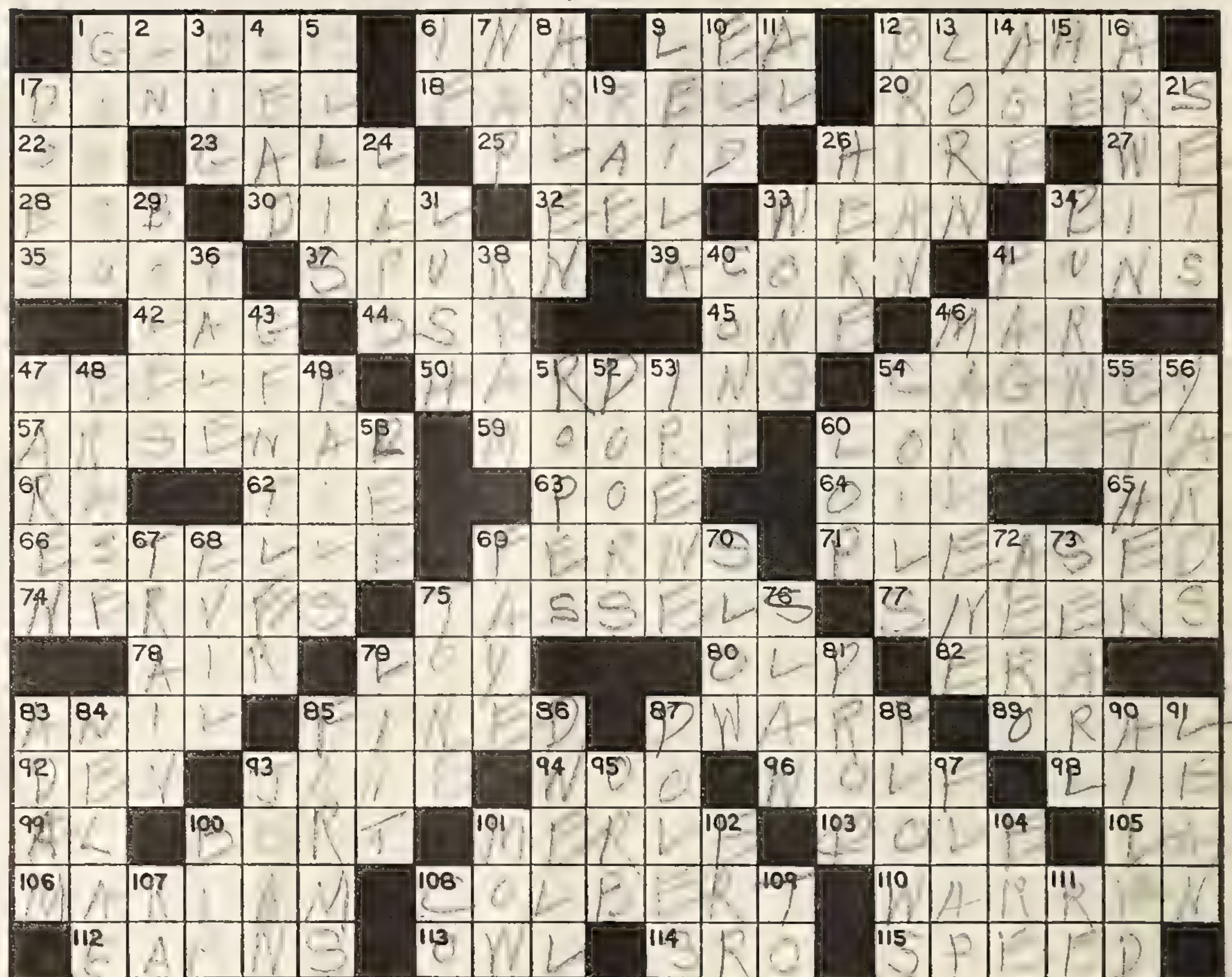
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star of "China Seas"
6. Ex-wife of John Gilbert
9. Meadow
12. Censure
17. Biblical hero of the lion's den
18. She's famous for gold-digger rôles
20. In Memoriam to a beloved actor
22. Either
23. Bile
25. Tartan
26. Employ
27. You and I
28. Recede as tide
30. Clock face
32. That slippery fish
33. Change feeding custom (of baby)
34. A small rôle in a picture
35. Residue from burning fuel
37. To refuse with scorn
39. Seed of an oak
41. Plays on words
42. To fall behind
44. Compass point (abbrev.)
45. A number
46. To deface
47. Mrs. Al Jolson
50. Star of "The Flame Within"
54. Star of "The Irish In Us"
57. Storehouse for military supplies
59. Star of "Love Me Forever"
60. Berengaria in "The Crusades"
61. Sun god
62. Cravat
63. Poet, author of "The Raven"
64. Lubricate
65. Period of time (Abbrev.)
66. Ex-wife of Jack Dempsey
69. Flowerless plants
71. Satisfied
74. Body fibres
75. Dangling ornaments
77. Jeers
78. Ventilate
79. Bill Powell's former team-mate ("The Thin Man")
80. An actress hates to get this way
82. Historical period
83. Seed covering
85. You're this when you're caught speeding
87. Runt
89. Verbal
92. Lair
93. Bad little girl of the movies
94. Pay court
96. The three little pigs' enemy
98. Tell an untruth
99. Symbol for silver
100. Comedienne, in "Hooray

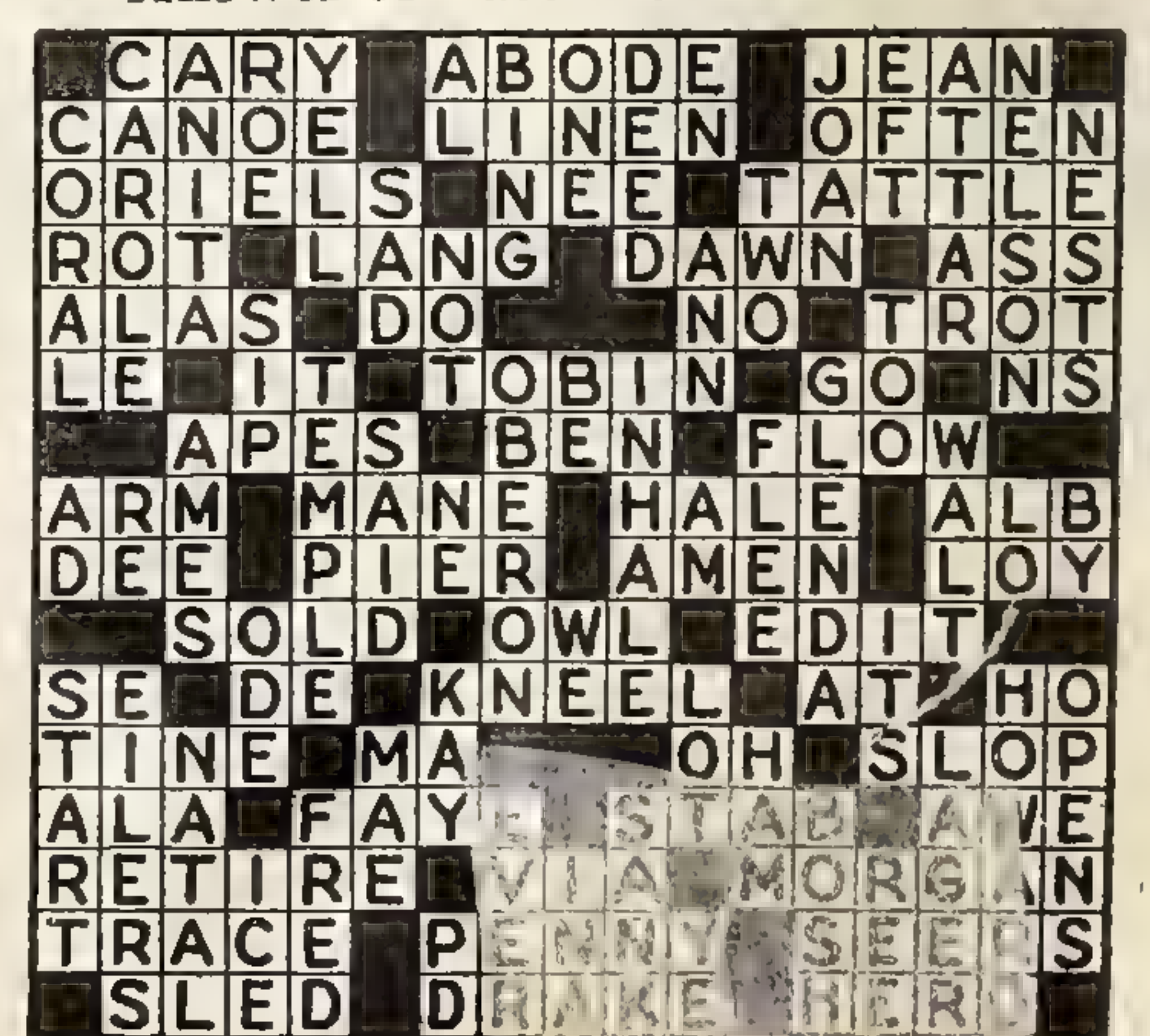
101. The sensational gal from Tasmania
103. Long stick
105. Note of the scale
106. Star of "Becky Sharp"
108. Star of "It Happened One Night"
110. Amateur sleuth in "The Case of the Curious Bride"
112. Omens
113. Wise old bird
114. This sign is used when the theatre is full
115. Haste

DOWN

1. The glamor lady from Sweden
2. One
3. Large
4. What every extra hopes to play
5. Leading lady in "Hold 'Em Yale"
6. Provided that
7. Doze
8. Star of "Hollywood"
9. Ingénue in "People Will Talk"
10. Olden times (poetic)
11. Ruby Keeler's husband
12. Daughter in "The Man On The Flying Trapeze"
13. Forlorn
14. What every actress fears
15. Pronoun
16. June Collyer's husband
17. Accomplishes
19. Girl's name
21. Settings for movies
24. Licks up
26. Present
29. Shirley's benefactor in "Curly Top"
31. Luxuriant (of plants)
33. The famous Chinese actress
34. Scorched
36. Story
38. Measure for paper
40. Ice cream comes in this
41. "— Miss Glorv"
43. "— of "The Devil Is a Woman"
47. Leading lady in "Black Fury"
49. To rub out
51. What trains run on

51. Cords
52. Openings (from one room to another)
53. Princess in "Roberta"
54. Winds around
55. Anaesthetic
56. Measures of length
58. Mrs. Bing Crosby
60. Cut off
67. Combination of cars
68. Bad
69. Jimmie Dunn's team-mate in "George White's 1935 Scandals"
70. Dilatory
72. Pertaining to aviation (prefix)
73. Screen bad boy
75. Joan Crawford's boy friend
76. Cabbage salad
79. Scraped linen
81. To let fall
83. The first man
84. Featured actor in "Shadow of Doubt"
85. Cultivates (as land)
86. Reside
87. Distributes sparingly
88. Glides along (as rivers)
90. Troubled
91. Spare, thin
93. Co-star of "China Seas"
95. Globe
97. Sway
100. Co-star in a famous "Silly Symphony"
101. To cut, as grass
102. To make a mistake
104. Before
107. Chinese measure
108. Business firm (abbrev.)
109. Toward
111. Note of the scale

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



THE LAST



DAYS OF



A dream of barbaric splendor! A feast of pagan revelry! Scenes of startling magnitude! The Pompeii of storied glory! The mighty arena with its combats! Earthquake! Seething Volcano! Stricken thousands madly fleeing before its wrath! . . . Mightiest of spectacles! . . . the moving background for the most human of great love stories!

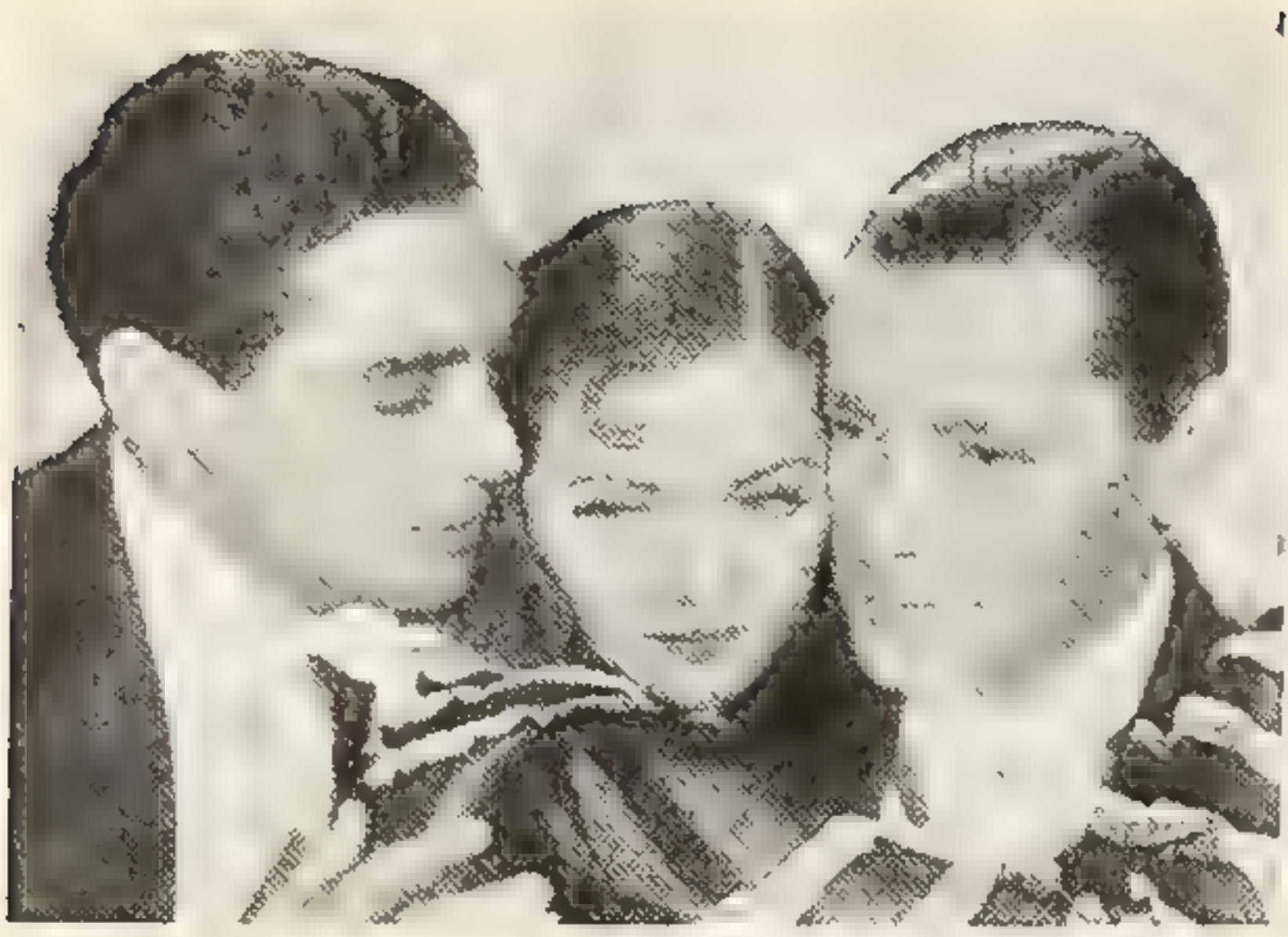
POMPEII

A MERIAN C. COOPER PRODUCTION

with PRESTON FOSTER • ALAN HALE
 BASIL RATHBONE • JOHN WOOD
 LOUIS CALHERN • DAVID HOLT
 DOROTHY WILSON • WYRLEY BIRCH

RKO RADIO
 PICTURE

Directed by
 Ernest B. Schoedsack



Accent On
Youth
Paramount

As charming an adult film as the year has offered, with Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sydney giving capital performances and realizing the fetching humor of this story of the romance of a young secretary with her middle-aged employer, a playwright. There's lilt to the amusing manner in which Marshall blasts the youth-must-mate-with-youth idea introduced by Phil Reed, who, with Ernest Cossart, is notable.



Annapolis
Farewell
Paramount

The screen's newest salute to the U.S. Naval Academy, and a picture much on the order of "West Point of the Air," in that it tells, as the latter did about the making of Army Birdmen, how youths are trained for service on the United States fleet. Very sentimental, but with considerable patriotic appeal. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing and Rosalind Keith—all good. It's clean and wholesome.



Diamond
Jim
Universal

Edward Arnold presents a colorful picture of Diamond Jim Brady—one you'll not soon forget. The story is an interesting, authentic résumé of the gay days in which Jim flourished. Jean Arthur scintillates as the capricious lady who leaves Jim at the altar, but Binnie Barnes is hardly the popular conception of the pulchritudinous Lillian Russell. We repeat, Arnold is a grand Diamond Jim. Really a swell show!



The
Return of
Peter
Grimm
RKO-Radio

Lionel Barrymore gives the star portrayal in the picturized Belasco play about a tyrannical old man whose spirit returns to earth to free his ward from her promise to marry a man he chose for her, but whom she does not love. There is fine support from Helen Mack, Edward Ellis, George Breakston and others. Nevertheless it fails to register as impressively serious drama; too sombre for popular tastes.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

More Reviews on Page 89

The
Farmer
Takes a
Wife
Fox



Don't miss this, if only to meet the most appealing new man in pictures, Henry Fonda. He plays with a rare combination of vigor and sensitiveness in this quietly charming minor epic of life on the Erie Canal in the days before the railroad. Janet Gaynor surprises with a spirited performance of a Canal boat cook, whose favors are disputed by Fonda and Charles Bickford. Rates high as comedy-drama.

Here
Comes
Cookie
Paramount



Gracie Allen bears the brunt of this comedy on her slender and unconcerned shoulders, while George Burns is, as usual, the world's best "feeder." The plot is awfully reminiscent—Gracie taking over all papa's money to relieve him of the burden and discourage a fortune-hunting suitor of her sister's. Gracie does her best to squander all. It's amusingly nutty if you go for Gracie's antics. If not, well—!

Hot Tip
RKO-Radio



An amusing little picture, with all the laughs ably taken care of by Zasu Pitts and Jimmy Gleason, plus a horse race. Jimmy is the one involved with the horses, Zasu is his pessimistic frau, and Russell Gleason, (who looks exactly like his pa), is Sonny Boy. With good humor, if without any great amount of surprise, it all works out very nicely, for Papa finally wins. You'll like Margaret Callahan, too.

China
Seas
M-G-M



A three-star acting combination in a zippy, brisk, and stirring show about a salty but attractive sea captain who braves typhoons and pirates in the China sea lanes, the boisterously blunt but fascinating gal who loves him, and the conniving of a smuggler and "contact" for Malay pirates. Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Wallace Beery are at their individual best in this very entertaining adult melodrama.

Bright
Lights
Warners



One of the very best Joe E. Brown films, filled with gags and other funny business that will put you in stitches and keep you there. Joe is a burlesque comic who makes the grade in the sticks with his wife, Ann Dvorak. Then he falls for Patricia Ellis, and together they make Broadway. William Gargan turns out to be Pat's fiancé, while Joe has been getting the run-around. Happy ending with Ann. You'll laugh!

The
Black
Room
Columbia



As sinister and morbid a little number as you will find in a day's journey. Karloff is twins now—one good and one very bad. The bad one is a perpetrator of unspeakable crimes. The picture is magnificently photographed and staged, and if you enjoy having your back hair raised, this is your meat. Marian Marsh, Thurston Hall, Robert Allen and Katherine DeMille contribute generously to your sleepless night.

Little
Big Shot
Warners



The début of little Sybil Jason, a talented and ingratiating child, is less auspicious than might have been hoped. The child is charming; the trouble is with the story—cut on the "Little Miss Marker" pattern and requiring the starlet to endure too many harrowing experiences with the two racketeers, Edward Everett Horton and Robert Armstrong, who fall heirs to the child. Glenda Farrell is lovely, as usual.

**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE!"**



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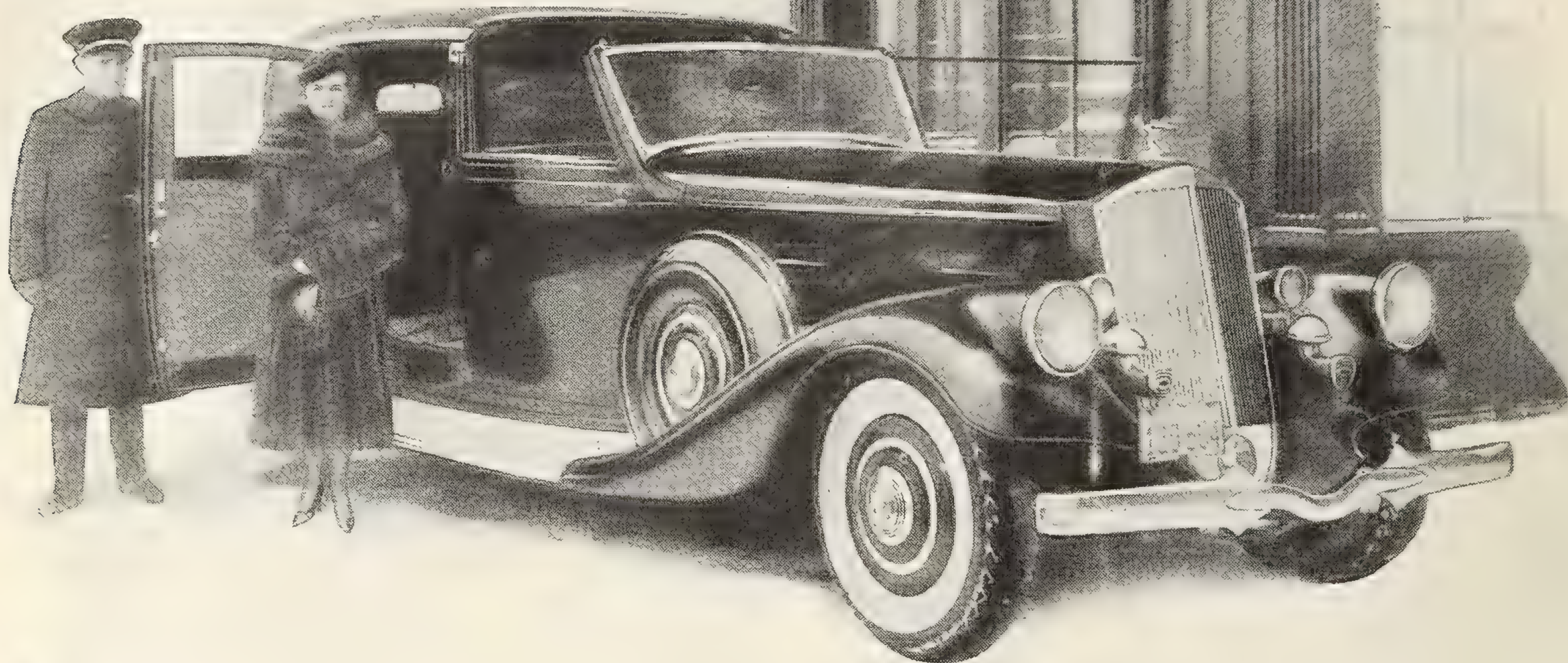
stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN
BENNETT**

MRS. WALTER RADCLIFFE KIRK, one of Chicago's most beautiful and smartly gowned matrons . . . a famous hostess . . . a patron of the arts . . . a director of Chicago's Civic Opera for many years . . . also notable for her charities. She is seen here with her special custom-built town car, a familiar sight on the boulevards of Santa Barbara, New York and Chicago.



All hers . . all luxuries . . yet she chooses this twenty-five cent tooth paste

"It is remarkable how quickly Listerine Tooth Paste cleans and what a brilliant lustre it gives," says Mrs. Kirk. "A real luxury!"

The moment you try this modern dentifrice, you will discover why it is the favorite of men and women who, if

need be, could afford to pay \$25 instead of 25¢ a tube for their tooth paste.

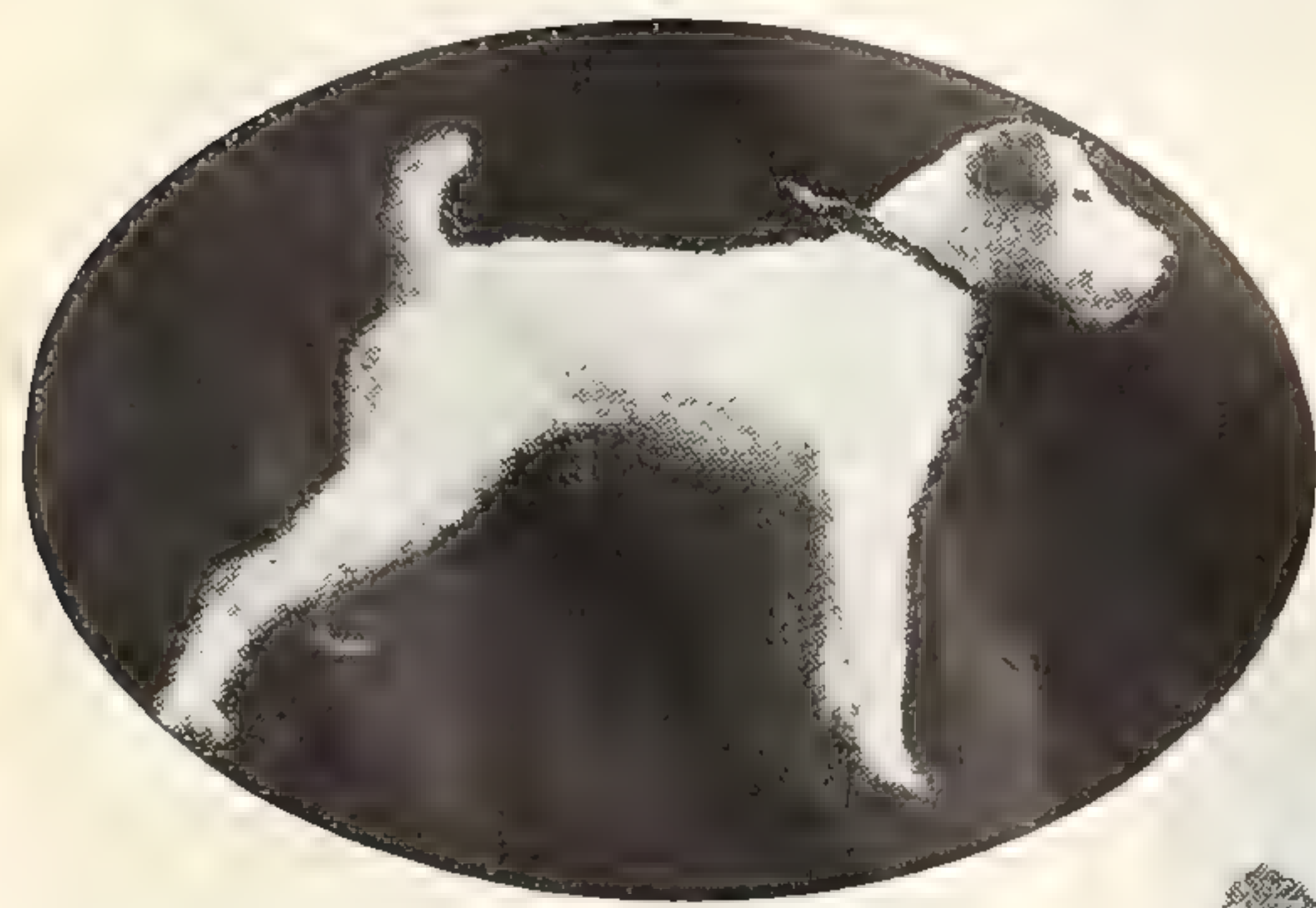
We ask you to see how quickly and thoroughly it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film and discolorations. Its results are rather remarkable.

See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate

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If you are interested in economy, you'll be delighted to find how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

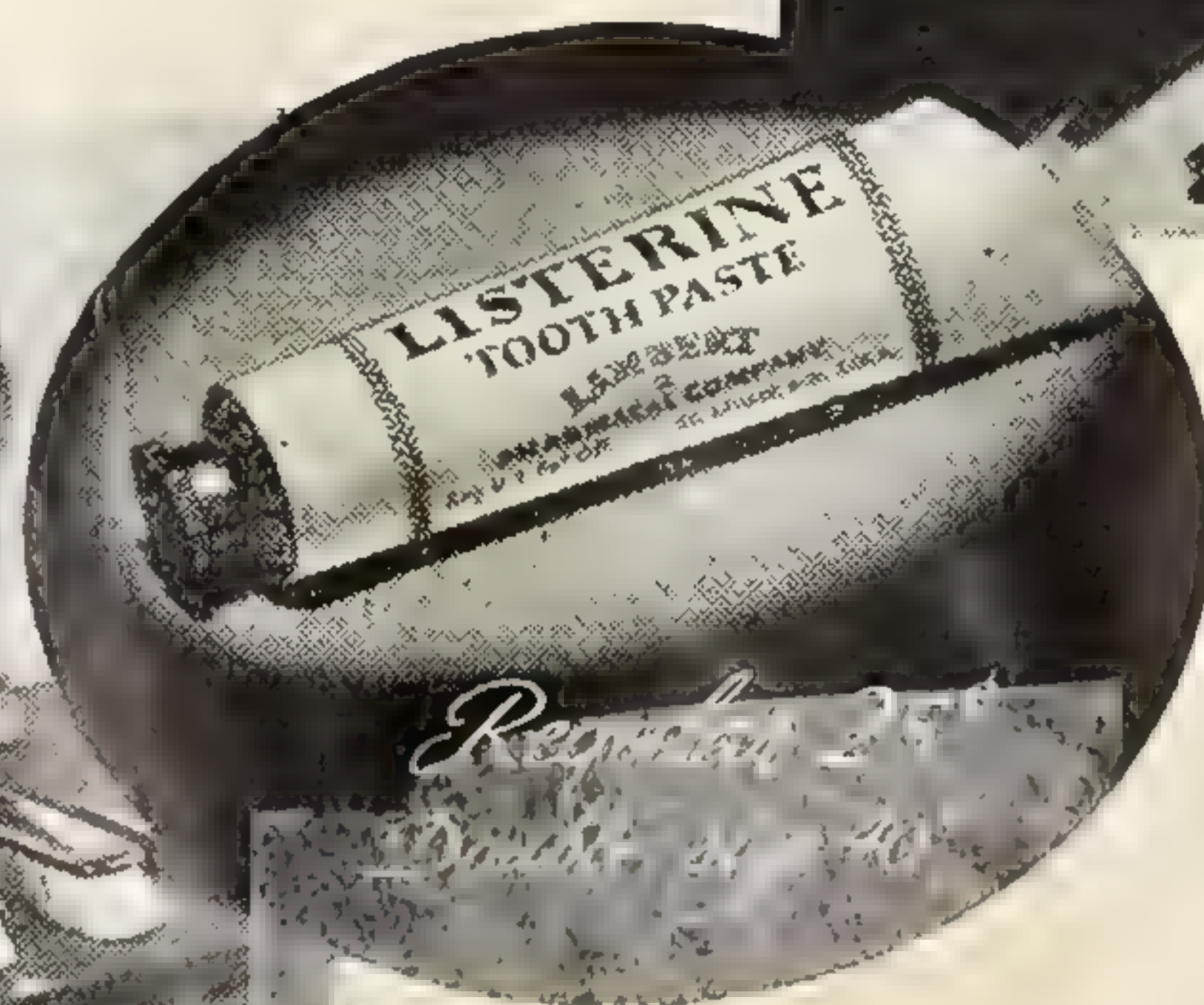


"BOWSER"—son of "Wire Boy," famous Blue Ribbon winner. A thoroughbred wire-haired and Mrs. Kirk's favorite dog.

GOLD SET. All the accoutrements of Mrs. Kirk's dressing table, from the dainty file to hair brush, are of gold—a most unusual and luxurious set of heirlooms.



TRAVELING JEWEL CASE—showing part of Mrs. Kirk's exceptional jewel collection, notable for the careful selection of its stones and their rare beauty—another of her most treasured possessions.



Listerine Tooth Paste

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Fred Stone

DEAR MR. STONE:

It was one of those strange, uncanny, incredible things that your first great screen success in "Alice Adams" should have come to you on the very day that your best friend played his last scene on earth. The New York newspapers were enthusiastic in praise of your performance as Hepburn's father in the film that opened at the great Radio City Music Hall—but those same newspapers, on their front pages, carried one of the most tragic stories of our times. And so the success you worked so long and so hard to win must have seemed pretty empty to you. For you are, I'm told, one of the few who is first of all a man, and then an actor.

You proved this when you were approached and asked to "pinch-hit" writing the great cowboy's newspaper column. You refused. When reminded that your best friend had gone on for you to keep a Fred Stone show running when you had your serious crack-up some years ago, you replied: "Will Rogers could go on for anybody, and make it a better show. No one could go on for Will."

You're right, of course. No one ever can. There's no successor to that great man. But there is a crying

need for what he represented. Movie theatres are playing his last and finest picture now, "Steamboat Bill." But after that—what? Whose pictures can fill the bill? These theatres are going to need more of the clean, wholesome, sympathetic entertainment he stood for; entertainment that was a positive guarantee of family enjoyment; that amused without malice, cheered without cloying. And whether you like it or not, Mr. Stone, you are the man to give them this entertainment.

After all, for many years you stood for all that's good and decent on the American stage. From "The Wizard of Oz" to "Stepping Stones" you clung to the kind of show that was safe for the family trade. Children who used to laugh at your crazy clowning and amazing acrobatic dancing are tired men and women now. You tried to keep on giving them "old-fashioned" shows, clean, simple, kindly; you introduced them to your family, your three charming and talented daughters. But they didn't respond. They seemed to want something else. Your friend Will Rogers understood. He "pinch-hit" for you to keep your show going, because he had faith that eventually the entertainment you both stood for would be appreciated. He was right. You're a success again. The very people who shied away from your later shows are cheering your superb performance in "Alice Adams." I hope you yourself have heard them laughing at your dinner-party scene. It would cheer you up and give you the courage to keep on with the show. He'd have wanted you to.



stones of
akes his

Delight Evans

Decorative study
of the "Bounty"
at sunset by
Grimes, M-G-M.

The Only Girl



The "only female" on the "Mutiny on the Bounty" location, Muriel Babcock, above, with Charles Laughton and Clark Gable.

Yo, ho, ho, and a close-up of Clark and the other "Mutiny on the Bounty" boys



By Muriel Babcock

THERE'S an old sailor's tradition that a woman aboard ship bodes no good.

If that be true, Mr. Clark Gable, Mr. Charles Laughton, Mr. Franchot Tone, and others of the crew of the good ship *Bounty*, beautiful old square-rigger which you will see in the picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty," had better look out!

For a woman *did* sail that ship for two long days on the blue Pacific, just off the Isthmus of Catalina. The woman was your scribe, who clambered up the wave-slapped, slippery sides of the ship and, tucked away back of a couple of smelly, dead sharks and a barrel of imitation tropical fruit, watched Clark and other hardy, (1935 model), film

"She blows ahead!" calls Clark Gable to the crew in this scene with Laughton, above, from "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Right, the "Bounty" rides at anchor while the camera crew on shore, in foreground, get ready to "shoot" her. Across the page, looking forward along the deck with Director Frank Lloyd, left, gazing out to sea.





Moonlight bathes the "Bounty" in this Grimes shot, below.



Franchot Tone, unlike Gable and Laughton, grew pretty bored with life on the bounding "Bounty" before the sea scenes were finished; but he manages to give a very good performance, nevertheless.

Gable, expert pistol shot, was on the alert for any shark foolish enough to stray within range of his unerring aim while filming scenes at sea. The director had to speak sharply to our hero to get him back to work!

buccaneers re-enact scenes of England's most famous maritime mutiny.

Yes, I am one of the few females ever to ride the deck of the *Bounty*, and believe you me, there never was a thrill like it. On the days of my visit, I was the only woman on board, the only female within miles! (No, there are no Jean Harlows or Joan Crawfords in the film—just some Tahitian maidens and they stayed on land in the shade of the palm trees).

In addition to the thrill of riding that beautiful old ship—for I am one who likes the sea—there was the added zest of knowing that there was no female competition and would be none unless a nasty old Channel swimmer hove in sight, to snatch from me the attention of a Gable or a Laughton or any of the other gallant gentlemen of the ship.

Speaking of a Gable, you've never seen anything until you've seen Clark at sea. It was surprising how handsome and attractive he looked against this background of sea and ship. Barefooted he was, shirt open at the neck, old-fashioned breeches flapping around his knees, (Continued on page 97)

Connie and Dolores



"I shudder to find myself a member of a mutual admiration club!" cries Constance. But she gamely gave us this exclusive interview. You'll enjoy it.

I HATE analyzing a friend—I haven't many, but those I have are important to me!

"I hate dual stories on stars as a rule, because what can you say? I shudder at picking up the magazine and discovering a mutual admiration club!"

"If I go into details of why I am particularly fond of Dolores it's very likely to sound gushy. If I should point out any perfectly human mistakes I think she's made, I'd consider myself presumptuous.

"After all, 'live and let live' is my principle and I haven't the faintest desire to make others over to fit my own system!"

The languorously lovely Constance Bennett began to talk about Dolores Del Rio with this prologue. Candid to the extreme, she asserts that she doesn't like people as a rule, but she does like Dolores. The strikingly brunette Del Rio and the sleek blonde Constance—what a contrasting pair! Differing in every way, except as regards frankness. They share that quality, even though Dolores is habitually diplomatic while La Bennett is completely plain-spoken.

It was the morning of a very hot day when I was received at her handsome new French chateau in the Holmby Hills district out beyond Beverly. Attired in white lounging pajamas, and bemoaning her sunburn,

"I hate analyzing a friend!" says peppery Bennett. But she dissects Dolores for us, nevertheless

By

Constance led me into the formal drawing-room. "I think it's the coolest room!" she exclaimed.

Because Constance can be caustic when she has cause, a legend has sprung up that when you visit her you'd better throw your hat in first. I detected no chip on her shoulder. She was so courteous I presume I bring out the kinder side of her nature!

But we soon turned our attention to Dolores.

"I could say I like her because she's—well, exquisite looking, gracious, any one of a number of reasons of that sort for she's all of them. Yet none of them give you any picture of Dolores, really, nor do they satisfy me as grounds for friendship. I like what is behind all those attributes, the manner in which she blends a great many superlative virtues and still remains human. I've known people of grand capacities who were so dull that I fancy their own mothers were conscious of, and confounded by, their smugness!"

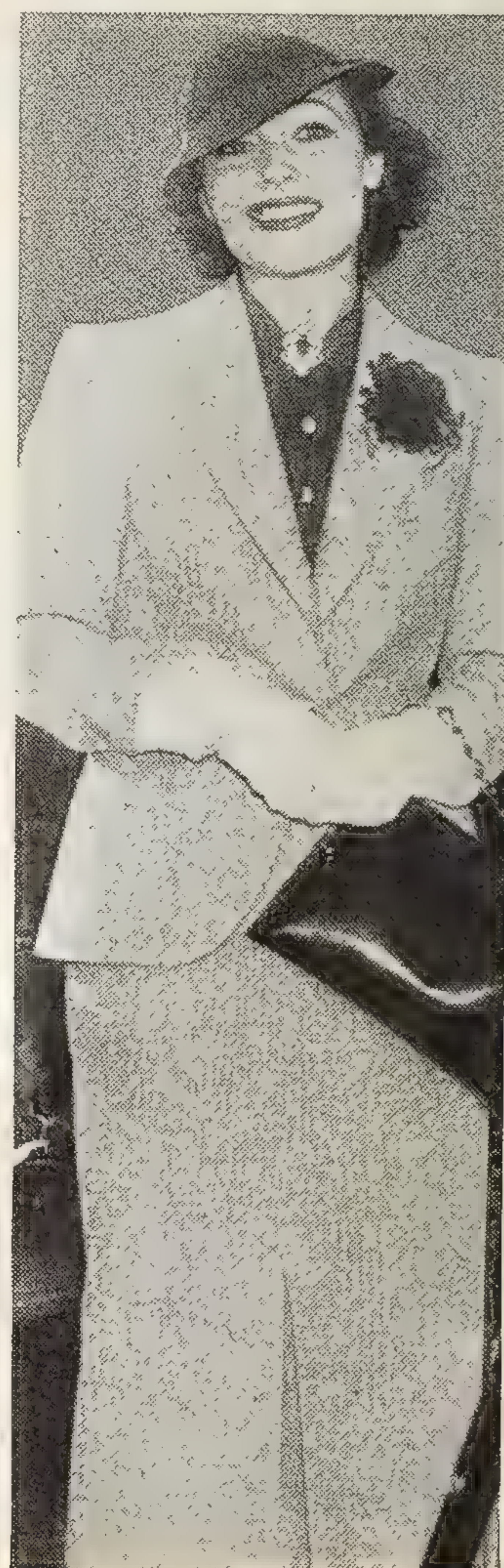
Constance believes that few women of today are genuinely glamorous. Dolores is, definitely.

"She realizes that the secret of glamor is largely an exciting 'setting.' Her Span-

ish beauty is gloriously individual, but she doesn't rely on it alone. Everything that can count is utilized; even her home is the last word in modern architecture and decoration. She isn't shackled by out-moded notions.

"She claims she is old-fashioned. Yes, if you want to call beauty and charm so. If I were speaking to her, instead of about her, I'd say, 'You old-fashioned? Come, Dolores, stop posing!'

"Dolores is vital, full of
(Continued on page 80)



The darkly beautiful Dolores is a perfect foil for the blondely stinging Constance. One reason why they're friends! This picture of the girls together was made at the polo matches in Hollywood recently.

Talk about Each Other

The lovely Del Rio, as frank as her blonde friend, tells a few plain truths about clever Connie

Ben Maddox

TO ME Connie is the complete modern, everything a woman of this day and age *should* be!

"Comparatively she is, in the language of Hollywood, 'simply colossal.' In person, she's —'an epic production.'"

"She's selfish; yes. She's forward. When she feels like it, she is—what you say?—sassy! Connie never softens her blows and habitually she marches in where weak sisters fear to tread. Quite often she is perfectly cold-blooded in her conduct.

"They're continually spinning tall tales about her, and well they may. For she's a dominant young lady who not only arouses discussion, but who's worth it. Yet only a few get to know her as she really is. I adore her for what they call her faults. I wish I had them. Why, Connie is the one woman in all Hollywood whom I envy!"

The gorgeous Dolores Del Rio was confessing.

I wanted the low-down on this perplexing, tormenting Constance Bennett. So I went straight to Dolores, believing an intimate friend can speak with the best authority. And how she spoke!

"Connie says," chuckled Dolores, "that our chief disparity is that I bend backward to be nice to people, while she bends forward to be nasty! Now of course she isn't going around being deliberately rude; that's only what her critics claim. She's going around being herself and refusing firmly to waste her time, declining definitely to be old-fashioned."

Whereupon Dolores, beside the swimming pool there in the bright sunlit gardens of her Santa Monica home, astonished me. Mistress of the most ultra-modernistic house in California, she said, "That's what I am. Old-fashioned! Because I'm soft I don't



"Constance Bennett is the one woman in all Hollywood whom I envy!" Dolores Del Rio tells you here. Read her reasons in this colorful double-feature.

dare let go. I still shrink and I'm furious at myself!"

It is hard to keep your mind on anyone else when you are with Del Rio. No matter how frequently you contact her, you can't help gasping inwardly anew at every meeting. Her beauty is so vivid.

"Why have they criticized Connie? Let us consider her 'objectionable' characteristics. They all come down to this: she's thoroughly independent. Her mind is free from inhibitions, silly hold-overs from times that are past and finished. She is a brilliant woman who enjoys life as she wishes. And why not? Why should she live it to suit others?"

"But immediately you'll realize the cause for the criticism of her. You know that nothing infuriates some people so much as your ignoring their plans for you. Paying no attention even to their existence when they bore you!"

"Connie's treatment of bores enchants me. I've watched her enter a room. She goes directly to whom-ever interests her and probably doesn't even nod at the rest. They mutter, 'That Bennett! I've been introduced to her ten times and she doesn't recognize me!' Connie doesn't remember them! She once said she had the 'memory of an elephant'—that is true, except that she literally forgets that in which (Continued on page 81)



Baxter's Inspiration



Winifred Baxter, above, in the garden of the Baxter home in California. At right, Warner as "Robin Hood of El Dorado," his newest characterization.



WHATEVER Warner Baxter may be to you, and don't tell me now let me guess, he will always be the *Cisco Kid* to me. Dark, handsome, romantic, and definitely devastating. Warner entered my life—I may say my *mental* life and you may laugh—something over five years ago, just when I had been terrifically let down and needed him most. The cinema and I were divorcing, and the grounds, my pet, were complete incompatibility. I had been raised since infancy on movies, and never a Saturday passed but found me right up front in the old Alcazar simply taking it all in; in fact all I know today I learned from the movies; though I really should give credit, I suppose, to my college for the excellent game of bridge I play. Anyway, something over five years ago when those dreadful talkies appeared on Broadway for the first time I was working on a snobbish magazine and I recall only too well that we referred to this bit of illegitimacy

from Hollywood as "talking pictures," later as "talkers," but we never stooped to "talkies." Mercy, no, such vulgarity! We were very elegant and aloof about the whole thing and I wrote a monthly editorial to the effect that talking pictures were only a fad and would not last the summer.

But the joke was on me; it was my magazine and not talking pictures that did not last the summer. Jobless, disillusioned, stuffed with elegance, and utterly distraught I finally gathered up courage to see one of those horrible talkers—and well do I remember it. The leading lady squeaked like a frightened mouse and the leading man—my favorite Dream Prince, alas—lisped through his false teeth; and right in the midst of the big love scene the sound track went *ur-ur-ur-urumph* in complete boredom. I dashed frantically out into the night and made it as quickly as possible to the Roosevelt Grill where I reached under the table for a straight gin—those were the dear

old days of bottle-under-the-table prohibition, lambie-pie. I didn't want to hear Garbo talk, or John Gilbert, or Nancy Carroll, or Ronnie Colman. I wanted to keep my illusions. I threw myself into the Theatre Guild. The cinema and I no longer spoke. And then came that eventful evening when I was lured somehow or other into seeing "In Old Arizona," the first all-outdoor, all-talking picture; and of far more importance to you and me, the first time Warner Baxter played his famous character, the *Cisco Kid*. I was positively enchanted with his voice and his accent; I was charmed by his portrayal of the romantic outlaw; and I decided then and there that perhaps these talking pictures *did* have a few things in their favor. I saw "In Old Arizona" three times and from that day to this have been quietly mad over Warner Baxter.

Well, it seems that not only was "In Old Arizona" important in my life but it was definitely more important in the life of Warner Baxter. Warner and his lovely wife had been in Hollywood for several years and Warner had batted about at the different studios playing leads and second leads in mediocre pictures and his work had always been satisfactory and his options picked up, but he was getting exactly no place. Like all screen personalities he needed one hit picture to put him over, one outstanding performance that would knock the people out of their seats. It never came. But talking pictures did come—with a bang, and the studios were in an uproar, and the producers were in a frenzy and constantly wiring New York to send out more Broadway actors; and the Warner Baxters were at life's low ebb. Then one of those things happened that makes truth far more

The *Cisco Kid's* real life romance! Or the story of that happy couple, Warner and Winifred Baxter

By
Margaret Angus

exciting than fiction. Movietone decided to experiment with *outdoor* talking, dragged the script of "In Old Arizona" off the shelf, and left for location in Zion National Park, Utah, to ascertain whether or not dialogue spoken in the open air could be re-

corded successfully. Their location work completed, the company was motoring through the night over the Utah highway to catch a Los Angeles train when all of a sudden a jack-rabbit, blinded by the headlights of one of the cars, jumped through the windshield and caused a wedge of flying glass to plough into the right side of a man's face. The man was Raoul Walsh and he was both directing the picture and playing the *Cisco Kid*. Raoul Walsh lost his right eye and had to retire from the picture. Irving Cummings was assigned to continue the direction, and the Fox executives sent for Baxter and a dozen or more other actors to take tests for the rôle of the *Cisco Kid*.

Mrs. Baxter herself told me about the excitement in the Baxter household that night. She felt that this picture was going to be the (Continued on page 67)



The spirit of THE *CISCO KID* is bound to live again in the new picture Warner is doing, the story of a famous California bandit. Left, with Bruce Cabot; and below, Baxter in character.



The gay caballero of the screen, above, putting some real romantic fervor into a scene. Warner as JOAQUIN MURRIETA, and Margo as ROSITA, his girl wife, in Baxter's new picture.

A STAR IS MADE

At last—THE novel of Hollywood, by the famous author whose latest book, "My Own, My Native Land," is a critical and popular success; and whose original screen story for Claudette Colbert, "She Married Her Boss," is the new "hit" picture

Catch Up with What Happened in Preceding Chapters! "A Star Is Made" Gains New Interest with Every Instalment

Diana Wells comes to Hollywood—not to go into pictures, but to visit her fiancé, Michael Stone, and his family. However, because of her resemblance to a famous star, she is invited to make a screen test. To her amazement, her test is successful, and she is offered a contract. Michael objects, but Hollywood fame and fortune lure Diana, and she accepts. First, she goes through the strenuous "Glamorizing" process, during which her nose is remodeled, her figure slimmed, her hair lightened, her speech corrected. Finally she is ready to face the cameras. At first, playing small parts, she attracts little attention. Then she begs for a real rôle, so that she may have a chance to show what she can do. Now, surely, fame beckons!

PART III

DIANA was *Belle* in "Scarlet Stain." And she plunged at once into harder work than she had ever had in all her life.

She was at the studio early every morning. Made up. On the set. Innumerable rehearsals for every tiny scene. Lucian Roemer wanted the best lighting. He wanted his famous profile always in the picture. He wanted the best lines. Jordan Monroe, the director, was temperamental—but just.

Monroe went over every line with Diana. He admired her nerve in asking for the rôle, and while he did not think she was up to it he determined to do what he could.

Diana tried to feel herself the vixenish *Belle*, but she was too calm, her sneers too mild.

Roemer's girl friend, Jean Petite, played a bit in the picture. She didn't like Diana. She looked disdainful while Diana rehearsed her rôle. The rest of the company were indifferent, with the faint tinge of jealousy that most players have toward those who are playing a more important rôle.

As the picture progressed everyone grew more temperamental. Roemer pouted. His girl friend encouraged him. Monroe stormed.

One day things were going extremely bad. Monroe hammered at Diana.

"You play a sophisticated bad woman as if she were a finishing schoolgirl!" he said.

"How can I play across from her?" groaned Roemer.



Monroe walked away. And Jean Petite strolled up. "Ruining things as usual?" she sneered.

"I don't know what you mean," said Diana.

"Oh, yes you do, dearie," said Jean. "You got this rôle because your boy friend, Trauber, gives his new sweetie whatever she wants."

"I—I never heard of such a thing!" said Diana.

"Well, you hear me," said Jean. "It's common enough gossip. Trauber's sweetie groomed in small rôles and thrust into the fattest part of the season. Only you can't act! He hadn't thought of that!"

"How dare you! You little—little louse!" said Diana. Her voice was high. She forgot her dignity, training, everything.

"You can't do anything to me!" Jean made a face. "You wouldn't dare. Trauber might find out you're two-timing him with Tony Bryant—and Tony's wife might find out, too."

By Thyra Samter Winslow



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGIA WARREN

The most exclusive stars didn't come to Diana's party; but a lot of other people were glad to come. Only Michael stood apart. "You're turning me down because I'm a star?" Diana said. "I love you," said Michael.

Diana had never been really angry in all her life before. "You dirty-minded little thing!" she screamed. "I never knew there were rats like you outside of rat holes." Without knowing what she was doing she made a lunge toward Jean, slapped her.

"Get out of here!" she said. "I know how you got

your job—but you'll get out, or I will. And the picture has gone too far for *me* to get out—so I think it's up to you!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" called a voice. It was Jordan Monroe.

"A lovely bit of acting!" he (*Continued on page 91*)



Joan's Lessons in Living

By
Helen Louise Walker

As many stories about Joan may be written as there are people to write them; but we believe Helen Louise Walker gives us, in this feature, a sane, sensible close-up of the Crawford her best friends know.

JOAN is a study in contradictions. A child and a woman. Humorous and tragic. Filled with a confused self-pity one moment, she takes efficient and sensible charge of someone's else problems the next. Famous as one of the world's most talented and glamorous women, she has one of the most pronounced inferiority complexes I have ever encountered. A creature of moods and passing phases, with a chameleon's ability to change her personality to fit circumstances, she is none the less one of the most single-minded people I have ever known in the pursuit of her goals and ideals.

Her complexity makes her eternally interesting. As many stories about Joan may be written as there are people to write them. No two of them will ever see the same woman.

I have known Joan longer than I have known almost anyone else in pictures and she continues to surprise me. When I first met her, years ago, a famous director who has since become even more famous told me that the girl had talent but scant intelligence. "But," he added, "her ambition, her determination to learn and improve will carry her far beyond the limits of more intellectual women."

I suspected him then, (and I still do), of trying to

take credit unto himself for her current performance which was to prove outstanding. Perhaps, in all fairness, that director, a mature man, mistook a certain immaturity of thought for lack of intelligence. (Joan was very young then!) He was right about the talent, the ambition, the burning determination to improve. I have known Joan with a sort of spasmodic intimacy ever since. There have been times when I wanted to spank her because of her insistence upon self-torture. There has never been a time when I doubted her perspicacity. I wish I had half of it!

Despite her success, the fame and fortune which have accrued to her, I think that Joan has had less fun out of life than most young women of her age. She is so hypersensitive, so filled with self-distrust, so harrassed by the restless necessity to grow. How *can* she enjoy herself?

When Joan is happy about what she is doing, when she believes in a rôle, she is one of the gayest and most amusing people you could possibly meet. When she distrusts a part and herself in it, she is morose, tragic, lugubrious. Joan can be *excruciatingly* funny. But, darn it, she can send you away sobbing if she, herself, is in a sobbing mood.

She is one of the most generous people in pictures.

Crawford's career can be an inspiration to every girl because of her passion for perfection and her never-ending struggle to attain it

She cannot bear it if a young girl has not a proper frock to wear to a party; and she does something about it, quietly, if she can. She wants people to have fun, to embellish their lives with small luxuries and comforts. Yet her own régime is almost stark in its simplicity.

She rises early, eats sparingly, exercises, sun-bathes, gardens. Really gardens, clad in blue denim overalls, digging, weeding, planting, cultivating. And always she studies and studies and *studies*.

She is concerned about the costumes she wears upon the screen. They are worked out first in muslin so that she may be sure that the lines are right. They must express the character she is to portray and the mood of the scene, and she studies their effect with meticulous care. At home she wears blue cotton piqué house frocks. A down-town department store keeps a bolt of this material on hand especially for her and she has them made by a by-the-day dressmaker. They cost her about two dollars each.

She creates her own coiffures for each picture with the same painstaking thoughtfulness, accepting advice from experts but actual assistance from no one. When she is not working, she brushes her shock of hair off her forehead and allows the breezes to have their way with it. She wears no make-up.

Joan, visiting the studio on business between pictures, presents a much simpler appearance than does the lowliest stenographer on the lot.

She has an almost hypnotic ability to inspire adoration. In the first place she is genuinely interested in people. If she is fond of a person she *wants* him to progress, to fulfill his greatest possibilities, to prosper and to profit. I have seen her in a state of tearful rebellion over the failure of the world at large to recognize the talent she has seen in some struggling artist.

You hear rumors to the effect that Joan is difficult to work with on the set; that she is moody, temperamental; that she holds up production.

When she was slated for "Forsaking All Others," under the direction of W. S. Van Dyke, there was some concern about how the pair would get along. Van is a high-powered director who insists upon promptness and efficiency. Were there fire works in the offing? I have the word of Florence Thomas, who was script girl on that picture, for what really happened.

"I wish I could deny those rumors in letters as high as a house," she proclaimed. "There was never a more considerate star, a better trouser, a more popular actress on any set than was Joan Crawford on this one. There wasn't a moment of friction. Never have I seen an actress who was as appreciative of small favors done for her than Joan is—and, remember, I was with her every day for weeks.

"She was sufficiently interested in me, (and why should she be?), to offer me advice about diet and exercise, to write out for me, herself, her own régime for reducing when it is necessary, for keeping in top physical trim. She was so appreciative of small, ordinary courtesies offered her by a prop man that she presented him with a beautiful wrist watch when the picture was finished. He had been no more than ordinarily polite to her—but Joan never forgets even the smallest kindness."

Florence's recital recalled to my mind the adoring gratitude of an assistant cameraman who worked with her on the difficult location for "Rain." The crew had been on duty in the cold and the damp for nearly twenty-four hours. Joan had had time off for rest and her

terrific vitality had carried her through as fresh as the proverbial daisy. Surveying the tired, wan faces about her, she suddenly exercised the prerogative of an important star and announced, "I am through for the night!" And shooting was halted, perforce, until people had had time to rest and warm their weary bodies. Every man of them worships her to this day.

She dramatizes herself successfully, albeit sometimes amusingly, in all her transient phases. You remember how sedate she became when she married Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Her house, her clothes, her manner, her habits—even her hair—took on all the aspects of subdued dignity which she felt were compatible with her new rôle in life. After her separation from Doug she became delicately exotic, more withdrawn than she had been before, touched a trifle with melancholy, but more fascinating than she had ever been.

Her success in dramatic rôles has set her to work, of late, with renewed intensity at the task of studying and improving. The small theatre which she built recently on her estate is no toy. It is a genuine workshop where she toils and struggles for (Continued on page 79)



Joan has a new leading man, Brian Aherne, in her latest picture. Above, a scene from the new film, "I Live My Life."

Win a Freddie

Freddie Bartholomew gives you typical American greetings and invites you to enter his contest. Six cowboy outfits such as Freddie wears, left, will be awarded.

A Grand Contest! Opportunity for all in this Salute to a Great Little Artist and a Fine Boy. Enter Now!

PRIZES:

FIRST PRIZE: \$50.00 in Cash.

SECOND PRIZE: Freddie Bartholomew Suit: British-type, double-breasted jacket with two pairs of trousers (short and long trousers) sizes 4 to 14.

6 THIRD PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Cowboy Outfits.

FOURTH PRIZE: \$25.00 in Cash.

FIFTH PRIZE: \$10.00 in Cash.

6 SIXTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Sweaters, sizes 4 to 14.

10 SEVENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Airplanes, 36-inch wing-span.

3 EIGHTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Bedroom Slippers, sizes 1 to 6.

12 NINTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Caps, regular boys' sizes.

3 TENTH PRIZES: \$5.00 in Cash each.

12 ELEVENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Polo Shirts, sizes 4 to 18.

3 TWELFTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Harmonicas.

10 THIRTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Airplanes, 18-inch wing-span.

12 FOURTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Neckties.

12 FIFTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Hose, regular boys' sizes.

100 SIXTEENTH PRIZES: Freddie Bartholomew Personally Autographed Photographs.

Freddie shows the fine tailored suit—two pairs of trousers go with it—the second prize. Below, Freddie wearing the snappy shorts.



MORE fun, for the young of all ages! Freddie Bartholomew, the screen's brightest boy star, little *David Copperfield* of such precious memory, and the lad all America has taken to its heart, invites you to enter his contest.

The prizes are something worth competing for, indeed—and it is all so simple. Just write a letter about Freddie. That's all there is to it. Write 100 words or less on: "Why I Like Freddie Bartholomew;" or "Why I Think Dickens Would Have Chosen Freddie Bartholomew to Play 'Oliver Twist' on the Screen." Thus you have two subjects to choose from. And surely you must have lots to say about this great little artist! To make it even easier, read the charming and authentic story of Freddie's life, told by the actor himself to Ida Zeitlin, which appears on page 30 of this issue.

Now glance again at the list of 193 grand prizes, and you'll know you'll just have to enter this contest. It'll be fun and you may win a prize. So come ahead—and now!

Bartholomew Prize!

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

1. Write a letter, 100 words or less, on one of the following subjects: "Why I Like Freddie Bartholomew;" or "Why I Think Dickens Would Have Chosen Freddie Bartholomew to Play 'Oliver Twist' on the Screen."
2. Fill out coupon printed on this page and send it with your letter to: Freddie Bartholomew Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. A coupon must accompany every entry.
3. This contest will close at midnight October 31st., 1935.
4. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges' decisions will be final. No entries will be returned.

And here's Freddie wearing the jacket and long trousers which go with the Freddie Bartholomew suit—a smart British-type outfit. What boy wouldn't be proud to have a suit like this?



More prizes! Above, the Freddie Bartholomew necktie. Each of the twelve winners of fifteenth place in the contest will receive one of these.

Upper right, Freddie Bartholomew Cap, worn by the young actor for whom it was designed. Twelve of these are prizes.

And here's Freddie, right, dressed up in the Freddie Bartholomew Polo Shirt.



SCREENLAND wishes to express appreciation to the following manufacturers, for their co-operation in our Freddie Bartholomew Contest:

- Freddie Bartholomew Suit, Courtesy Julius Schwartz and Sons.
- Freddie Bartholomew Cowboy Outfits, Courtesy Fienberg-Henry Manufacturing Company.
- Freddie Bartholomew Sweaters, Courtesy Puritan Knitting Mills.
- Freddie Bartholomew Bedroom Slippers, Courtesy Fit-Rite Slipper Company.
- Freddie Bartholomew Aeroplanes, Courtesy Golden Aircraft Company.
- Freddie Bartholomew Caps, Courtesy L. Lewis and Sons.
- Freddie Bartholomew Polo Shirts, Courtesy Eagle Boys' Suit Company.
- Freddie Bartholomew Harmonicas, Courtesy George Borgfeld.
- Freddie Bartholomew Neckties, Courtesy Max Orloff.
- Freddie Bartholomew Hose, Courtesy Kramer Brothers.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Freddie Bartholomew Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name

Street Address

City State

Freddie's Life and Adventures

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Cis," the object of Freddie's frequent references, appeals, and endearments as he tells his story, is Miss Myllicent Bartholomew who, in Freddie's own words, "is the most important person in my life and my father's sister."

Beginning the real life story—so far—
of the boy who won world acclaim
in "David Copperfield"

As told to Ida Zeitlin

I CAN remember when I was about three thirty—I mean, half past—what *do* I mean anyway, Cis?—three and a half, that's it. I can't imagine what made me say three thirty, as though I'd suddenly turned into a clock or something.

I can just remember little sort of instances—like when we came to a place where there was an enormous bath and we all washed our feet in the same water. That was the sea, of course, only I hadn't had enough experience then to know it was the sea. And I can remember that we had a huge turkey in the hamper, and I went into this hamper and pulled off a leg and scooted. I can always remember that because, small child though I was, I knew I was doing what I shouldn't, and I sort of edged around and pretended I wasn't at all interested in the hamper, and then I grabbed this leg and scooted.

And there's another instance I remember quite well—probably because it had to do with eating, for I did love eating in those days. I expect Cis thinks I like it pretty well even now. Well, I can remember that there were three bars of chocolate—one for each of my two sisters and one for myself. It was in a high cupboard which we couldn't reach. And I remember that we'd all march in and they'd give us a bit of the chocolate. And after I'd had about two pieces, they wouldn't give me any more, because naturally they thought I'd had enough. Well, I must have been rather a sly child, because I remembered having seen some people standing on a street corner, and they were singing a hymn, called *Jesus Knows All About Me*, and when they'd done singing, other people gave them pennies. So I marched into the room again and stood in front of this cupboard and sang *Jesus Knows All About Me*. And sure enough, I did get another piece of chocolate. After that I always sang it when I wanted something that was—well, rather doubtful, if you see what I mean. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn't.

Then one of the most important happenings of my life was when I went to spend two weeks with granny and grandfather and my dear Aunt Cis, and instead of two weeks, I stayed there, because they had no children of their own—Cis was their child, of course, but she was quite grown up—and they rather

liked the idea of having a child running about, and my daddy and mummy had my two sisters, so I stayed there.

I liked it far better than London, because in London I didn't have a garden or any sort of fruit trees, and here there were lots of fruit trees—apples and all that sort of thing—and I'd sample it and take

what I felt like, and I had cats to play with.

Then another pleasant feature was that Cis would tell me stories and teach me nursery rhymes, which I loved. I'm afraid I was rather a nuisance at times, because often she'd be reading quietly and I'd climb into her lap and ask her to read it to me. She told me all the stories of Dickens and Shakespeare, and then she read them to me and presently I was reading them myself. I'll never forget how sorry I was for Wolsey—he was Henry the Eighth's cardinal, you know. Every night I used to pray: "God bless poor dear Wolsey," because his lot was so sad in the end.

Once it was a sermon she was (*Continued on page 95*)





Sylvia's Two-way Personality

Did you know that when little Sidney leaves the studio she—but read all about Sylvia's "other life" in this real inside story

By
Leonard Hall

and weighty matters that beset the world.

Now don't go and be shocked! I do not mean that she is either a "highbrow" or a dope. What I do mean is that she is a really serious girl with an active and inquiring mind—that she is one of the most genuine and earnest young artists in Hollywood—and so naturally seeks out the most interesting guys and dames available to feed her curiosity, resolve her doubts and replenish her skull.

Young Sylvia fools many a man who beholds her only in the midst of a huge and screaming party horrid with high-pitched laughter, a roaring band and the crash of breaking glass. In such a scene, to which she has to be dragged if she comes at all, the Sidney retreats in anguish to the loneliest corner, where she stands shuddering. The witness, seeing her thus—dumb and suffering—is inclined to believe that she is a shy and even stupid dullard.

And how wrong THAT bird would be!

For Sylvia, who does not glow in mobs because she loathes them, is delightful as all heck in a group of four or five people she knows, likes and trusts. She is gay and serious, loquacious and silent by turns—just as you imagine and hope her to be when you see her on the screen. She can be a darling, and she's always SO god-darned pretty!

I thought of these interesting matters not long ago as I lunched with little Sylvia in the center of a high-toned and costly New York saloon.

I never saw her look so cute. She was wearing the smartest of brown tailored suits. (Continued on page 82)

Presenting, above, a "double life" portrait of pert and pretty Sylvia Sidney, lovely to look at and delightful to know as you meet her here.

PSST! Come a little closer! Did you know that Sylvia Sidney—our sweet, suffering little Sylvia of a dozen passion-torn films—leads a double life?

Well, she does, and don't shake your heads and snort. When she picks up her empty dinner-pail, punches the time-clock and leaves the studio, she steps into another and quite a different world.

You would probably think, to look at her, so pert and cute, that once she had finished with the burning woes and sombre joys of her heroines, this half-pint emotional actress would say "Hi-de-ho!", summon a dancing boy friend and be off to the races.

In this you would be, of course, one hundred percent wrong, net. Our screen pets (and petters) have a disconcerting way of fooling us in their off-set lives, and Sylvia is no exception.

The Sidney minx, who looks like a Smith sophomore on the way to a heavy date with a football tackle, subsides completely into the company of the most interesting intellectual people within gunshot, and with them discusses the better sort of books and the more important

Movie Bachelor at Home

Calling on George Brent, in the first of a series in which we poke into the domestic secrets of some famous bachelor castles

By
Maude Cheatham



The handsome Irishman who plays host to us here meets his guests more than half-way, as we enter the hall of his Toluca Lake retreat.

George prefers solid, substantial furniture, and his favorite colors, green and yellow, dominate his living-room, where you see him, right.



ARE men, at heart, more domestic than women?

Perhaps that's an open question. But anyway, it's interesting to find that most of our "movie bachelors" live in homes of their own. It is really amazing how eagerly these heroes of the screen's hot dramas start house-hunting the minute they arrive in Hollywood! And how they enjoy their homes.

Some go in for small ranches in San Fernando Valley, just over the hills from Hollywood, like Edward Everett Horton and W. C. Fields. Others prefer beach cottages where they live the year around. Many have homes in Beverly Hills, like William Powell, Lyle Talbot, Henry Wilcoxon and Michael Bartlett; while Toluca Lake, one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots anywhere around Los Angeles, has attracted George Brent and Dick Powell, among others.

It's a bit disconcerting to discover that no longer is the "feminine touch" necessary in creating or maintaining a home. With an efficient butler, a well-trained Philippino boy, or perhaps a faithful colored couple, to keep the domestic machinery oiled and running, these bachelors live in peace and comfort and a delicious independence.

Men don't bother about traditions or what the other fellow has or does when they start assembling a home. They follow their own tastes and gather around them

exactly the things that appeal to them and independently arrange their own schedule of living; and this reveals their personality as nothing else could.

Wouldn't it be fun, for instance, to visit George Brent in his lovely little vine-covered home and poke into his domestic secrets?

This is the bachelor house that Charlie Farrell built and occupied before his marriage to Virginia Valli; and George lived in it once before, leaving it when he married Ruth Chatterton.

It is ideally suited to the needs of this handsome Irishman and from the minute you pass under the vine-draped door, through the hall and into the cheery living-room, you sense a



Punching the bag hung in his garden, and paddling a canoe on the lake are George's favorite forms of exercise.

The vine covered home—left, with George on the lawn in front of his house—is ideally suited to his needs.



pervading atmosphere of peace, of utter detachment from the hurry of the world outside.

"I have a home," George was answering my question, "because I enjoy being alone. It offers a haven of privacy, of independence that I could have in no other way. I'm very diffident; I don't like crowds, and I love my freedom in every way. I never get lonely because there are always so many interesting things to read and think about; and too, when I tell you that the picture that I'm now doing with Ginger Rogers is the eleventh

that are congenial. That isn't just a 'line,' I mean it."

I soon learned that George prefers solid substantial furniture and is not at all interested in antiques or "treasures." His favorite colors are green and yellow, so contrasting with the dark beamed ceiling of his living-room there are cream walls, a soft green rug, and pale yellow upholstery on chairs and davenport. Wide casement windows offer views of tranquil beauty, revealing a velvety lawn sloping down to the very edge of the rippling waters of tree-lined (Continued on page 84)

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*



The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen — and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

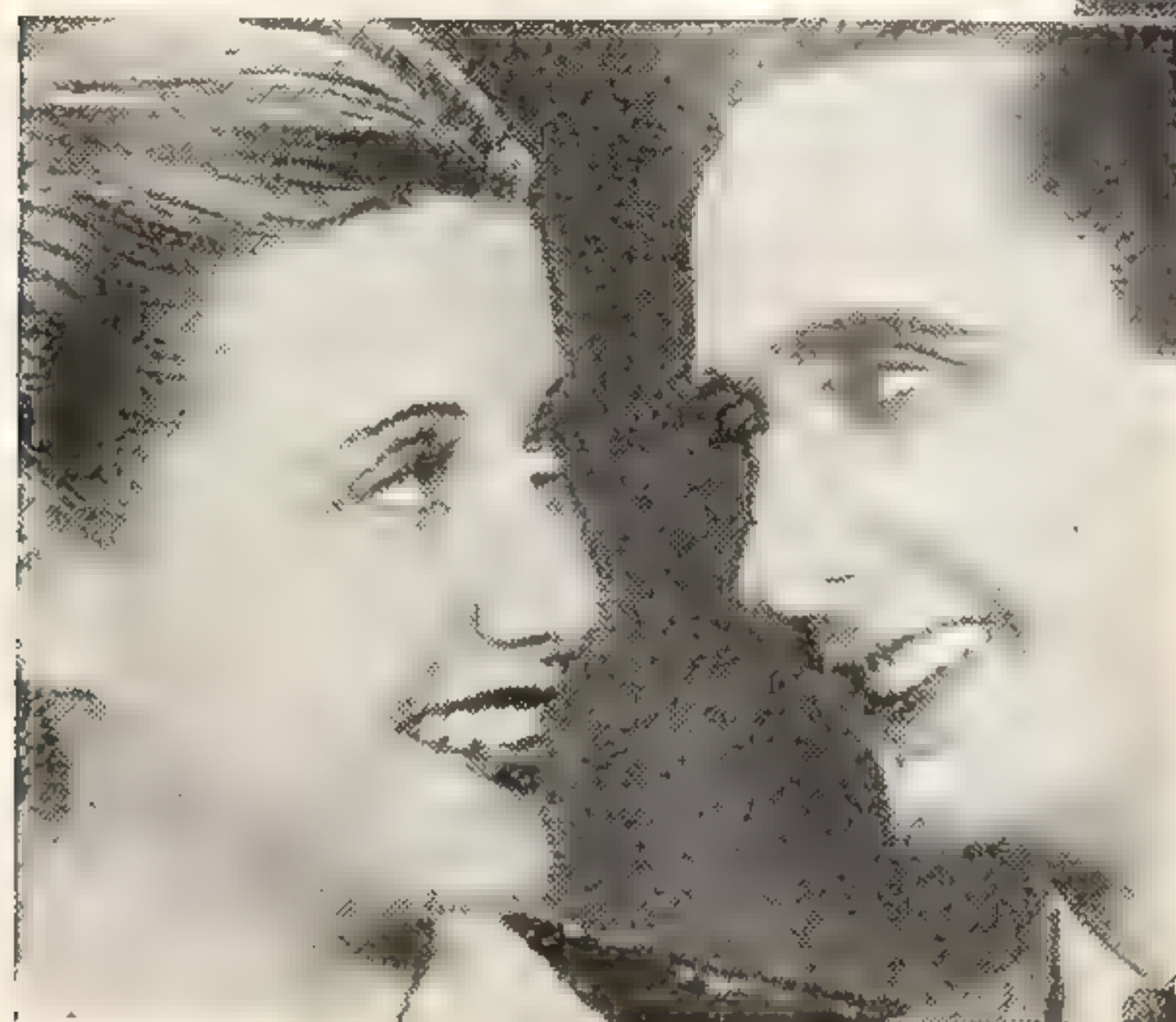
HERE'S TO ROMANCE



MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protégé of Pavlova.



SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.



Beautiful **GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

NINO MARTINI

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

ANITA LOUISE

MARIA GAMBARELLI

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer!

Directed by Alfred E. Green

A FOX
PICTURE

Pointing Out the News of Hollywood!



"Hands Across The Table" is the name of the new Lombard-MacMurray film. Fred is an expert hand-holder by now, after playing opposite Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, and now Carole.

Our very special, exclusive attention-callers are Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard, most thrilling new screen team

What's this? Fred and Carole are having a hearty laugh at the expense of poor Mr. MacMurray, the new movie idol, all dressed up and posing for this picture above. Apparently Fred's recent success hasn't gone to his head at all—just to the top of our page!

*Exclusive SCREENLAND photographs
by William Walling, Jr.*

Ruby and Dick Forever!



The title of their new picture might as well be "Keeler and Powell at Annapolis" instead of "Shipmates Forever." What's a title, anyway, when the world is waiting to see Ruby dance again and hear Dick Powell sing sweet nothings? This time, their musical romance has the stirring background of the U. S. Naval Academy—see scene at right.

Bert Longworth



Gladys and John are News!



Gladys Swarthout's screen debut would seem auspicious; for the sparkling songbird from the Metropolitan Opera—and radio—has John Boles warbling with her in "Rose of the Rancho." Mr. Boles, complete with charm and voice, is success-insurance for any picture, as Shirley Temple and countless other stars will tell you. Watch out for this one!



William Walling, Jr.

Tailored Temptress

Joan Bennett,
à la mode
and mood!

Joan, correctly suited for Fall, is the essence of chic in her smart brown and beige tailleur, with her dark brown crêpe blouse, brown and beige bag of unusual design, and brown felt hat—especially the hat! Below, Miss Bennett gives in to a mood—highly decorative, too.

William Walling, Jr.



Sylvan Siren

Ginger Rogers,
without Astaire!

Looking for new leading men to conquer, after her three successive hits opposite Fred Astaire, Ginger encounters George Brent in a lovely woodland setting, and romance ensues, as always happens when the alluring little Rogers is around. Ginger has a real acting rôle in this.



The New Hepburn (What, Again?)



The handsome young man above is the versatile Hepburn, who had her locks shorn for realism in her rôle of "Sylvia Scarlett."



Katharine as the bewildered and bewildering "Alice Adams," her recent hit, is a study in contrasts and diversity.

It's true, if trite, to say that again Kaleidoscopic Katharine is a new Hepburn in her latest screen impersonations

Another facet of Hepburn's many-sided personality, is seen in the reflective lady shown at the left. Katie really lives her rôles.

Tibbett Returns

One of the first operatic stars signed for talkies, Lawrence Tibbett now returns to Hollywood and the screen—for which hooray!

Remember Tibbett in "Rogue Song"? At right is a close-up of the star in that picture.

Pictures of the good news! Here you see the great baritone with Virginia Bruce and Luis Alberni, who appear with him in his new film, "Metropolitan."



At right, lovely Virginia Bruce.





Colman's greatest acting chance in years is in "A Tale of Two Cities." Below, in a scene with Elizabeth Allan.



Friends and Rivals!

Ronald Colman, left, is leader of the romantic school. William Powell, right, is chief exponent of the suave modern style. Both, off-screen, are acclaimed real guys; and while acting techniques may clash, they never do

Bill Powell and his new screen sweetheart, Rosalind Russell, are seen below in a gay interlude from "The Black Chamber."



Home-Life of a Hollywood Exquisite!

Here's news!
The daring
Dietrich does
stay home
sometimes, as
these pictures
prove



Eugene Robert Richee

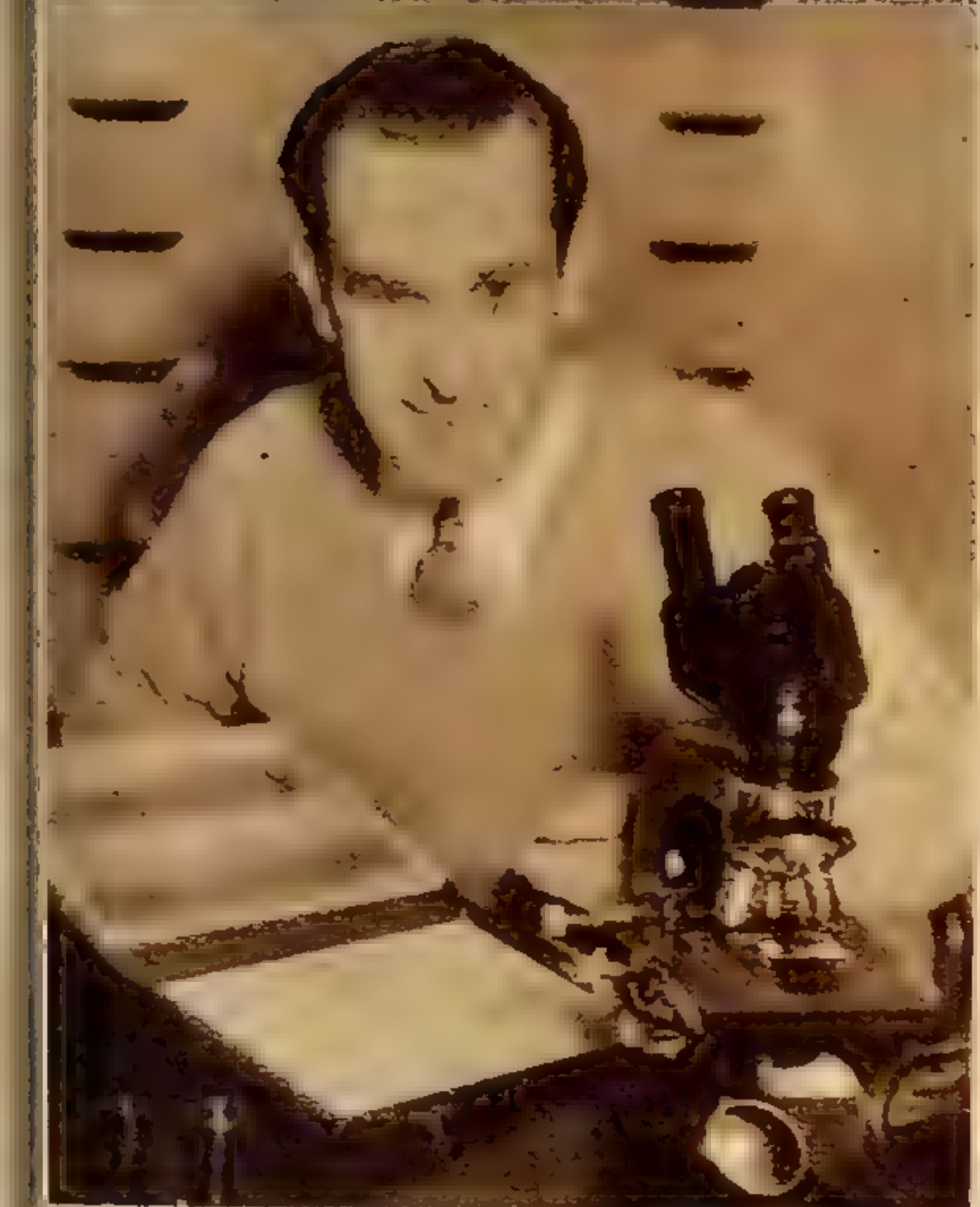


You see Marlene the Magnificent pictured at parties, at night-clubs, and at picture premieres. But now you see her, for the first time, in her own home. Above, in her drawing-room with its amazing glass-backed fireplace. Left, on her terrace. Right, on the edge of her swimming-pool, which is pretty much like all other Hollywood-pools, so we thought we'd just show you Marlene!



Laugh with Lloyd Again!

These first stills, right and left, tell you to get ready for a hilarious time, for Harold Lloyd is making "The Milky Way." He's a milkman who becomes a prize fighter. Right, in the ring, with Adolphe Menjou as his manager.



Above, Harold smiling but serious about his hobby, entomological research for an insect that will combat the dread black widow spider.

Harold Lloyd enjoys private life. He's the squire of a beautiful estate, a view of which, right, shows him at the famous garden walk, and head of a family consisting of his wife, the former Mildred Davis, Harold Jr., and two daughters.



Hollywood's Newest Gamble

He's tall, Irish, and handsome, so newcomer Errol Flynn gets one of the prize rôles of the year, "Captain Blood"



Sabatini's novel, "Captain Blood," has long been talked about for a picture, with such noted actors as Robert Donat and Leslie Howard mentioned for the title rôle. Then Warners suddenly signed an unknown for the part. Here he is, ready for the rôle, above.



His name is Errol Flynn. He's the husband of lovely Lily Damita. Will he justify the producers' faith in him with his first important performance?

What a prospective star has to endure! Errol Flynn is shown, left, being measured for his "Captain Blood" costumes. Looks bored? Don't blame him!

Bert Longworth



The romantic team of "Captain Blood," above: Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn. Left, our hero learns to fence, in the Sabatini tradition.

Will She Be The Feminine Fred Astaire?

Presenting the best girl
tap dancer, Eleanor
Powell, who may be
the next great screen
sensation in "Broad-
way Melody of 1936"

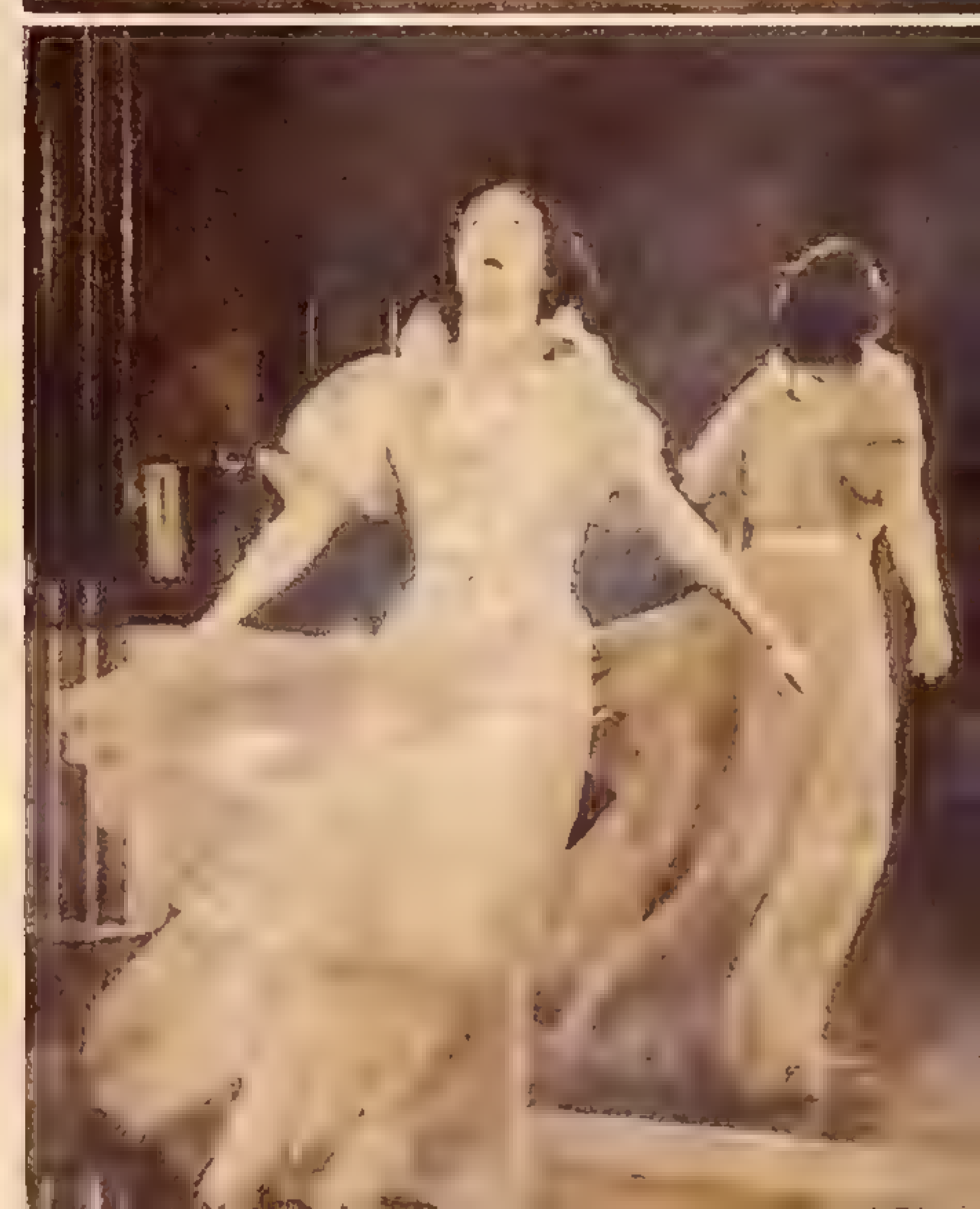
Clarence Sinclair Bull

Tom Evans

As a rule, the newcomers who make the hits arrive unheralded and unsung. But here's a girl already well-known as a stage dancer, whose first screen work is said to be so marvellous that everyone is shouting about her. Meet the dancing feet and sunny personality of Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1936" and see what you think.



She has a charming, unspoiled manner, as the circle close-up shows; she is a dancing whirlwind, as you can see in the stepping scenes at right; and she's popular with her fellow workers, as the picture at left proves, with Una Merkel helping Eleanor with a tricky blonde coiffure. Now for YOUR verdict!



INVITATION

Infinite are the artful ways of a man with a maid, or vice versa—especially on the screen



The primitive style, gay with laughter, shown by Clark Gable and a Tahitian maiden in "Mutiny on the Bounty."



A boy and a girl on a park bench, with ice cream cones to help along the invitation to romance, as played by Dorothy Wilson and James Dunn in the film "Bad Boy."



The subtle touch—you don't know who's doing the inviting, Dorothy Page or Edmund Lowe in "King Solomon of Broadway," above.



Most subtle of all is the sophisticated romantic interlude at right, with Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne in "I Live My Life."

TO THE KISS

Here's how film lovers talk a language of the lips that needs no words for understanding



Wendy Barrie and Louis Hayward in this scene from "Feather in Her Hat" show us that adroit form of invitation that is veiled and unspoken, but emphatic.

"Beauty's Daughter" is the name of the film in which Claire Trevor and Ben Lyon get romantic like this, on the right.



There's the frank eagerness of boy and girl romance in the demonstration above by Richard Cromwell and Rosalind Keith.

Chester Morris and Sally Eilers are a trifle whimsical in the approach to wordless lip-language in this scene from "Pursuit."

**The
Most Beautiful
Still of the Month**

**Joan Crawford in
"I Live My Life"**

*Photographed on location
by Tanner, M.G.M.*

Hollywood's Aloof Lady

Here's an entirely new slant on Secretive Sullavan, with Margaret's own explanation of why she fears "star-worship"

By

James B. Fisher



The guileless and disarming Peggy Sullavan, above, courts applause for her acting, but the thought of playing the part of a conventional celebrity, off-screen, bores her to tears—and yawns, as you see, left.

THERE were no two ways about it. Margaret Sullavan was making me feel like the Ancient Mariner, that old fellow with the steely eye and the burning desire to capture some hapless listener to whom he might retail a fantastic yarn of strange doings in the heaving Antarctic seas. Only I was not hunting for a listener and I had no long-winded story to tell. I was merely trying to get an interview with the shy and elusive Sullavan. That, my friends, is a monumental task!

For two days I had been lurking in the dim, nether world behind the cameras on the "So Red the Rose" set waiting for the proper moment for my guide to introduce me to her. Proper moments had arrived and had vanished. Whenever the right time popped up I inevitably discovered that my guide had betaken himself back to the publicity department, presumably to meditate about tomorrow's headlines.

Right now, for instance, it seemed an opportune moment for my interview. Margaret, looking like a wistful child in a billowing plaid skirt and a tight-fitting bodice of green satin, was sitting quietly on the sidelines reading a book. But I had to sit helplessly by, bound by convention and Hollywood system, and do nothing but watch her read.

My go-between from the publicity department was nowhere in sight. Even the title of her book—"Job"—was a source of annoyance to me; had been ever since I had set out in quest of my interview. Like Job, that most painfully patient of men, I was ready to curse the powers that be and die. Here I was within three feet of my quarry and powerless to do anything about the situation. I conjured with the idea of simply going up to her and introducing myself and explaining my mission. But what would be her reaction? Having heard all the tall tales of the lengths to which she might go in avoiding any sessions with writers, I was afraid that I might be the cause of a magnificent but disastrous temperamental outburst. Such an eventuality would no doubt cost the studio some wholly fabulous sum and would certainly result in nothing short of the hangman's noose for me! So I just sat and watched.

While I speculated thus gloomily, Dickey Moore hove into sight carrying a rubber pistol. Shades of Dillinger! With the callous, intrepid spirit of youth he walked right up to Sullavan's chair. Immersed in her book she was not conscious of this modern David with his rubber automatic who had planted himself, arms akimbo, directly in front of her chair. Then with a sudden movement he made his presence known. He (Continued on page 78)



Anna Karenina—M-G-M



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



GARBO at her thrilling best! It's grand to see this great actress and splendid personality smashing through with a superb performance, as she does in this handsome production of Tolstoy's novel. "Anna Karenina" is frankly a tragedy. You won't find any concessions to sweetness and light in it. A sombre exhibit, more than a bit on the heavy side, it aims to impress rather than merely entertain; and it succeeds in its serious purpose. Garbo gives it that unique dignity which always lifts her films far above the usual run of screen shows; and here, she surpasses herself in the beauty and poise of her characterization. Never has she looked so lovely; and never has she convinced so completely in her perennial rôle of the woman who risks all for passion. Fredric March is flawless as her lover. It is Freddie Bartholomew, however, who contributes the warm and human touch as Garbo's son; he is as charming, within the limits of his rôle, as he was in "David Copperfield"—proving that his first success was no accident of youth and a winning smile. Master Bartholomew is a very fine actor first of all; incidentally, he is the most delightful boy who has ever been on the screen.



She Married Her Boss—Columbia



I DON'T ask you to believe *me* when I say that this is just as much fun as "It Happened One Night." Just see it; that's all I ask. The silly little song sung by Claudette and Michael Bartlett and Edith Fellows, about *I Don't Want to Go to Bed, I'm Having Too Much Fun* expresses my feelings about it very neatly. I didn't want it to end; I was having too much fun. And it shouldn't have ended the way it did, anyway. (Aside to Mr. Harry "Columbia" Cohn: won't you *please* fix up that ending?) The charming human quality you liked so much in "It Happened One Night" is here, too, all except Clark Gable; you may be just fickle enough to feel that Michael Bartlett and Melvyn Douglas—together, not separately, mind you—fill his place very nicely. As for Claudette Colbert—she is more enchanting than ever, if possible, as the efficient secretary who yearns to let pleasure interfere with business; but who has to smash plate-glass windows galore and let the rather fascinating Mr. Bartlett sing to her for hours on end before making husband Melvyn Douglas see the light. Sounds crazy? It is—deliriously, delightfully crazy. You'll love it. Edith Fellows becomes First Brat of the screen with a truly amazing performance. How you'll hate—and then love her!



A Midsummer Night's Dream—Warners



HERE is the Event of the screen season, a magical motion picture with world interest and appeal. Max Reinhardt's fabulous production finally comes to the screen, thanks to Warner Bros.' magnificent courage; and we find that Shakespeare at his most fantastic is exactly the movies' meat! Seeing this is an experience I urge you not to miss, a weird and wonderful adventure in beauty, humor, and imagination. Only the magic camera is capable of following the Bard's wildest flights; only Hollywood with its million resources could capture the essence of faery glamor that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is made of. Don't be afraid of this picture! It is not "arty," but artistic; it is sublime, and ridiculous; and it is always grand entertainment. The cast is superlative: James Cagney, unbelievably good as *Bottom*; Mickey Rooney, the perfect *Puck*; the exquisite newcomer, Olivia de Havilland, with Dick Powell, Ross Alexander and Jean Muir making up the delicious lovers' quartette; Victor Jory, a superb *Oberon*; Anita Louise, a lovely *Titania*; and Joe E. Brown, Frank McHugh, Verree Teasdale, Ian Hunter, Hugh Herbert—all excellent. The music by Mendelssohn has been beautifully arranged by Korngold; the dances, directed by Nijinska.



The Dark Angel—United Artists

 **IMPORTANT!** The real American screen début of Merle Oberon, brilliant young British actress—forget that Chevalier picture! Miss Oberon is the most thrilling dramatic discovery in years, and leaves too many of our gals too far behind in the picture parade for complete comfort. She's not only young and beautiful; she has a rare radiance, a passionate sincerity which she is smart enough to employ in a completely convincing and un-actressy manner. Far from being spoiled by Samuel Goldwyn's assiduous grooming, she emerges more original, more picturesque than before. Even her dated, stagey, slow-moving vehicle fails to submerge her flash and fire. When she is on the screen, "The Dark Angel" is moving, poignant stuff. The star has able support from Fredric March and Herbert Marshall, who help to lift the pall of sickly sentiment that hangs over this drama of war-blinded hero, faithful heroine, devoted friend. As usual, Mr. Goldwyn has provided handsome settings, authentic atmosphere, charming cast; and now that Miss Oberon has proven herself superior to her story material, perhaps he will reward her with a vitally interesting vehicle for her next appearance—soon!



Top Hat—RKO-Radio

 **SUPPOSE** we all join in whistling "Cheek to Cheek" and doing a few dance steps and call it a review? Fred Astaire's dancing gets me genial, makes me mellow. I want to whistle a little, hum a bit—off-key, maybe, but I like it; tap a trifle—but *not* tap typewriter keys, because any dull-wit can tell you that you can't pin the Astaire charm to paper. I don't even have to remind you to see Fred's latest. Your feet will automatically run, not walk to the nearest theatre. You'll be rewarded with his superb *Top Hat* taps; his and Ginger's grand "Piccolino" smash; Eddie Horton's inimitable drolleries; and—and—but honestly, that's about all there is to "Top Hat." Somehow the comedy seems self-conscious; the spontaneous sparkle of "Gay Divorcée" and "Roberta" is missing—which is too bad, because this is the first "original" story the Astaire-Rogers team has had to play with; and it frankly falls far short in wit and ingenuity. But Ginger is gorgeous and gracious, gliding more gracefully than ever; there's only one big chorus number, and not too long; AND Astaire's there. Irving Berlin's tunes are gay, if indistinctive. Helen Broderick in her first screen rôle is pungently amusing.



Alice Adams—RKO-Radio

 **BY THIS** time, probably everyone you know is talking about "that dinner-party" in "Alice Adams." I know people who follow this picture around hoping to catch the bits they missed before because they, and the rest of the customers, laughed so hard they drowned out the dialogue of that marvellous scene. It's worth the admission price, that scene alone, with Hepburn, Fred Stone, and Fred MacMurray, not to mention the cook, rising to real heights. Of course, the secret of *Alice Adams'* huge social success with us is that while she was being most absurd, she was so heartbreakingly pathetic. And it takes Hepburn to play such a character. She's superb at this sort of thing. Booth Tarkington's fine novel of American small-town social pretensions has been turned into the success story of a gal who gets her man. The original *Alice*, you know, finally grew up out of her dream-world and gamely set out to find a job. Not Hollywood's *Alice*! She lives right on in a Wonderland with Fred MacMurray. And who can blame her? Mr. MacMurray is a most believable young man even in this rôle, which is obviously tailored until it hurts. A triumph in time for Hepburn! Frank Albertson is uncompromisingly excellent as *Alice's* brother.



The Crusades—Paramount

 **HISTORY** has gone to Mr. DeMille's head again. The result is the most hectic and high-powered excursion into the colorful past yet attempted by this great personal conductor of grand tours of the ages. Hold your hats, everybody! Here we go. On your right, the walled town of Acre; and that stalwart figure breasting the battlements is none other than *Richard the Lion Heart*. The romantic gentleman with the courtly manners is *Saladin*, Sultan of all Islam—and suppose we stop right here to make our deep salaams to *Saladin*, by far the most fascinating figure in all this tremendous tapestry. I'm still a little dizzy from DeMille's frenzied fiction version of the mighty Crusades, with its glitter and grandeur, its bloody battles and occasional interludes of pure beauty. If I'm facetious, it's because Director DeMille fails to make me believe that he himself is taking his animated tableaux too seriously. Stupendous, overpowering, pretty noisy—"The Crusades" is his most pretentious production; but to me it lacks the fiery conviction hitherto characteristic of his work. Henry Wilcoxon is a roaring, robust *Richard*; Loretta Young an angelic *Berengaria*. Ian Keith is the truly impressive *Saladin*. See this—it's food for argument.



Glamor with a Grin!

Here's the Glamor, above. Miriam as the alluring and very, very dramatic star of "Barbary Coast," her new picture. And here, right, is the Grin—expressing the humor, the verve, and the sly mockery of Hopkins, the girl.



"**S**UCH a strange time in my life, this is!" Miriam Hopkins said. "Sort of in-between. I'm not thinking of marrying anyone; I'm not even madly in love. No, no, don't say that in your story. I wouldn't give a darn for an actress who wasn't in love, if I were reading a story about her. Anyway, it isn't *strictly* true." Followed by a Mona Lisa smile.

I have to hand it to her. She set a new high for casual informality while being interviewed. Wearing white shorts, sitting in the sun in the patio of her home—being pedicured! Oh, people dropped in, but Miriam was equal to the occasion. So must DuBarry have been.

It was, Miriam explained, the day after finishing her picture, "Barbary Coast," and the time to be refurbished. And Miriam loves her pedicure—"makes me feel so glamorous, like a great star. One should always make the most of every opportunity to be glamorous." Her

Miriam Hopkins, satirical beauty, has a pedicure and an interview at the same time! Here are the highly entertaining results—a SCREENLAND Special

By
Ruth Rankin

satirical little smile said she thought glamor was all a great joke, but wasn't it fun. It must be fun, the way Miriam plays it—with perfect awareness at all times. Makes you feel a little sorry for, and more than a trifle impatient with the glamor-girls who take it big, and bid us do likewise.

This is such an encouraging attitude to find in an actress, this seeing things eye to eye. You immediately figure you can dispense with the introductory twaddle and make strides. So I drew a deep breath, counted five, and inquired, "How do you feel about being the leading vixen on the screen?"

She took it right on the chin without blinking. "That is a distinction which does not belong to me. I have played only one that I can recall, *Becky Sharp*. Why should that single rôle identify me as a vixen?" Miriam thus politely declined the honor.

"Not even a genteel hussy?" I persisted, remembering, if Miriam didn't, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Smiling Lieutenant," and "She Loves Me Not."

"I wish to have no more to do with hussies. I want to play simple women who are human. Oh, dear—I wish I could tell you about something that is in the air for me . . . plans . . . but I can't reveal a word. I was told about it only last night, myself." Miriam looked sufficiently mysterious. I begged to know all about it.

"No, I really cannot tell anyone now. If it doesn't work out, it would place me in a very awkward position, and others as well. And it would sound as if I were dissatisfied with Hollywood and all that nonsense. When I surely am not."

We wish to go on record with the fact that one actress can keep a secret, and she is the one. Miriam fenced gracefully, deftly eluding all my agile probing. This much I discovered—which you can take for what it is worth and possibly figure something out of it. At any rate, it was a startling statement from a picture actress, who is ordinarily supposed not to be disinterested in money.

"I want to let my soul catch up with my bank account," Miriam said, and she wasn't being dramatic, either. "Less money and more accomplishment."

So there you are, to attach whatever significance you like to it. Nothing would move her to reveal another hint of her plans. I gathered

they mean a very great deal to her.

She is happier in her new contract with Samuel Goldwyn than she has ever been before, so the plans surely can have no disturbing effect on *that*, one feels certain. Says she has never worked under

such pleasant and happy conditions, or with so much personal attention.

"Mr. Goldwyn is so vitally interested in every part of his productions," she exclaimed with fine enthusiasm. "I feel like an individual, never part of a great machine. For instance, he even looks at tests of coiffures and costumes. He will rush up and say, 'Honey, your hair is lovely that way,' or 'Let's try it again, a little smoother.' Whatever he says proves how interested he is, and you want to be marvellous for him—but marvellous. Nothing less will do. He is like a wonderful father. I have rather a father-fixation anyway, you know, having been so crazy about my own."

A plane swooped overhead, circled out over the ocean and back again with a decided dip over the Hopkins patio, "That's probably Leo amusing the baby," Miriam announced calmly. "I know three men with planes and they fly over all the time for Michael. He loves it. Oh, no. It isn't Leo. It's probably the butler. He is quite a flyer. Always goes up on his afternoons off and waves at us. He has promised to take all the household up.

Mademoiselle, the cook, all of us."

Related with the utmost serenity as if it were quite the usual thing to have one's butler circling about in the ozone overhead! But then, her whole household seems like something out of a smart drawing-room comedy. She likes individualistic persons around, attracts them, and her servants are all interesting. Her nearest friend and companion is little Mrs. Holt, whom she has known for ten years—a writer, and about her own age.

The cook arrived with tea and Mademoiselle arrived from the beach with Michael. It turned into a homey-sociable interlude. Michael is a love of a little blond boy, three years old, with a Saint Bernard named Aesop who would make six of him. Michael embraced his mother fervently, and with an eye on the cookies, said, "I love you, Mummy, nice, nice Mummy"—until he had talked her out of two and a half (plain ones), and it was time to shed his bathing suit for a shower. (Continued on page 74)



"No hussies!" says Miriam, and looks as if she means to play women who are human. Well, they're human the way she plays 'em!



Carole's colorful career

Don't miss these merry, mad adventures
of the screen's most dazzling blonde

By Elizabeth Wilson



Carol — without
the "e" — above,
when with Pathé.
Left, in her Mack
Sennett days.

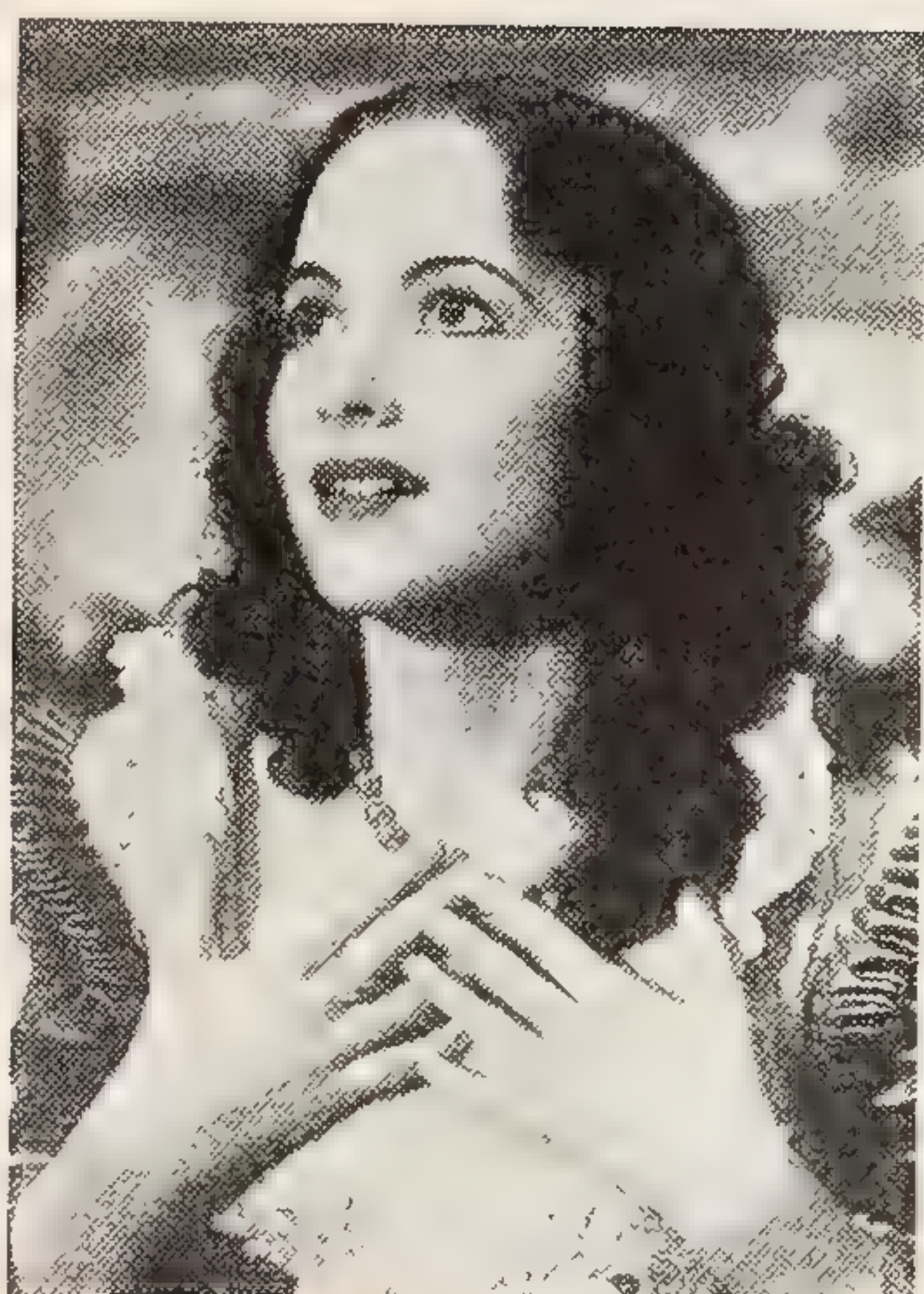
IT WAS at the wrestling matches, and I love a good wrastle, that it suddenly occurred to me the other evening, "Whatever became of the second installment of the Lombard Life Story?" I don't know why I should think of a second instalment just as the Colorado cave maniac was strangling the Utah grappler except that the cold-drink vendor chose just that moment to shout in my ear, "Peanuts and Colbert"—and when I am reminded of Colbert I am reminded of the cinema and when I am reminded of the cinema I am reminded of SCREENLAND. And what do you think, or do you! My editor is psychic! Don't tell me there isn't such a thing as thought transference. The very next morning I received a wire from her which read, "Whatever became of the second instalment of the Lombard

Life Story?" Now, I ask you, isn't that simply weird!

Well, anyway, now that we've all remembered it we might just as well do something about it. As you recall (I hope), we decided to do Carole backwards because she always does the unexpected herself. Carole is the type who goes to a Philharmonic concert and fairly swoons over an old cadenza, but instead of going home quietly to bed after the concert like a well-shaved music lover she attends the midnight performance of "Life Begins at Minsky's," which, my pet, is burlesque and definitely off-color. Now this backwards business isn't as easy as it seems, inasmuch as I am neither Chinese nor Moss Hart and George Kaufman; so Carole's life is going to be rather episodic with a bit of the hop, skip, and jump, and the further I (Continued on page 68)



Lovely Olivia, after her success in Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," studies her new rôle for "Captain Blood." Right, as HERMIA.



The Dream Comes True!

The amazing true story of Olivia de Havilland, Hollywood's most romantic discovery in years

By
Ramon Romero

WHEN she was born in Tokio, Japan, not so very many years ago, her mother named her Olivia, after the character in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." When she was a little girl in San Francisco, where she was brought to be educated, she was taken to see a road production of "The Miracle," which impressed her so deeply that she was awed to hear even the mention of its creator's name, Max Reinhardt. Little did she dream then that Shakespeare and Reinhardt, two of the most illustrious names of the theatre, were in the near future to shape her destiny into a career that promises to flower into magnificent achievement.

Olivia de Havilland is her own name. It is a cognomen that rings with a literary quality. It leads one to suspect her of French parentage; but she assures me she is really English on both sides of the family. Yet in spite of the British blood she feels as American as the Statue of Liberty, which was also imported, but managed to become thoroughly acclimatized.

When Max Reinhardt announced she would play *Hermia* in his Hol-

lywood Bowl production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" last September, Hollywood and the amusement world in general took it for granted that he had imported one of his European actresses to replace Gloria Stuart, who was contracted for studio work and was forced to forego the opportunity of working under the renowned director. No one dreamed that Olivia de Havilland was an unknown girl from Northern California, who had never before made a professional stage or screen appearance. Her presence in the cast of such veterans as Walter Connolly, Evelyn Venable, John Lodge, Mickey Rooney, Julie Haydon; and in the screen version with Jimmy Cagney, Dick Powell and Joe E. Brown, was assurance enough that she too brought to her rôle years of experience. No one stopped to think that (Continued on page 72)



Another new star is made! Little de Havilland is fussed over by hairdressers whose job is to show the dazzling newcomer to you at her very best.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Merle Oberon



SCREENLAND predicts that Merle Oberon will be the latest screen star to set styles in clothes and coiffures, following the lead of Garbo, Dietrich, and Hepburn. Merle has that mysterious something that creates news! Above, she wears a lovely negligée especially designed for her. Note the front fullness, medieval collar, and soft shirring. She wears this in "The Dark Angel."



Omar Kiam has designed for Miss Oberon a screen wardrobe rather remarkable for its conservative chic. No spectacular effects; simply good, wearable clothes, such as the daytime dress at right, of soft gray wool, with red velvet bow and belt. Note, again, the important front fullness. The tweed coat of quiet cut has a soft fox collar—Kiam's concession to the flattering.

The nicest Fall suit we've seen is the smart one designed for Merle and pictured at extreme right. It's russet tweed, with a vari-colored scarf and leather belt. The ever-clever beret tops it off very pertly.



She's an original! High, high forehead; slanting eyes; a subtle and yet exciting charm—Merle Oberon steps into the screen spotlight in "The Dark Angel;" and SCREENLAND steps right after her with queries and camera to discover her personality secrets

Exclusive SCREENLAND Glamor School portraits of Miss Merle Oberon by Samuel Goldwyn Productions. Gowns designed by Omar Kiam.



If you saw Miss Oberon in that highly dramatic and imaginative motion picture, "Thunder in the East," formerly called "The Battle," with Charles Boyer, you don't have to be told that she has the most wonderful hands on the screen. Above, you see how beautifully expressive they are. And notice, please, that Merle eschews brilliant nail polish, preferring the more natural and pearly tints.

One all-black costume in every woman's wardrobe, says Omar Kiam, who is one of America's leading designers of wearable clothes. Left, Merle Oberon uses a double-silver fox scarf to enhance her severe and simply smart black street frock.

And yet again: the front fullness! See Miss Oberon's polka-dot dress, at extreme left. Kiam's insistence upon this fullness marks it for special consideration. Merle's black and white print has the ever-popular piqué touch at the neck. Her handbag and hat are—you'll never guess—green, no less! And most effective contrast to the black and white dress, too.

Grand for that tired feeling! We mean, how can you find repose other than a thing of beauty and excitement when you watch Ann Sothern relax like this in her Hollywood garden?



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD!

IN HER next picture, "Riff-Raff," Jean Harlow will wear a black wig—which leaves Alice Faye champion of the platinum blondes. Every now and then Jean gets the idea that maybe she isn't an actress, that maybe it's the much publicized blonde hair that gets her across in pictures; and she likes to prove to her own satisfaction that it's herself and not her hair that gets you and me into the theatre. She wore a red wig in "Red-Headed Woman" and did all right. So we'll see.

JOAN CRAWFORD gave the Trocadero quite a thrill when she went dancing there with Franchot Tone, recently. Not that they were any novelty there—but for the fact that Joan was wearing a tailored suit! Something rather new for Joany.



Gladys Swarthout, costumed for her rôle in "Rose of the Rancho," and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett visit on the set.

Your star reporter tells you
the gossip of talkie town

By Weston East

CLARENCE, Joan Blondell's famous colored butler, made the most apropos remark I heard concerning the Blondell-Barnes divorce which was done so quietly that Hollywood knew nothing about it until it was all over. Clarence has been with Joan and George ever since they were married and he is devoted to both of them. He was discussing it with me: "It mighty nigh broke me up it was all done so quiet-like. Mr. Barnes he just kissed Mrs. Barnes and left as quiet as a mouse. Why, I remember my divorce down in Louisiana my old woman shrieked and hollered while I was loading up the wagon with my things, and then when I drove off she threw a brick at me."

GARY COOPER'S cowboy days in old Montana stood him in good stead the other day when the prop man on the "Peter Ibbetson" set handed him a pair of stiff rawhide boots which he was supposed to wear from eight to twelve hours a day for two weeks. Gary took one look at those stiff boots and began to ache with pain. But he remembered the range—filled the boots with hot water, kept them like that for three hours, and made them as pliable as patent leather.

THE latest fad of la belle Lombard is oil painting. While you are talking to her she gets out her easel and palette and messes up a lot of goo which she calls you.

GEORGE RAFT is such a sold-down-the-river fight fan that *nothing* can keep him away, not even a heavy working schedule or an eight-thirty call. The other night he left "Rich Man's Daughter" right where he dropped her on the set, at 6:30, rushed for the Glendale Airport and grabbed a plane for San Francisco, making it by 8:30. Took another one back after the fights, and was on the set next morning all made up and ready to work at nine o'clock. Remarkable age we live in. Can't help remembering the old New Englander's remark, "There ain't no place I want to get to that fast!"

OH, WELL, it was just one of those first-year misunderstandings—Margaret Sullavan is back at home in Bel-Air with husband William Wyler. You really have to love a man to ride around on a motorcycle with him, and Maggie did.



Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster seem to enjoy appearing together in Barbara's next film, "Annie Oakley."

NELSON EDDY has become the most popular beau in town, playing no favorites, taking a different girl out almost every time. Isabel Jewell has been running first, with several appearances. Mary Pickford and Frances Marion have rated. Everyone looks forward to his "Rose-Marie," to be directed by Van Dyke, who accomplished "Naughty Marietta."

A COMMAND performance is, of course, a command performance. But London is so far away for one, wouldn't you think? Gracie Allen and George Burns have been bidden by the King. They plan to go over, give their one show, and take the *next* boat back! On account they have to make a picture pronto. Gracie is all excited about it, but one other fact has her even more thrilled. They are stopping in Chicago on their return to adopt another baby, a playmate for Sandra. I wondered why everyone goes to Chicago to get babies, and why they were better than New York or maybe California infants, for instance. Gracie enlightened me. Youngsters for adoption from all over the country are sent to this particular Nursery Home in Chicago, and the waiting list is as long as your arm. A lot of Hollywood names on it, too.

KATIE HEPBURN flatly denies the latest rumor that she is married to Leland Hayward. This one has it that the ceremony took place around two months ago, which would be at about the time of one of Hepburn's quick trips to New York. But then, every time she flies back home, the good old reliable rumor pops up, and we do wish Katie would hurry up and make up her mind. At the moment, she is tearing around the RKO lot with a haircut that will simply stop you—every bit of her glorious hair off, and cut exactly like a boy's, for "Sylvia Scarlett." She wears boys' clothes in this, her next picture, and looks *exactly* like your seventeen-year-old brother.

MARY PICKFORD made her welcoming gesture to David Selznick, new producer in the U.A. organization. She has parted with the rights to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which will be made with Freddie Bartholomew—and it looks likely that Mary herself may play the mother, *Dearest*, in the picture. If you are an old-timer, you will remember that Mary once played both parts, mother and son.



Celebrating! George Burns, Gracie Allen, and daughter Sandra Jean, who's to have a brother by adoption.

THIS is one Bill Powell told me the other day. While he was up in Yosemite, he did a lot of horseback riding. A man came to the stables just as he was taking off, and asked for a horse.

"About how long do you want him?" asked the groom.

The man considered for a moment. Then he said, "Better give me the longest one you have. Four of us want to go riding!"

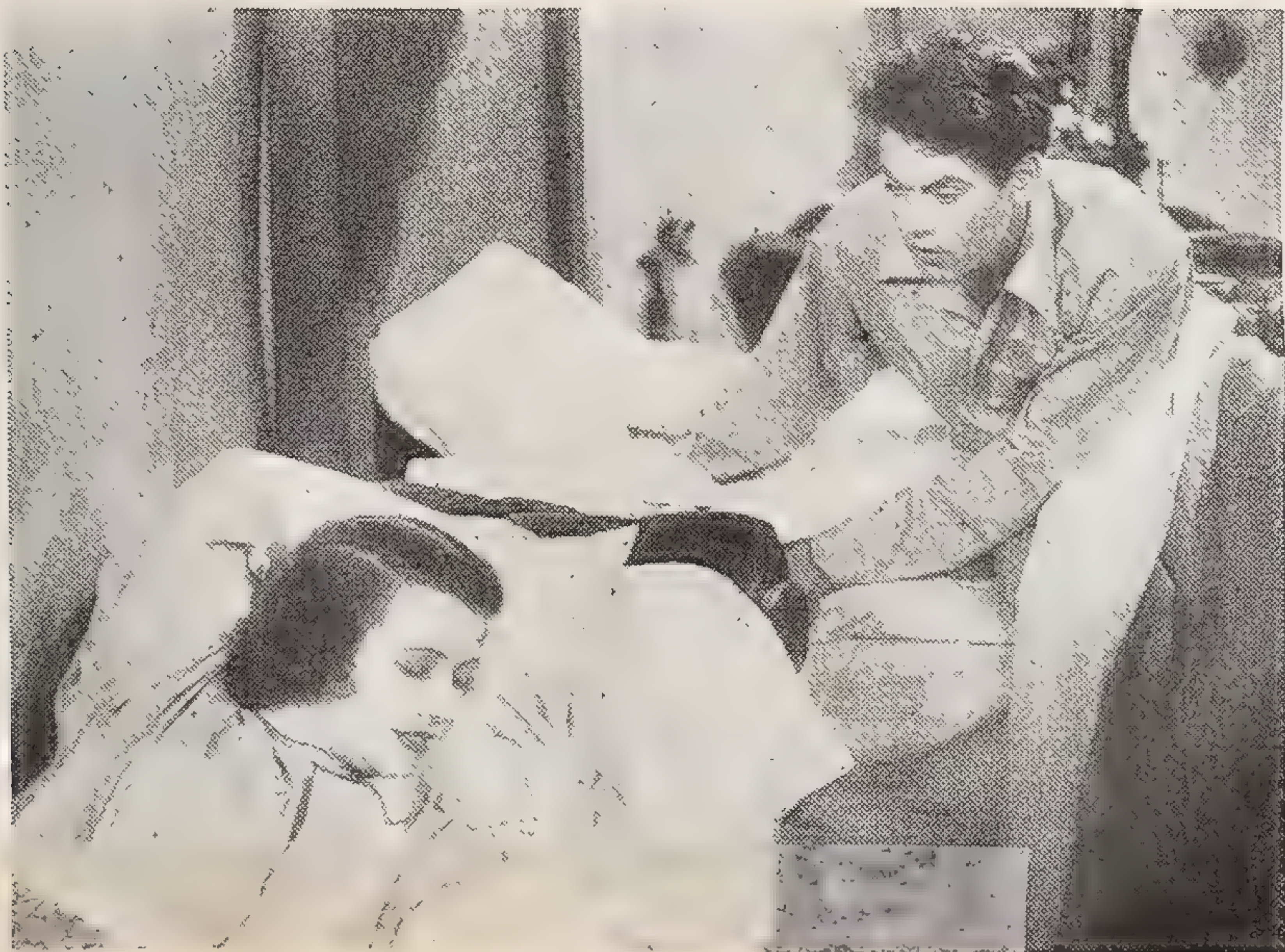
WHEN little Shirley Temple heard about Will Rogers' death in Alaska she said, "I hate airplanes." Knowing Shirley as I do I am certain that's exactly what the child said, for she has a terrific plane complex which puzzles both her parents. I was with her on the Fox lot one day when a plane flew over. Shirley buried her head in my lap and began to scream, "Don't let it fall on me! It will kill me."

DOLORES DEL RIO'S fifth wedding anniversary gift from her husband, Cedric Gibbons, was a platinum necklace, from which were suspended tiny diamond-replicas of all the things she cherishes. There were two miniature dogs, a miniature house, hers and Cedric's nicknames for each other in joining diamond lettering, and a small disc on which were engraved the same old words in the same old way, "I Love You."

YOU probably figure Constance Bennett as the girl who has a new gown at least every week, and wearing it once or twice. The real situation is this: she buys her clothes once in a season, very few at that, and she buys originals far in advance of the mode. Not only that, but she works hand in glove with the leading designers for her clothes, contributing ideas to every design submitted to her. One famous Parisian couturier says, "Constance Bennett's clothes-chic is based upon the conspicuous simplicity of every detail." And the lady gets good wear out of every thing she buys, because she never invests in anything tiresome in the way of clothes. Your most extravagant dress, as you know, is the one that hangs in the wardrobe, unworn.

EXTRA! Clark Gable Arrested! Imagine your favorite hero's surprise when two strong arms of the law strode into the studio and slapped a firm hand on his shoulder. Seems Gable is such a stout huntsman that he makes his own shells. He borrowed a reloading machine from a friend on the Culver City police department and forgot to return it. So a John Doe warrant was issued, since the rest of the department did not know who had the machine and thought it had been stolen. Whitey Hendry, head of the M-G-M police, learned of the warrant, and knew who had the machine. So he tipped off the boys to rib Clark. The boy really took it big, and a whole lot of explanations were in order.

JAMES BLAKELEY, Columbia's head romance-boy, is now making up to Wendy Barrie and they do say that's why she didn't go over to England for that vacation, as she had planned. Blakeley is genuine Park Avenue gone actor.



Henry Fonda proves you can dream with your eyes wide open, in this charmingly intimate bit of screen humor with Lily Pons for "Love Song," the opera star's screen debut.



Maureen cuts up—but it's earnest business, this job of attaching cut-out pictures of the signers of an autograph book the O'Sullivan is compiling for her sister in Ireland.

OVER on the Ginger Rogers "In Person" set, I looked all over for Ginger. There seemed to be everyone else who belonged in the picture: the director, a camp in the Adirondacks, a rain machine, a huge air-cooling fan blowing over blocks of ice—and George Brent kidding with great animation a girl with dark brown hair done in a bang. She was evidently someone new. I couldn't place her at all. So I asked Bill Seiter, the director, where on earth was Ginger, with everything all set up and ready to shoot. "Why, right there she is!" he laughed. And sure enough, the girl in the brown wig was Ginger, and her own mother wouldn't have recognized her at three paces. She was playing, of all things, a screen star off on a vacation! So far off, that Brent isn't supposed to recognize her at all, so he proceeds to open up on what he thinks of actresses in general, and screen stars in particular. I do hope it works out all right in the end, but they didn't get around to it yesterday, so I'll have to wait until the picture is previewed.

SUCH is fame, I suppose. When lunching at the restaurant on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot the other day I noticed on the menu: "Noisette of Spring Lamb Colbert." "But," I objected to the head waiter, "Miss Colbert doesn't even work on this lot." "No," he agreed amiably, "but we admire her very much." Claudette may be a Glamor Queen to her fans, but she's only a Noisette to the chef.

FRANCES DEE was looking at houses in Westwood, with an idea of renting one. She had about decided, when the salesman remarked, "And when will your parents see it, Miss?" "Oh, I'm the parents," announced Frances.

BETTY FURNESS is being seen at the Troc these nights with Cesar Romero instead of Cary Grant. Cary is doing the rush act these nights with beautiful Virginia Bruce, and visiting tourists at the Troc certainly have a thrill when those two go into a polka.



Meet the Missus! Sure, Ray Milland is married. That's his wife, left. Rosalind Keith completes a striking trio at a recent social event.



Here, ladies, is an idea of the type that attracts Henry Wilcoxon. She's Frances Drake, seen with Henry at a very swank Hollywood party.

ALL YOU hear in Hollywood ever since a preview of "Broadway Melody" are raves about Eleanor Powell who makes her screen debut in that swell picture. Eleanor does everything from the most difficult taps to an impersonation of Katharine Hepburn that is so marvellous it gives you creeps. After seeing the versatile Eleanor we wonder how some of those other musical leading ladies ever got by on the little they have to offer.

THE gossips are already separating Errol Flynn ("Captain Blood") and Lily Damita. They are vehement in their denial. As a matter of fact, they are working on adjoining stages at Warners, have luncheon together every day, and we just don't believe it.

NINE-YEAR-OLD Edith Fellows is the next child-excitement in the picture firmament, after her inspired performance in Claudette Colbert's "She Married Her Boss." A different kind of a child, no sweetness and light to cloy her brilliance as a problem-brat of the first water. Judging from the howls of glee in the theatres, audiences are a little bored with goody-goodies who solve grown-up problems in an amazingly acute fashion. Hail to the brat without a single inhibition, who will remind every one of us of a similar one we would like to take over the knee with a hairbrush, the way Claudette did!

EDDIE ROBINSON has learned by this time that there is no use ordering his luncheon while Lawrence Tibbett is practicing! Tibbett's dressing-room is right underneath Robinson's, and he invited Joel McCrea to lunch with him, ordered, and sat back to enjoy the impromptu Tibbett recital while the waiter was getting things together. So they waited and waited, hungry but soothed with music, and time creeping up to get back on the set. Finally the waiter arrived, forty-five minutes later. Mr. Robinson was slightly burned around the edges, but the lunch was stone cold. Seems Tibbett had his order in first, the waiter went in to serve him—and couldn't, simply couldn't tear himself away while the music lasted. Eddie says he'll probably have to learn to sing or starve, as long as Tibbett and he are on the same lot!



An unusual shot of a scene in the making. Brian Aherne, center, as the romantic archeologist, explores an ancient tomb. Joan Crawford and Sterling Holloway, left, look on. W. S. Van Dyke directs. It's for Joan's new film.

TELEPHONE operators are really the only efficient people in Hollywood. The other evening John Boles returned home after being out on location with "Rose of the Rancho" all day and suddenly remembered that he was about due at a party given by Ernst Lubitsch, Paramount production boss. He couldn't remember whether the party was formal or informal so he called the studio operator.

"I don't know Mr. Lubitsch's number," he told her, "so could you tell me whether the party is white or black tie?"

"Oh, if you wear a tuxedo, Mr. Boles," was the quick reply, "you put on a black tie; and if you wear full dress you wear a white tie." So now Mr. Boles knows.



Some fun, eh, Bing? Well, go ahead, enjoy yourself. But don't point those syphons at us—the Crosby eye seems too darn sure of its aim.



Here's an advance look at John Carroll in a scene with Steffi Duna. John's studio bosses say he is a real singing-actor find.

THERE is a man over at Goldwyn's who lives in a fog. His name is Paul Widlicska, and he can whip up any kind of a fog you want on a moment's notice. He says there is a big difference between a San Francisco fog, for instance, and a London fog, or even a fog on the China Sea. He says he often feels very disappointed in nature some nights when he is driving home late. Confidentially, thinks he could improve on the fogs he runs into, no end! Started fog-making because once in the old days they had one which hurt his throat and made his eyes ache. Made 'em of smoke and ammonia gases before he took the business in hand. Now a fog is nothing more than mineral oil forced under high pressure, and it won't do you a bit of harm. Yep, same mineral oil you buy for a tummy ache.

Widlicska is from Hungary, where he has two brothers—one a Jesuit priest, one an army officer. In this country, his son and daughter are getting a splendid education at leading universities—because their father is always in a fog!

GRACE MOORE placed a blissful summer's vacation in her memory book and headed for Hollywood around the first of September. She luxuriated in her villa on the Riviera, as every prima donna should to be worthy of the name. (I wouldn't give a darn for a prima donna without a Mediterranean villa, would you?), and came back with much more luggage than she took away. Bought home many art treasures this trip, not to mention her husband, Valentin Parera—hi ya, toots. We feel that the old days of hushed awe concerning opera singers are over, ever since we found out Lily Pons is doing a rhumba in her first picture. What you've done, Lily?

IF YOU conjure pictures of tamale-frigole-enchilada laden tables at the home of Dolores Del Rio, be disillusioned. The lovely Latin doesn't care for them! Her diet consists mainly of fruits, vegetables, and white meats. Oh, occasionally she goes native for guests. And if that is too much to bear, anyway Pat O'Brien's favorite dish is *Irish stew*.

ONE of the most interesting men you could possibly know, and one of the most mysterious, is Warner Oland. His enormous success as *Charlie Chan* has built him a tremendous following, and the strangest thing about it is just this: he has never been in China! The Olands have cruised around almost every other country in the world, making an annual trip to France, (with Shags, the dog); but so far they have never been able to get around to China. This doesn't interfere in the least with Oland's characterization, you must admit. The most utterly sophisticated and charming pair, these Olands mingle little with the screen colony. They depart for their beach house near Santa Barbara as soon as a picture is completed—and if you could see that lovely place, you wouldn't blame them. Edith Oland is a fine painter, and their house is lovely with color, the walls illuminated with her own brilliant work, and that of many of the best modernists—Diego Rivera, Modigliani, etc.

AND BY the way, there was certainly one of those "situations" at the Vendome at lunch time the other day. Ina Claire, who is about to open in "Ode to Liberty" in Los Angeles, was sitting in a booth. And right across from her was Virginia Bruce, and right across from both of them was Leatrice Joy. All former wives of John Gilbert, my pet, in case you've forgotten. If only Garbo had been there the girls could have had a grand get-together.

THE season's prize for the most intriguing name for a character goes to Ben Hecht. He calls a grizzled old miner in "Barbary Coast" by the name of "Old Atrocity." That's the high in names, as far as we are concerned.

THE last date Richard Cromwell had in Hollywood before boarding a tramp steamer in Los Angeles Harbor for one of those round the world tours was with cute little Mary Carlisle. They dined and danced at the Troc, and it was all quite youthfully romantic.



Busman's holiday! Look at all this talent—on one set. Elizabeth Allan, left, and Director Jack Conway, standing, play hosts to Marlene Dietrich, Clifton Webb, and Clark Gable on the set for "A Tale of Two Cities."

Lanny Ross

Leads Our

Radio

Parade



The reason you like Lanny is shown in this swell action photograph of young Mr. Ross at the microphone. He's natural, enthusiastic, sincere—and what a voice!

The latest about your ether idols,
Lanny Ross in particular

By Tom Kennedy

THE most popular and most often repeated of all the legends which flow from that fountain of fabulous history known as Hollywood, is the one about how a certain studio lets go of some starlet only to find later that a veritable gold mine has been within its very grasp and allowed to slip away to enrich a competitor in the field of stage or film production.

It's such an old story, and legion are those who at some time in the past have been rudely shooed off some lot and then frantically called back to Hollywood either by the same company or a rival at far fancier figures than they would gladly have worked for under their original contracts. But it is a story which never loses its appeal—it's perpetual news, always good for items in the papers and chuckles from the masses.

Well, your correspondent thinks he knows the name of a young fellow, very prominent in other fields, who someday is going to be the chief figure in another such story—a tale that will sound too, too tall, as it accurately relates how every studio in the Cinema City is bidding, including the studio which previously had the star under contract, for the prized services of one who showed Hol-

lywood it was not so smart for letting him go in the first place.

You know his name too—likely everybody who ever listened to a radio or read the papers knows it. Moreover, if everybody doesn't like and admire the chap and his singing, then most certainly there are enough such to make up what in political circles constitutes a "landslide."

Of course, you know now that all this refers to Lanny Ross. Who else could it be?

You also know that Lanny had a fling at Hollywood. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Hollywood had a fling at Lanny. And that was one time when Hollywood just quit cold without waiting for the umpire to call the third strike, after Hollywood took two swings and missed by a mile. Of course, the studio did try to hold on to Lanny, but not the way it was possible for him to accept. All the young man wanted was a good story, a story of the type he felt he could do well. Not bad advice for an actor to give his producer, and surely one that makes it easier and pleasanter for the paying customers at the theatres. (Continued on page 87)



How Hollywood's LOVELIES Get, and Stay, That Way

Want to have that Hollywood Figure?
Here are the stars' own health secrets

tion from a scene by fussing with her belt, or twisting her handkerchief, and it doesn't look one bit better when a girl who isn't on the screen does these things. Sit down tonight, taking a relaxed but graceful position, hips well back in your chair, legs uncrossed, and time yourself. How long before you move?

If you have a ping pong set, you can maintain your slim waist with daily practice. Adrienne Ames has a ping pong table that she uses every day, and she tells me she seldom needs any other exercise for waist
(Continued on page 75)



The first three positions, in their proper sequence, are shown by Marsha at the left.

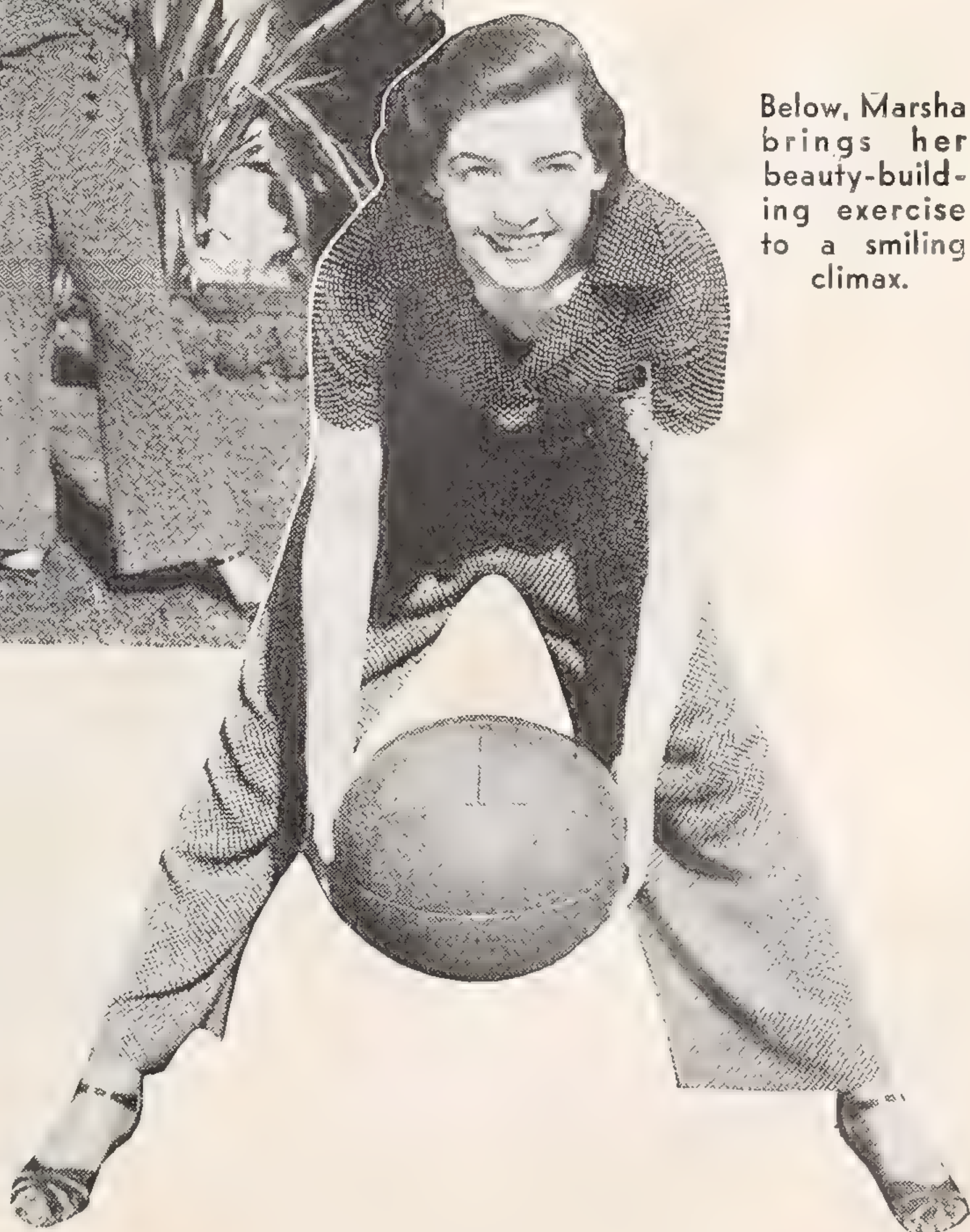
Marsha Hunt, Paramount's newest discovery, who is one of Hollywood's most perfect physical specimens, here illustrates for us the medicine ball routine she uses.

MARSHA HUNT, Paramount's youngest new actress, who posed for the pictures illustrating our medicine ball routine, is in marvelous condition. She's not a pound overweight, or underweight, and she holds herself beautifully. She can relax instantly. As you know, or you should know by this time, the secret of perfect poise is the ability to relax.

As a member of the Junior League, Marsha posed as a photographic model, and tells me that she attributes some of her poise to the fact that, as a model she had to learn to remain absolutely still, with every part of her relaxed and graceful.

Mack Sennett used to make his bathing beauties sit without moving a muscle for ten minutes at a time, when he found them acquiring little nervous movements. An actress, whether on stage or screen, can't distract atten-

Below, Marsha brings her beauty-building exercise to a smiling climax.





Mary Carlisle, one of the screen's most promising "young hopefuls," wears her hair in the new upward sweep and sculptured curls with devastating effect, as you see at left and right.



Up Goes Your Hair!

UP GOES your hair! Lucky you, if you've let your bob grow long enough so you can swoop it up from the nape of your neck and finish it off with intriguing little curls, the way Mary Carlisle does. As one of the younger set who's slated to go places in the movies, Mary has much to do with spreading new styles out Hollywood way.

If your hair is shorn short in back, here's the most painless way to let it grow long enough for curls. Carry your side part down the back and brush your hair across and up until you cultivate a swirl. This back swirl is the best method I know for escaping the "straggly" stage.

The whole idea these days is to make your hair look natural, feminine, and pretty into the bargain. The very formal "sets" that make every head of hair look alike are on the wane. Not that you can make a declaration of independence from the dryer and the permanent wave. You probably can't, unless you're awfully clever about arranging flattering curls yourself. Hair left to its own devices seldom does justice to your good looks.

In this matter of permanent waves, be sure you go to an operator who will give your hair just as much wave as it needs, and no more. It's important, of course, to have your wave by a method that permits perfect control of heat. Most hair has some natural curl in it. Very little is perfectly straight. The job the permanent should do for you is to make up the difference between the curl you already have and really curly hair.

You can do much to bring out the natural curl in your hair yourself, if you shampoo your own. There's a new soap with special ingredients in it to bring out the curl. Incidentally, it is every bit as good for your hair to use a cake of soap as it is to use a shampoo that comes out of a bottle, provided you're careful in your choice. If you don't buy a special soap for your hair, a good thing to

Hollywood beauties say so,
and they know

By Elin Neil

remember is that the soap which is best for washing woollens is also best for your hair. The physical properties of human hair are much the same as those of wool.

To get on with the home shampoo: part your hair while it is still wet and with the middle and index fingers, press indentations where you want waves. Hair pins or "bobby" pins placed at the edges of the waves, will help keep them in place. Then turn the ends whichever direction you want them to go and secure them with pins. Take out the pins when your hair is almost dry. Then press and pinch the waves and curls in, using an upward push with the palm of your hand. This will make your hair look fluffy and light. Of course, if you want formal waves, you'll have to use a waving lotion and let your hair get entirely dry before you comb it out. This is a pretty difficult job to do for yourself.

Before you start your shampoo, give your hair a good thorough brushing with a stiff-bristled brush. The more you brush and massage the better, especially if you follow the brushing with a stimulating hair tonic or ointment.

Much has been said about too-frequent washing being bad for your hair. According to a very well-known hairdresser I talked with recently, hair can be washed as often as once a day without hurting it in the least. Once a week is about average. After all, Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford both have daily shampoos. If your hair looks its best immediately after a shampoo, wash it as often as you want to for appearance's sake. If it is more flattering to you when it is sleek and glossy, you should make the intervals between shampoos longer or use plenty of brilliantine and brushing to stimulate the flow of natural oils.

Pure water never hurts your hair. Chemicals in water sometimes do. Salt water, of course, is bad for your hair and should always be rinsed out. (Continued on page 85)

Baxter's Inspiration

Continued from page 23

"break" that they had been waiting for. That at last the world would realize what she had known for a long time—that Warner Baxter was a great actor. She curled his hair with her curling irons, she helped him with his make-up, and she went over his lines with him time and again until he was perfect. Warner kept pretending that it really didn't matter whether he got the part or not because there would always be another part; but he couldn't eat his breakfast, and his smile was a little wan; and his wife knew only too well that it mattered much more than he cared to admit. One look at the test and Warner Baxter became the *Cisco Kid*. One look at the *Cisco Kid* and all of America and Europe became hysterically Baxter-conscious. His fan mail reached enormous proportions, (he still receives more mail than any player on the Fox lot); and the studio executives lost no time in rushing out a new contract and furiously hunting for a follow-up picture, which, not at all strangely, was called "The Cisco Kid."

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences gave Warner a little gold statuette, the award for the best performance of the year 1929—the *Cisco Kid* in "In Old Arizona." It was a red-letter day in the life of the Baxters.

Although I had been quietly mad over Warner for nearly six years I had never met him until last summer when I was thrown into space with him from the Social Mixer in a Fun House on the amusement pier. When we hit against the retaining wall we looked like a couple of wrestlers trying to do the toe-hold, and as I jerked my head from under his arm I said, "How do you do" and would have confessed my undying devotion then and there but just at that second a couple of bodies came hurtling through the air and Dietrich and Randy Scott landed on my face and by the time I had extricated myself Warner had joined Clive Brook at the hot dog stand.

The next time I met Warner I was all set to shout my devotion—but I also met his wife. And right here I want to go on record as saying that Winifred Baxter is the most charming wife I have ever met in Hollywood, or anywhere else for that matter. I have been up to my ears in Hollywood wives for nearly four years, worse luck; and if there's anything that depresses me more than a hearse it's a Hollywood wife. I may say I have been snubbed by the best of them. But fifteen minutes of Winifred Baxter and I was laughing and joking and carrying-on something terrific. Mrs. Baxter has a delightful sense of humor; besides that she is warm and gracious and responsive; and besides all that she is quite beautiful—and now when I make broad statements about Hollywood wives I always stop to qualify them with "except Mrs. Warner Baxter."

In speaking of Warner she tries to be very casual, but it's easy to see that she adores him and is utterly convinced that he is the most wonderful actor in the world. And it's also easy to see where Warner gets his "inspiration." There's a fallacy going around Hollywood that Mrs. Baxter is an invalid. She isn't at all. She simply radiates health and vitality. But Warner himself is probably to blame for this untruth. When he had to go to some of those very dull "routine" parties the studio executives would ask, "And where is Mrs. Baxter?" and Warner would glibly lie, "Winifred, poor dear, isn't feeling well," and you can be sure that it didn't take gossipy Hollywood long to declare that

Winifred, poor dear, is an invalid. As a matter of fact Winifred, poor dear, is a very clever woman.

Her meeting and romance with Warner Baxter is quite a lovely thing. When Warner first came to Hollywood, in the silent picture era, not a studio would give him a tumble, and he almost starved to death while he was making the round of the casting offices. He had been a good salesman of farm implements and of insurance back in the East, but when it came to selling Warner Baxter to the film industry he was a total loss. But one day, long after he had spent his last dollar, Oliver Morosco, who was operating a Pacific Coast stock company, gave him an interview and signed him for a small part in "Under Cover" starring Edmund Lowe. The first day of the rehearsal Warner arrived in front of the theatre ahead of time—he is always punctual for appointments. As he passed the lobby of the theatre he noticed a beautiful girl chatting with friends. He was so impressed by her brunette beauty that he just had to have another glance at her. So he passed up and down the lobby six times. Gaining courage with each trip he finally smiled at her on the sixth passing, and wonder upon wonders, the girl smiled back. "Ah," said Warner ecstatically, "a flirtation." But before he could do anything about it the girl and her friends entered the theatre and a few minutes later he was introduced to Miss Winifred Bryson, a member of the company. She seemed interested in him, and Warner was quite flattered, and it wasn't until months later that he learned that Miss Bryson's interest was only humanitarian. Due to the fact that Warner and food had been strangers for some time his cheeks were sunken and his face was pale and gaunt—and no woman can resist that. But pity led to love. Four years

later while Winifred and Warner were playing together in "Lombardi Ltd." on Broadway they were married at a simple ceremony in the parsonage of a Bronx church. It was January 29, 1918. And the taxi driver who drove them there, and the minister's wife were their only witnesses. They spent their honeymoon touring the Middle West with "Lombardi Ltd." Warner and Winifred both understood the value of real friendship and companionship and upon this foundation they have built one of the happiest marriages in theatrical history, and decidedly the happiest marriage in Hollywood.

And what is Warner Baxter like in person? Why, he's the *Cisco Kid* without the curls and accent. He's gay and handsome and romantic and loyal, and as adventurous as a boy. His chief hobbies are cooking chile con carne—and they do say there's none better—and playing the guitar—which, incidentally, he plays by ear. He has his own little kitchen off the upstairs sitting-room in his beautiful new Bel-Air home and after a poker game with the boys, or a quiet evening with a book, he will dive into his kitchenette and mix up a chile that melts in your mouth. When he's on location he goes in for biscuits, too; and to hear the technical crew tell it, all Warner needs is a shovel-full of flour and a gasoline can and he can whip out biscuits much better than mother used to make. While he was on location with the "Robin Hood of El Dorado" company he organized a cowboy band with himself playing the guitar and the famous ranger, Lonesome Cassidy, leading with the melody. Just give him a bowl of his own chile and a guitar and Warner is set for the evening.

But despite his Spanish inclinations Warner is one hundred percent American. His mother's family came from Virginia and his paternal ancestors were among the pioneer settlers of Ohio. "It is no use trying to line me up with any of the rôles I have played," Warner once told me. "I've had my ancestry traced back to the Middle Ages. There is not a Latin, or a Continental, or an Aztec, or an Oriental in any branch." Well, it must be the *Cisco Kid* influence.

Warner is crazy about tennis, plays an excellent game, and has the most perfectly built tennis court in Hollywood. He gets a big kick out of beating Ronnie Colman. It took him six hours to do it once but he did it. One of the best laughs he ever got was a phony wire sent him by Dick Barthelme, but supposedly from his studio, which went on to say that Fox had decided to bestow a great honor on him by permitting him to support Ronald Colman in Colman's next picture. Warner has a highly inventive mind and goes delirious over gadgets. His pride and joy is a nut-cracker he invented several years ago, wherein you stick a nut in a squirrel's mouth, pull its bushy tail, and the cracked nut falls in a bowl—if you're lucky. He has a large amusement-room in his Bel-Air home and here he has done all sorts of trick things with radio, lighting effects and his own movie camera and projection machine. He has more disappearing cabinets and things than Bill Powell; in fact, Bill admits that he copped quite a few ideas for his new house from Warner.

Warner has one obsession—bugs. He will sit fascinated for hours watching a spider weave her web, or an ant move a crumb of bread, or any old bug doing practically anything. They have a fatal charm for him; and whenever he is quiet for a long time Winifred is quite sure that she



Newsboy thanks a gracious lady! Dick Hamill brings flowers to Joan Crawford for granting his wish to visit her on the set.

can find him down by the swimming pool simply spell-bound by a bug. Being a bug-watcher myself I am quite in sympathy with this obsession.

As a matter of fact, bugs started Warner on his theatrical career. When he was eight years old he lived with his mother, (his father died when he was a baby), in Columbus, Ohio, and just as he is a man's man now he was a boy's boy then. One of the kids in his gang developed a talent for eating angleworms and flies that summer and Warner, with the instinct of a showman, decided that such an accomplishment should be capitalized. He went into a huddle with his client and they built a tent of gunnysacks in the backyard and

spent a couple of hours in neighborhood exploitation. Warner took in the cash and doubled as barker. For one cent the exhibitionist could be seen to eat an angleworm with the nonchalance of an Epicurus. For another penny he could and would devour a common house-fly with equal relish. Word of mouth advertising, than which there is none better, brought the kids from far and near. Then late in the afternoon of the third day the father of the fly-eating artist, home early from his business, looked in on the show. Strange to say the attraction folded immediately after the matinee, although playing to a capacity house. But then theatre business is like that—never permanent!

Once again the character of the *Cisco Kid* has brought luck to Warner Baxter. Warner was very unhappy over "Under the Pampas Moon" and he was so discouraged over the picture that he had just about decided never again to play his favorite character. Then Metro borrowed him for "Robin Hood of El Dorado" in which picture he plays *Joaquin Murrieta*, California's famous bandit whose word was law in the old California of 1850. Warner pepped up immediately. This picture is bound to bring new life to the *Cisco Kid*, who must now be known as *Murrieta*. As the outlaw of Cow Creek and Jackass Hill who robbed from the rich to give to the poor, Warner will be sitting pretty.

Carole's Colorful Career

Continued from page 56

jump, my pets, the better you'll like it.

It was just about a year ago that Carole met Tragedy a second time in her brief twenty-five years. The death of Russ Columbo. Carole had known Russ for six or eight years, as one of the kids about town, and later as the popular young crooner at the Cocoanut Grove during the Charleston era—those mad, merry nights when Carole and Sally Eilers and Joan Crawford and Carmen Pantages in their early teens used to try to out-dance each other and exhaust their boy friends on the dance floor at the Grove. But it was Christmas of 1933 before Carole had her first real date with the handsome Italian, and after that first date she began going with him exclusively, except for Bill Powell and Walter Lang who are always exceptions in Carole's life.

Russ had a broadcast to do every Sunday night, so every Sunday night Carole was down at the radio station with him poking at all the gadgets and prying intelligently and eagerly into the mysteries of radio—to hear her go on about it you were sure that she was going to give up pictures immediately and take the air. Carole is like that. When she becomes enthusiastic about anything she has to know all there is to know about it. But since Russ' death she rarely mentions radio.

Columbo was a quiet boy with charming easy manners and an affable smile, and he never said much at Carole's parties, but wisely left the wit and repartee for her to look after. Whether Carole and Russ would have married had he lived I don't know; but I do know that his death was a terrific shock to Carole, and I have never seen anyone as white and wretched and gaunt as Carole was the day I saw her after Russ' funeral in the Catholic Cathedral on Sunset. And it is so, so typical of Carole that instead of hiding herself away in her remote mountain cabin—(she was there at the time of the tragedy)—to mourn her lost love in solitude, she left immediately for New York to try to forget in the metropolitan night clubs.

It was this past summer a year ago that Carole had her first chance to turn out a really superb performance as the temperamental actress in "Twentieth Century" opposite John Barrymore. I ran into her the night of the preview at a funny little steak joint on Wilshire Boulevard where she and Russ and Fieldsy were nervously devouring steak sandwiches. "I'm so frightened," she said, and sure enough that customary Lombard poise was shot to pieces. "Do you think it will be good? Please call me up in the morning and tell me what you think of me." Carole had me there—I



Whether in beach costume or evening dress, Carole Lombard is always a study in chic and dash.

had liked her for a long time, but I am a pushover for flattery and the minute she let on that she valued my opinion I became a most rabid Lombard fan.

Well, I don't have to fret myself to tell you that the entire movie industry joined me the following morning in proclaiming Carole a real actress. Carole had proved to her own satisfaction at last that she could take a good part and give an excellent performance, and she felt much better about it. To please her studio she may still play jaded and sophisticated young ladies with yachts and millionaire fathers, but at least she has the satisfaction of knowing that if she ever gets a meaty part again she can play it.

Strange to say, the sensational success of "Twentieth Century" did not go to Carole's head—she doesn't at all mind dancing rumbas and tangoes in George Raft pictures; or being atmosphere in Shirley Temple pictures; or twiddling her thumbs while Bing Crosby boo-boo-boos. When I rage and shriek like a fishwife about this Carole always says, "It's good box-office, isn't it?" Imagine finding so much sense in such an unexpected place. But that's Carole for you.

The Fall of 1930 marked another important episode in the Lombard life. It was then she met Bill Powell—suave, debonair, romantic, unconventional Bill Powell, at that time the most popular leading man in Hollywood. (And still is, as far as I'm concerned.) Carole had just returned from New York where she made "Fast and Loose" with Miriam Hopkins at the Astoria Studios, and so pleased was Paramount with her performance that there was nothing to do about it but that she should sign a contract with them at once—money no objection, as Sam Goldwyn might have said. She had made one picture at Paramount in the early talkie period when she had been about fifth supporting lady to Buddy Rogers in "Safety in Numbers," but now it seemed that good old Paramount was going to elevate her to *second* supporting lady. In "Ladies' Man" she was to support Kay Francis who in turn was to support Mr. Powell. The director thought it might be a good idea to have Carole meet Mr. Powell, so he took her over to Bill's dressing-room where Bill was lounging in one of his famous dressing-gowns, and Carole was quite thrilled and said how-do-you-do and Bill said how-do-you-do and the romance was on. Maybe Carole is sentimental, and maybe she isn't, but anyway when Powell left Paramount to go to Warners, Carole moved into his dressing-room, the very one where she had first met him, and she still occupies it today despite the fact that Paramount tried to honor her last year with a gorgeous new suite in a new building.

Bill was enchanted by Carole's frankness, her gay laughter, her bubbling enthusiasm, and her smart wit, and the first date he had with her they sat talking seven hours after dinner. Carole told him that first night her ideas on marriage, that she thought it should be based on friendship and companionship, rather than on emotions, and that the idea of two people trying to possess each other was all wrong. Carole was twenty-two then, and Bill was thirty-eight, and it took him exactly eight months to persuade Carole that she was all

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Heather Angel

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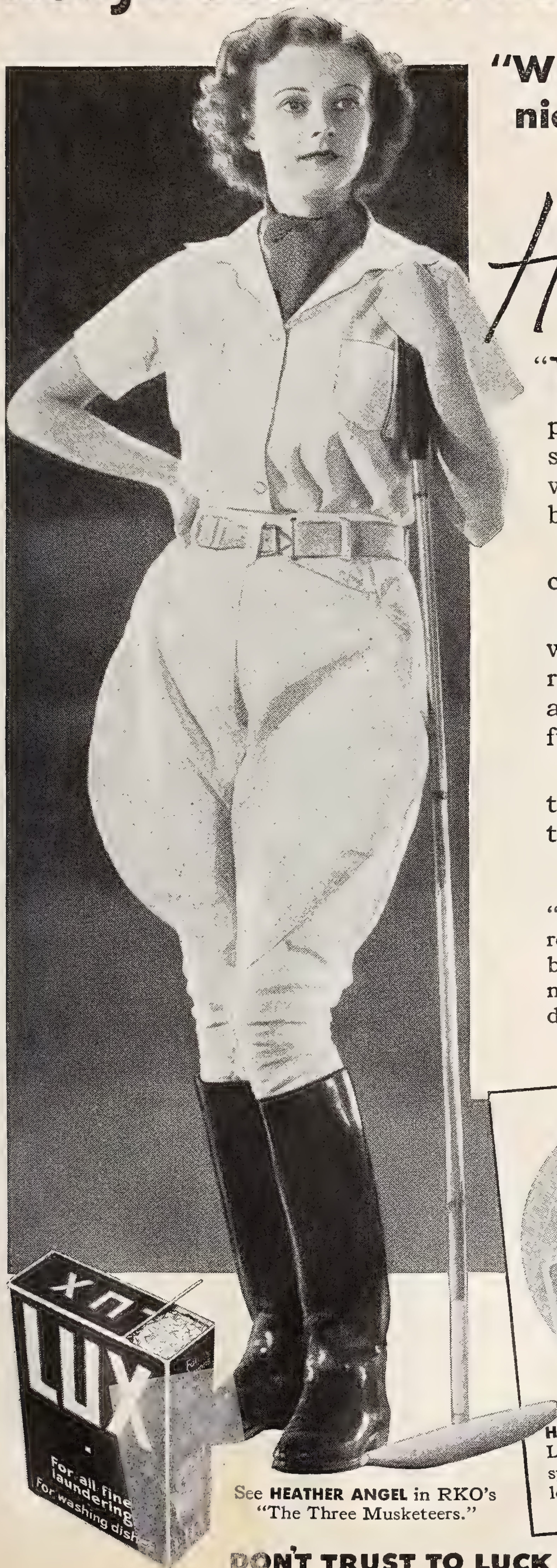


"YOU CAN'T AFFORD to risk other washing methods," Heather adds, "but if you trust to Lux you know you're safe!"

See HEATHER ANGEL in RKO's
"The Three Musketeers."

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK — TRUST TO LUX —

Hollywood says



wet about marriage and possessiveness. They were married June 27, 1931, at Mrs. Peters' home in Beverly Hills at seven o'clock in the evening and Carole's oldest brother gave her away and quite a few people gave Bill away. While the guests were looking for old shoes and rice and drenching themselves in champagne Bill and Carole gave them the slip and sailed that night for Honolulu. "Bessie" cried a lot, but no one else seemed to care as they had found another case of champagne. "Bessie" is what Carole calls her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Knight Peters. After the honeymoon they settled down in Bill's house on Walden Drive—he had not started his Versailles mansion in those days—and Bill became absorbed in his Warners' contract, and Carole was busy at Paramount.

But Carole soon realized that she had been right about marriage and Bill wrong. Carole doesn't let things drag on. She never quibbles with herself or people. One night in July, 1933, she had a frank talk with Bill; once again they talked for seven hours straight; and the next day she flew to Reno. They were divorced August 18, 1933. Carole and Bill ceased being married just in time to become good friends. And today you can't find two better friends in Hollywood. I would stake my last dollar on their loyalty to each other.

So Carole's first and last marriage was not a success, nor was it a failure; rather it was a successful failure. It gave her a good friend whom she could trust to the utmost; it gave her a sense of responsibility, for now she had her own home and her own affairs to run; but most of all, it gave her a career. Carole had wanted to act ever since she was a small child when she had paraded up and down the street in her mother's clothes proclaiming haughtily to the neighborhood children that she was an actress. Now it's the unwritten law in Hollywood that no woman can be both a successful wife and a successful actress; it seems to be just one of those things and there is nothing we can do about it. Carole was free now to be an actress. That career which she had prayed for since she was six years old was within arms' reach. She was not through with love, but it could wait until she had fulfilled her childhood's ambition.

And now—how did Carole get into pictures? Uh, huh, I *knew* you'd want to know that! Well, it seems that Rita Kaufman, famous designer and social light, was a neighbor of the Peters' and she had often seen Carole do her prima donna act in her mother's trailing dressing-gown—(Carole still loves anything that trails)—out on the front side walk. So one day Rita sneaked Carole out of school and took her over to the California Studios and got her a part in "The Perfect Crime." Carole played Monte Blue's daughter, and she was terrifically bad and ecstatically happy, and received fifty dollars for five days' work, and success went to her head. That one little whiff of grease-paint was all Carole needed. She knew quite definitely that she was destined for the glamorous life of the screen star and no amount of lecturing from "Bessie" about arithmetic and geography would make her falter from her one purpose in life—to be an actress. But, alas, no producer seemed terribly concerned over her performance in "The Perfect Crime" and Carole had to content herself with acting at school.

One summer while she was vacationing at Catalina, opportunity knocked again. She bumped right smack into Charlie Chaplin, and the next thing she had him in a boat out on Avalon Bay and was confiding in him her great ambition. Chaplin was looking for a leading lady for "The Gold Rush" and was quite impressed by Carole's looks and poise, so he asked her to report

at the Chaplin studios for a test. There were two tests, both bad, and when Carole learned that she was not going to get the part she nearly died of disappointment. But the wounds finally healed, the old confidence returned, and once more Carole promised herself that she would be an actress or burst. She didn't burst. The "break" came quite unexpectedly one day when Al Kemper, a Fox executive, noticed her resemblance to Constance Bennett, made a test of her, and signed her on a contract at seventy-five dollars a week. She was



Charles Laughton, who trained off some 65 pounds to play "Cyrano de Bergerac," seen as he takes off for London.

sixteen the day the contract was signed.

Up until the time of her Fox contract Carole Lombard was Jane Alice Peters. But there was a Janice Peters already on the Fox contract list, so the studio commanded that she change her name for picture purposes. She chose Carol, (without the "e"), because she liked the name. She chose Lombard because when she was a little girl she used to hang around the Red Cross with her mother who was making bandages for the boys over seas, and there she had met a Mrs. Lombard, who, to the little Jane Peters, was the most beautiful, charming, gracious woman she had ever met. "When I grow up I want to be just like you," Carole often told her; and so quite naturally when she was looking for a name that was fated to flash in electric lights on the theatre marquees of the world, she remembered the beautiful lady of her childhood. It was several years later that a numerologist suggested that she put an "e" on Carole to bring her good luck. She did, and it certainly did.

Well, anyway, under the new Fox contract she made "Marriage in Transit" with Eddie Lowe, and a sterling little drama of the great open spaces called "Hearts and Spurs" with Buck Jones. Carole was

a leading lady at sixteen, but she realized deep down in her heart that she really wasn't an actress. The studio had just about reached the same conclusion, too, and had demoted Carole from leads to bits in Westerns, and when her option came up at the end of the year they offered to sign her again, but at the same salary. Now seventy-five dollars was a lot of money to Carole then, but she had sense enough to realize that if she didn't take time off to improve herself she would be playing bits for the rest of her life. She left Fox, joined a little theatre group, and started studying dramatics, poise, and voice culture for dear life. "The next time I get a contract," she swore to herself, "I'll keep it." And then Fate stepped in, as Fate often has a way of doing. Carole was in a serious accident, and for one long year she lay helpless on her back, waiting for her torn body to heal. But even in her agony she had sublime faith. She would win yet, she would still be a great actress some day—and thank heaven, there would be only one slight scar.

Once again fit as a fiddle and ready for a job Carole sought out Mack Sennett, and became the last of his famous bathing girls. She chased policemen, threw pies, squirted hose, and galloped about in bathing suits for a year and a half—at which time the world-famous Sennett studios closed. It was at Sennett's that she met Madalyn Fields, and after tossing oozing pies at each other for a year they became quite friendly. Fieldsy later became Carole's secretary, business manager, and best friend.

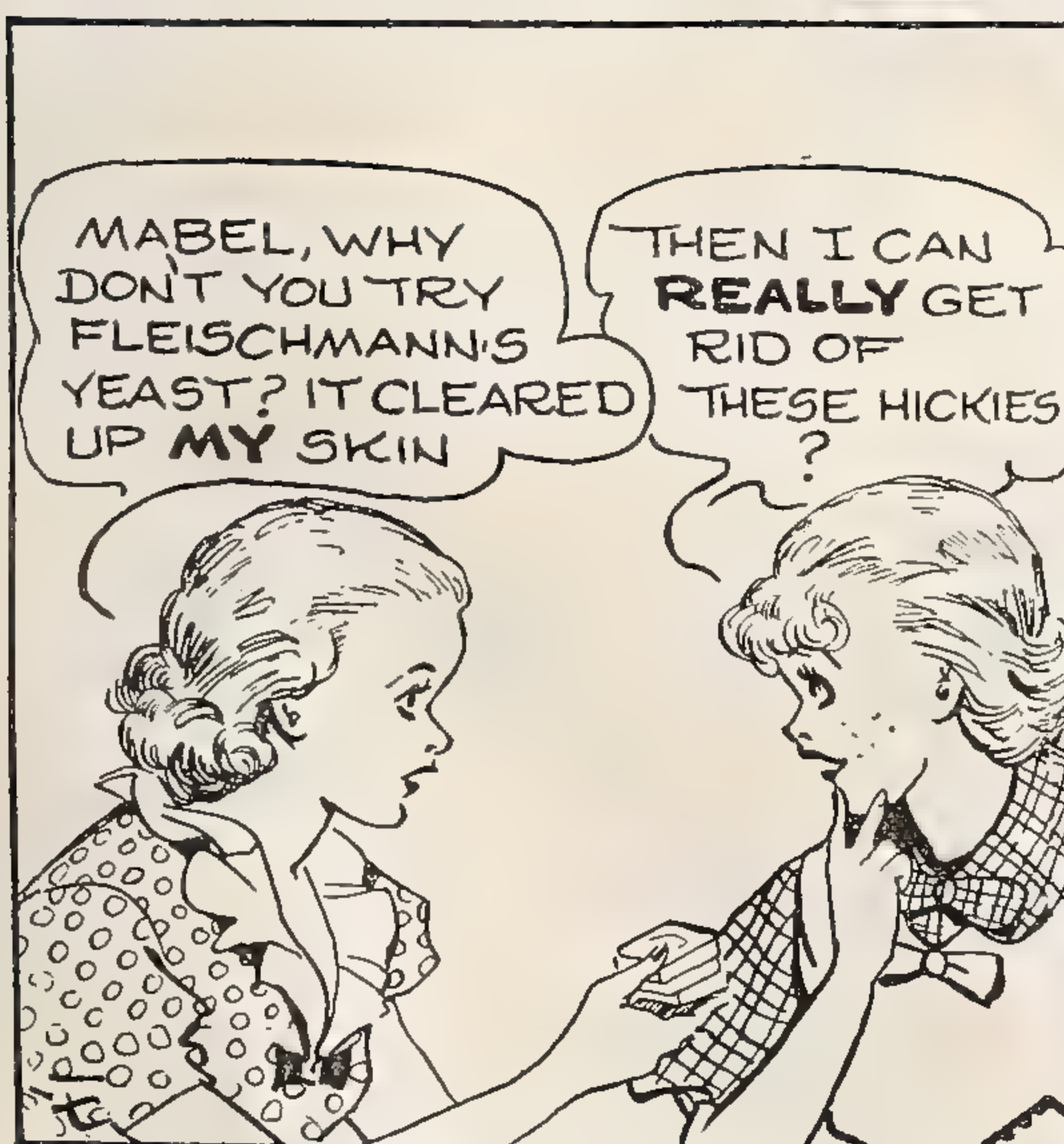
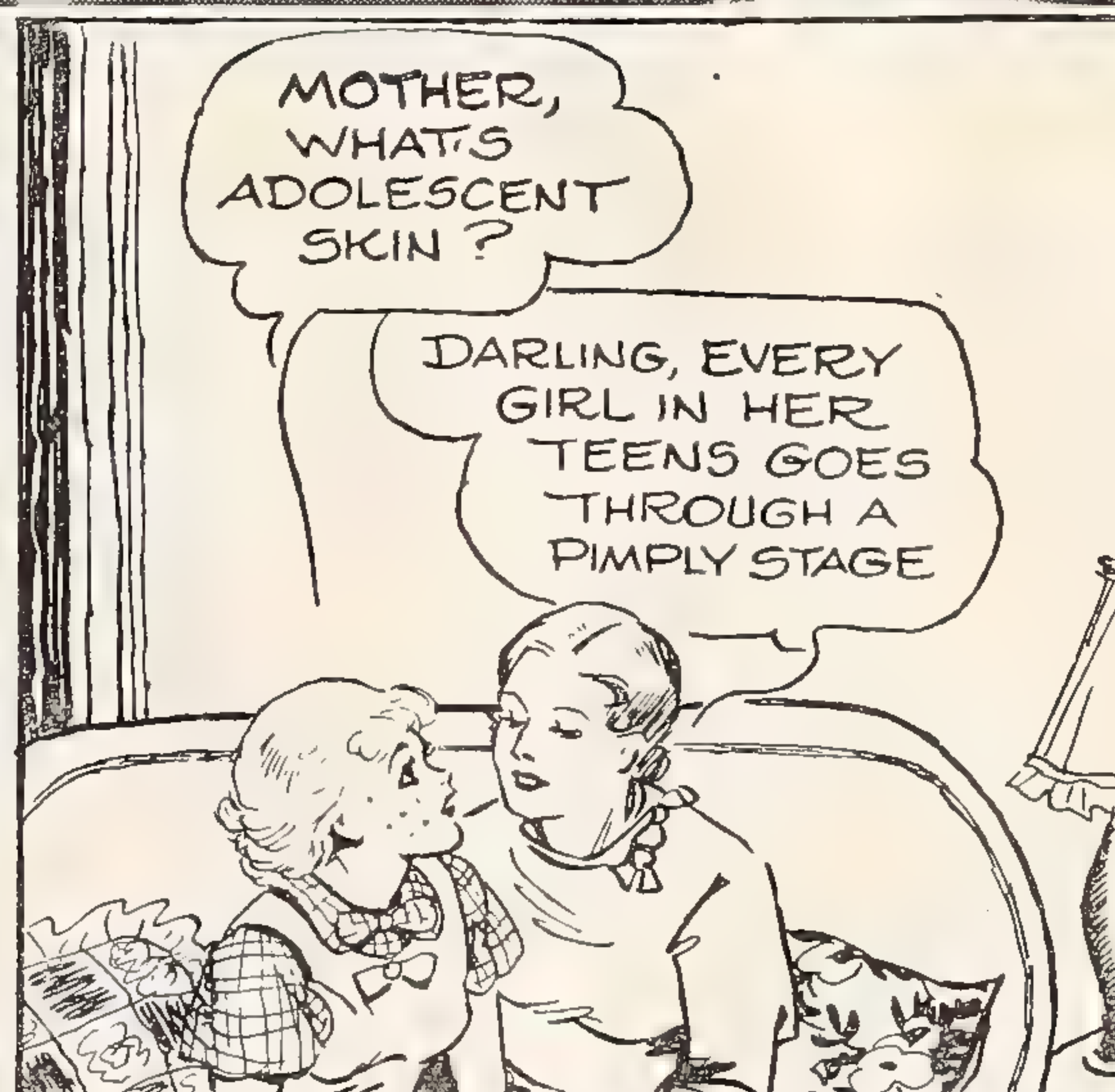
Carole was then signed on a Pathé contract, and there was a romantic interlude with Charles Kaley, the singer. When Pathé merged with RKO Carole was signed by Paramount, and she has been there ever since with brief excursions to Columbia and Metro.

The Peters family had long lived in Fort Wayne, Indiana, but when Carole was six Mrs. Peters decided that a brief separation from her husband—(there had never been such an awful thing as divorce in the family)—was best for all of them; so for a vacation she brought Carole and her two boys, Frederick and Stewart, to Los Angeles. The kids were crazy about California, camping on Mount Baldy, watching the studios make Westerns in the hills, swimming and fishing at Catalina, and playing all day long in the bright sunshine; and soon the days slipped into years and the Peters family never returned to Fort Wayne. Mrs. Peters' marriage had been unfortunate, and there was no hope of a reconciliation, so they managed to live in Los Angeles on the scant income provided by the grandmother.

Carole, being a sensitive child, had realized her mother's unhappiness in those early days in Fort Wayne, and became a very tender and loving daughter. I am told by those who knew Carole then that she wasn't a brat at all, (that disappointed me), but a very sweet and rather shy child with charming manners. She was rather baffled by grown-ups, for they never seemed to want to face the facts, and even as a child Carole was desperately frank and curious. (I'm glad I never had to visit in her house.) She remembers the time she almost cut her gums with a razor to see why her teeth didn't come out like grandmother's. She also recalls the time she brought a snake home for a family pet, but her mother didn't take to the idea. With all her angelic sweetness, and her lovely blonde hair, and her innocent blue eyes I suspect that perhaps there was just a bit of the brat about Carole—and that makes me feel better. Well, so much for Carole's life. Oh, yes, she was born twenty-six years ago in Fort Wayne, Indiana. That makes it a legitimate life story!



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The Dream Comes True

Continued from page 57

Reinhardt would risk the gamble of placing a novice in so important a rôle. Too many great actresses had played *Hermia* before her. Comparisons would be inevitable. Besides, Reinhardt was determined to make this Bowl production the greatest of all his Shakespearean pageants; more spectacular even than his Salzburg productions.

Julie Haydon first spoke to me of Olivia. Julie recognized at once in this dark-eyed newcomer a potential star, and she did not hesitate to make astounding predictions. Julie had worked long and hard for recognition. Through years of stock, Little Theatre work and thankless rôles in pictures she had learned the ropes in the bitter school of experience. Therefore she was all the more astonished at the adept way in which this child handled her lines during the early rehearsals of "The Dream." Of all the troupers in the huge cast Julie felt that little de Havilland was giving the most inspired performance, except possibly with the exception of Mickey "Puck" Rooney.

Afterwards I wanted to meet Olivia, having heard that Warner Brothers, upon the recommendation of Reinhardt, had contracted her to play *Hermia* in the spectacular film production of this most fanciful of the Bard's tales. But the publicity department at the studio informed me she had gone on an eight weeks' tour of the key cities with the road production of the classic fantasy; and would not be back until production was ready to start on the film. When she did return I thought it would be best to delay the interview until she had finished her part in the picture. It would be interesting to hear what this new actress, making her professional début on stage and screen in the same rôle, would have to say on the comparative satisfactions of the two mediums of expression.

"I don't want to ask you a lot of questions," I told her across the table at luncheon on the studio lot several weeks after the announcement that Warners liked her work so much that they had signed her for the long term of seven years. "I haven't heard a really good and true rags-to-riches story in a long time. I didn't think they happened any more. But here you are to prove it. So come on and tell just how it feels to be a real Cinderella."

"I do feel as if the magic wand had touched me," she confessed with radiantly happy brown eyes, lusciously large. "I keep thinking that the clock will strike twelve at any moment—and it will all be over."

"Not if all the plans that the studio are making for you are true," I assured her. "Apparently your horses aren't going to turn back to mice—nor will your carriage ever again be a pumpkin."

"Don't blame me if I'm still somewhat in a daze," she pleaded. "You see, it has all happened so suddenly. I'm still asleep in that magical forest, waiting for *Puck* to come bouncing in to awaken me at any moment. For me it really has been a 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' for all this good fortune happened in midsummer—and the dream *has* come true. Also," she added with an impish smile, "It has been a 'Miracle.' It is only when I go to the cashier's window to collect my weekly paycheck that I realize it is all real. Although when I look at Joe E. Brown's face and his adorably large mouth I still have a hard time convincing myself that he isn't a goblin masquerading as an actor. I'm Joe's leading lady in 'Alibi Ike.' The change from the sublime to the ridiculous is the only thing that has helped me to readjust myself

to facts. Working with Jimmy Cagney in 'The Irish in Us' has helped, too. Providing someone doesn't steal my parachute, I'll be down to earth any minute now!"

The rôle of *Hermia*, she explained, came to her by a strange inheritance. Her mother, an accomplished elocutionist who later became a professional reader specializing in Shakespearean plays, always thought of her little daughter as *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and from early infancy taught her the lines. Later she went into Little Theatre work with an am-



Everett Marshall and Dolores Del Rio in a scene from a new musical, "I Live for Love."

bitious group in the little town of Saratoga, just outside of San Francisco. Again it fell to her lot to play *Hermia* in several outdoor productions of the play during the intervals of several summer seasons. It became her one-rôle repertoire. When her young directress read that Max Reinhardt was coming to Hollywood to stage the Shakespearean fantasy under the stars in the Hollywood Bowl, she suggested to Olivia that they go to Hollywood together on the chance of working in the production, as she knew a man who was already engaged as a technical advisor.

True enough they were both engaged for the Reinhardt Bowl spectacle. But it was not *Hermia* that Olivia was hired to play. She was to portray merely a tree or a branch or something. Anyway she was to be just a piece of fantastical forest. It seems if you worked hard enough and showed promise you were promoted from the rôle of a branch to the magnificent part of a tree! In spite of this the supposition still persists that supers in Shakespeare only carry spears. But Olivia found out that only God and Reinhardt can make a tree.

At that moment Olivia de Havilland would have been flattered to have been only a leaf—or at most a bug on a leaf. Such humility for Art's sake. To work in a Reinhardt production; actually to watch the Master direct—that in itself was a great reward, a rich compensation.

After rehearsals had gotten well under way the subject of understudies for the principal characters came up for discussion. De Havilland was suggested as a possible understudy for Gloria Stuart, who was cast for *Hermia*. She was particularly recommended by her directress' friend because she already knew every line of the part, the business, and in an emergency



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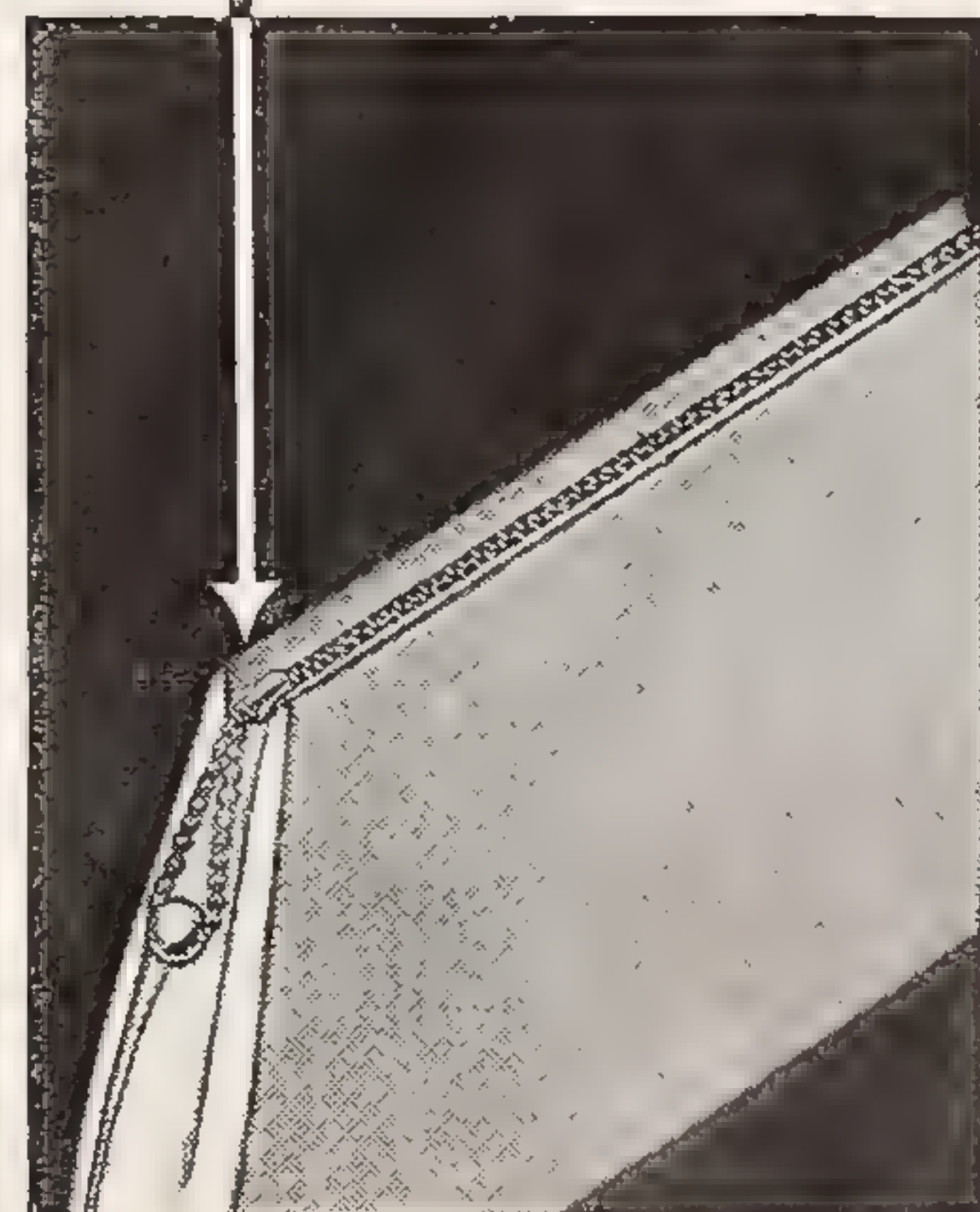
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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Dark ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	Light ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Only ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐
Normal ☐	Dark ☐	Dark ☐

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could play the rôle acceptably. Reinhardt consented to listen to her read.

"Never shall I forget that moment when I stood before The Professor," (Olivia always refers to Reinhardt as "The Professor"). "Not a word would come out of my mouth! *Hermia* stuck in my throat and refused to budge. I had been so confident I would give a magnificent reading—and now that opportunity had come knocking on my door I could not remember a single line of the rôle. My career begun to vanish in smoke, when I think *Puck* must have come to my rescue. Words begun to flow. *Hermia* emerged! When I had finished The Professor sat back for a long time in silent judgment. I thought it was the end—the end of the dream, when he said in his simple way, "You are *Hermia's* understudy."

Then at the last moment Gloria Stuart withdrew from the cast for strong professional reasons—and Olivia was *Hermia* in earnest. A real dream in a real play had come true in the magical forest.

It was inevitable after the Bowl premiere that motion picture offers would pour in for the services of the unknown, brown-eyed girl billed as *Hermia*. Motion picture executives in bidding for her talents believed they were offering tempting contracts to a European celebrity of the Reinhardt Theatre and traditions. Certainly they didn't know she was a novice of the grease-paint, who but a few months before hadn't even the slightest hope of ever crashing the sacred portals of a motion picture studio.

Courageously she did turn down several lucrative contracts to wait on Reinhardt's decision as to whether or not he would remain in Hollywood to produce the film version of "The Dream." He had promised her the screen rôle of *Hermia* if the picture were made. To make her stage and screen début under the direction of the genius of the world theatre was more than any one girl could hope for in one lifetime. Yet such was her fate.

"Now that you have experienced both mediums, the stage and the screen, in rapid succession, which do you prefer?" I asked.

"That's like asking a fond mother which of her twins she loves best," Olivia answered.

answered frankly. "Only unlike twins the stage and screen are so very different; related only by their entertainment values. On the stage the actor has a feeling that his body means everything to a part. Sweep, grace of movement, rhythm, are as essential as voice and pantomime. On the screen the face seems to count most. Beauty and character are at the mercy of a pitiless camera. So much must be told with the eyes and the mind. But the stage does at least teach one how to use the body in a screen characterization. Or at least I have found it so."

"It will be fun seeing yourself as *Hermia*," I said. "That is one advantage you will have to concede to the screen."

"There are two thrilling moments in an actress' life that are probably never recaptured," she mused. "The first is her initial appearance before the footlights, when she faces an audience for the first time, and is able to win their applause. The other is when she beholds her image on the screen for the first time and discovers things about herself that no mirror has the power to reveal. I don't know yet which is the more thrilling."

Watching her speak I thought of Shakespeare's own words—*Helena's* description of *Hermia* in the play:

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her tribute was paid to Reinhardt with touching sincerity. In turn perhaps Hollywood shall one day pay him the same sort of honor for the discovery of Olivia de Havilland, his first and only Hollywood protégée. A product, not of his own theatre, nor of his widely scattered theatrical enterprises, but strictly of the cinema and its far-reaching shadows. If Reinhardt makes no other pictures for the rest of his life he will have left as a living monument to his memory the celluloid upon which is written his "Midsummer Night's Dream"—and also a gift which Hollywood should cherish and endow with fame and fortune: Olivia de Havilland. Or else the trees in the magical forest will weep, and *Puck* will never come again to make laughter for the world.

Glamor with a Grin

Continued from page 55

Michael is one of the best reasons why Miriam can be found at home practically all the time she has away from the studio.

She likes to stay home with a charmed circle of friends around and let everyone else do the gadding. She prefers life reduced to its least common denominator, simplicity. Says it is not as easy to have nice people together out here as it is in New York, because here it is like visiting the neighboring farm twenty miles away—you have to hitch up the buggy and drive forever. She compares it with an army post, with "army" talk. Everything has to be planned ahead, and she misses the extemporaneous groups one runs into in New York—as for instance, the evening she went to what promised a very dull affair and found herself at four in the morning in a little library surrounded by nine men of four different nationalities, discussing brilliantly everything under the sun. "It was so lovely," she sighs.

"And out here it is lovely in a different way. There is no place to go, unless you are giddy to dance, so one stays home and creates one's own group. There are things I miss, like certain smells of familiar restaurants, and the fresh aroma of damp pavements. And walking. You cannot

walk any place out here, the distances are so great. I love to walk across 57th Street and look in all the shop windows."

At that moment, Aesop arose majestically and shook himself, scattering liberal sand and ocean. He yearned to be clubby, but a warning sat him down again, looking wistful. "He's trained, now," Miriam announced proudly. "When we first got him he was an anti-social dog, so we sent him away to school—a progressive school—to learn manners. I was so anxious to put him through his paces when he returned—you know, rather like a mother looking over a report card—but he bounded right in and sat on my lap! (Aesop weighs about 250 pounds). So we had to begin all over and teach him not to be *too* social. I think he's a little confused about it all."

"And the deep mystery with which you are further confusing us—how about that?" Seemed like a good time to work back to it. "Can you throw any more light on it?"

But cagey, oh so cagey, the little Hopkins. "Nothing but this: I have arrived at an in-between stage. Between love, between pictures, between plans, between everything—even career."

Now, Watson, what do you make of that?

How Hollywood's Lovelies Get, and Stay That Way

Continued from page 65

or abdomen; but you may be sure Adrienne doesn't hit the ball stiffly, she makes every movement count for all there is in it.

Carole Lombard has been coming to me lately for massage, but she doesn't neglect exercise. If every woman spent the time Carole spends on care of her body, we would have a nation of raving beauties. Carole has her own theories of what is good for her, and she is certainly a good advertisement for them.

When she isn't working and so can't count on that to bring down excess ounces, Carole usually confines her meals to fruit and vegetables—she eats fruit for breakfast, plenty of it. Two vegetables and fruit are the three dishes she calls luncheon; and for dinner she takes soup, more vegetables and a salad, but she eats all she wants of everything on the table.

Carole has always liked to play tennis, but now she's going in for something new; she's organizing the first bowling team for women of the screen. Carole has been playing the tumbling tenpins for several months, and recently she topped the woman's record.

Bowling is, of course, marvelous for hips, waist, and abdomen.

Sleep is Marlene Dietrich's barometer. If she finds she's putting on weight, she gets up earlier; if the pounds are vanishing, she stays in bed another hour. She thinks it isn't food but rest that regulates weight.

This may be true in Marlene's case, but she is not one to gain over-much. Don't rely on it for yourself without testing the theory.

Gladys Swarthout is one of the latest additions to Paramount's star list. Remember how huge old-time opera stars were? You should see Miss Swarthout! She is the answer to any fashion designer's prayer, not a bad line anywhere.

Do you know how she does it? She "thinks thin," she explains. Maintaining the proper weight is as much a mental problem as anything else, according to her. It's a matter of learning to choose your food correctly. She *can* eat pastries, cakes, hot breads, creamed soups and so on, but they don't tempt her because she has cultivated a taste for simple food. She has broths, lamb, chicken, vegetables of all kinds, plenty of salads, fresh and stewed fruits, and custards.

I am giving you, at the end of this month's article, a week's menu of suggestions for meals for those who need no reduction and yet are not underweight.

There are many appetizing ways of fixing salad. Don't forget to appeal to the eye as well as to the taste when you prepare a meal. Make things look pretty, especially such dishes as vegetables and salads.

After every meal it's a good idea to drink a glass of citrus juice or pineapple juice. This aids digestion.

Miss Swarthout continues her advice to those who would copy her figure by saying that no girl should poison her body with starchy foods, improper breathing, fatigue, fear, or boredom. Eat correctly; breathe with all of your lungs, not just the top; take plenty of rest; go in for ten minutes' relaxation just before meals, if you are too thin, and refuse to worry.

For herself, Miss Swarthout takes daily sunbaths, plays tennis, and uses a rowing machine. She never drinks ice-water on

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You see, we want a host of new friends to discover how the right Packer Shampoo reveals the hidden beauty of their hair.

OLIVE OIL for Dry hair
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There are *two* Packer Shampoos, you know. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, for example, is made especially for dry hair. In addition to nourishing olive oil, it contains glycerine

to soothe and soften your hair until it shines like silk.

Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, if your hair is oily. This shampoo is gently astringent—it tightens up relaxed oil glands; washes out the excess oil and rinses cleanly. Leaves your hair soft and fluffy.

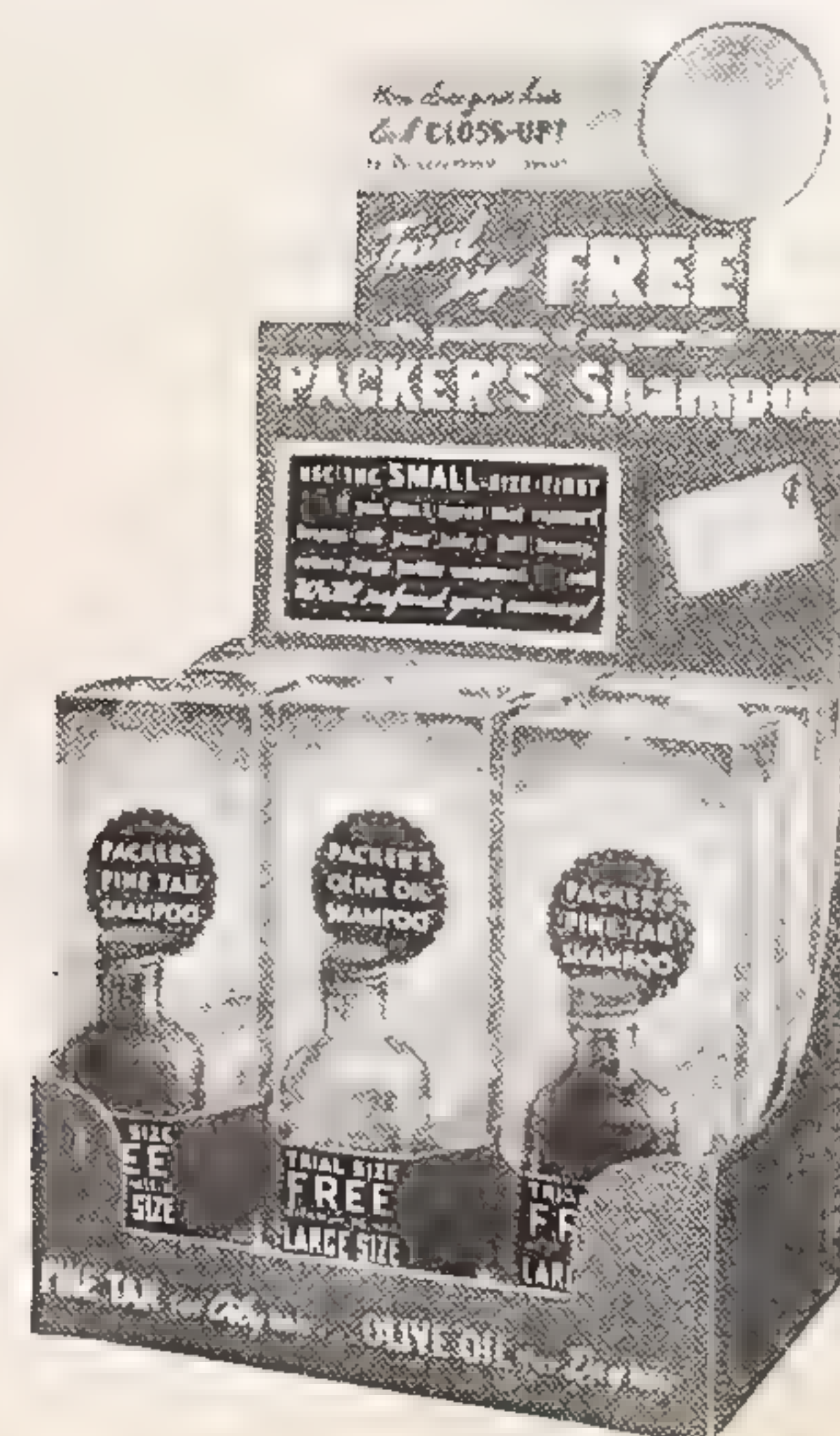
Try Packer's Shampoo without risk

Take advantage of this special offer: You get, free, enough Packer's for 2 washings, when you buy the full-size. Use the trial bottle first. If you don't agree that Packer's brings out your hair's full loveliness, return the large bottle unopened to your dealer and get your money back.

Look for this display at better drug and department stores



Does he admire your hair close up?
Let Packer's reveal its beauty.



the theory that it ages the arteries and stomach. I never permit my girls to take ice-water.

Just because the arrow on the scales shows a desirable mark when you step on them, doesn't mean that your worries are ended.

"I weigh exactly what I *should* weigh!" girls tell me, proudly. "Wait till I get to the commissary today, see what I'll do to the French pastry!"

"I'm going to sleep late tomorrow—no more exercises—look at the scale!" is sometimes the reaction.

But that's all wrong. When you have worked for a good figure and won it, you can't let it go. If you do, you'll slump back into the condition that you struggled to

strengthen the muscles of the waist and keep them trim.

In same position, hold the ball high over your head in both hands, then throw. This will stretch the spine.

Now, take the ball in the right hand only and throw from shoulder height; this develops shoulders of the little thin girl and is an aid to attaining that beautiful neckline needed to show off the low-cut evening gown you'll be wearing this winter.

Do the same with the left hand.

With the ball held in both hands, feet wide apart, bend down from hips, swing ball back between legs, then throw. This will strengthen the abdominal muscles and keep you flat where you want to be flat.

Next, lie down flat on the floor, with

around the room—a very good exercise.

Lift it in your two hands from waist level as you inhale until it is above your head, then lower it as you exhale.

With one hand on hip, hold ball in the other palm and bring it slowly up from your side until it is above your head.

Lying flat on back on floor, try keeping ball in air with bare feet, not touching it with the hands.

You can invent a variety of other exercises with the ball. These, of course, can be made more interesting if you have a partner.

Balanced Menu for One Week

MONDAY

Breakfast: Orange juice, 1 poached egg, Melba toast

Lunch: Vegetable soup, wheat wafers, chicken salad.

Dinner: Seafood cocktail, breaded veal cutlets with tomato sauce, browned potatoes, parsnips, celery, avocado salad, stewed fruit.

TUESDAY

Breakfast: 1/2 Grapefruit (without sugar), hot cereal, 1 piece whole wheat toast.

Lunch: Bacon and tomato sandwich, 1 glass buttermilk.

Dinner: Tomato juice, 2 slices roast beef, potatoes au gratin, spinach, green pepper salad, jello.

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: Fresh figs or prunes, 1 English muffin and honey.

Lunch: Pineapple and cottage cheese salad, Rye crisp, 1 glass buttermilk.

Dinner: Tomato juice cocktail, 2 lamb chops with mint sauce, carrots and peas, watercress salad, tapioca pudding with pineapple.

THURSDAY

Breakfast: Grapefruit juice, bran muffin and preserves, strip bacon.

Lunch: Fruit salad and whole wheat crackers, sweet milk.

Dinner: Tomato consomme, small broiled steak (rare), 1 baked potato, string beans, green salad, baked apple.

FRIDAY

Breakfast: Juice of 1/2 lemon in hot water, 1 soft boiled egg, 1 slice brown bread, milk.

Lunch: Okra soup, tuna fish salad and Melba toast, cookies and stewed fruit.

Dinner: Clam chowder, baked white fish, boiled potato with parsley, string beans, orange ice.

SATURDAY

Breakfast: 1 glass sauerkraut juice, whole wheat toast with marmalade.

Lunch: Tomato and lettuce sandwich, small portion fresh fruit with cream.

Dinner: Jellied consomme, T-bone steak and baked potato, small fruit salad, peas, sweet biscuits and prune soufflé.

SUNDAY

Breakfast: Pineapple juice with avocado balls, waffles with maple syrup and strip bacon.

No Lunch.

Dinner: Pea soup, roast chicken, baked potatoes, squash, spinach, tomato salad, ice cream.



N.A.N.A. and Jerome Zerbe

Ginger Rogers, hatless, as very often; Joan Blondell, serious, as not usual; Norman Foster, grinning, as why not? At a recent cocktail party.

lose—too many or too few pounds, poor posture, bad lines, or whatever it was.

If you dislike exercise, you aren't benefiting from it, for you must enjoy it if it is to do you good.

Try the medicine ball routine, if you would keep in shape and have a good time doing it.

Stand with the feet wide apart, take the medicine ball in both hands and swing it back to the right at shoulder height, then throw. Throw again swinging ball back to left before you let it go. This will

hands clasped behind the neck. You will need a partner for this one. The partner stands as far away as space permits, holding the medicine ball. You, on the floor, raise your feet, bending your knees, draw them back as far as you can and kick out vigorously at the ball when it is thrown to you by your partner. This exercise will do a lot for your thighs and calves, as well as for hips and waist.

You can use your medicine ball also for balancing exercises, holding it high above your head as you run tiptoe, (barefoot),

James Davies Answers to Questions

Leona of Indiana, Jean J. of Los Angeles, Nettie B. of Pennsylvania and all of you who wrote about leg problems: Oddly enough, the same exercises, if done correctly, will build up or reduce legs. This is because muscles get stronger with exercise and expand, rounding out the legs; yet as muscles expand they get harder and tighter so that fat you don't want is burned away.

So you thin girls, when you bicycle, (which is one of the finest of all exercises for legs), do it slowly and easily, breathing deeply the while; and you fatter girls, go to it as strenuously as possible.

Those of you who complain of "knock-knees," stop wearing high heels, watch your posture carefully, also see if you are underweight, as it is usually the weak knee that behaves in this fashion. Then go in for building up in diet and exercise generally. Also try tiptoeing about your work, especially tiptoeing up flights of stairs.

Swimming, if done regularly, can conquer the faults you mention. The crawl stroke is especially good.

Anna J., whose knee caps go out of place, unexpectedly, should see a good osteopath about them. You are several pounds overweight, apparently in the hips.

J. M. M.: You are only 5 pounds overweight according to chart, but this may be O. K. as you say you have large bones. You have plenty of time to grow and probably will do so. Don't bother about slimming until you are 20. If you think you must do it now, don't diet. Just go in for sports.

Gloria C., Michigan: You weigh 160 at 13. I am too far away to be sure, but so much extra weight at your age seems to me glandular. Consult a doctor. There are so many new treatments for gland disturbance that you should have no difficulty in getting help.

M. C., Oakland, California—Millie M., New York City: M. C. is nearly 20 pounds overweight, mainly in the hips; Millie M. has an extra burden of at least 15 pounds. Yes, your rowing machine will help, M. C., if you keep at it faithfully. Try eating fruit instead of candy. Believe it or not,

you will lose some of the excess weight as you get older. M. M., try eating vegetables and fruits and salads; no desserts, and meat every other day—and do the exercises given in my article this month.

Goldie B., Kansas: Go in for daily morning and evening exercises, hiking, swimming, walking, bicycling, etc. Don't give up and you'll attain that Hollywood Figure.

Vita L., San Francisco: For reducing the abdomen, try the medicine ball routine.

So many letters came in asking about sagging, flabby, or large busts that I answer them all below:

First remove superfluous fat by a general reduction course. Then acquire correct posture. Next go in for exercises that will tighten up the bust muscles. The breast-stroke in swimming is one of the finest of these exercises.

Do arm-flinging exercises. Make your hands into fists, stretch them out straight before you, then draw them in toward you, resisting as you do so. Cross arms in front, then with one do you make them hurl them out at six

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

George Raft Fan, New Zealand. Thanks for your kindly offer to help edit this column and who knows, I may ask you to swim across and give me a hand. George Raft was born in New York City on September 26, 1903, of French and Italian parentage. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Pictures to his credit include: "Madame Racketeer," "Night After Night," "If I Had a Million," "Under-Cover Man," "Pick Up," "The Bowery," "Rumba," "The Glass Key." George's latest is "Every Night at Eight." George is married but has been separated from his wife for several years.

Claudette Colbert Fan. The picture that made Claudette's name ring around the world was "It Happened One Night." She was known long before "it happened" of course, but that film cinched her fame. Her first picture was a silent, "For the Love of Mike," with Ben Lyon. She has made too many films to list here for want of space but a few of her releases include: "Cleopatra," "Imitation of Life," "The Gilded Lily" and "Private Worlds." Her latest film is "She Married Her Boss." Claudette was born in Paris, France, on September 13, 1907. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and has brown hair and eyes. Her family name is Chauchoin. She was married several years ago to Norman Foster but they are now divorced.

Joanna. No, I'm not swamped with letters, just snowed under; but each one is answered in turn as received. George O'Brien was born in San Francisco, Cal., on September 1, 1900. He has dark brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He was a star athlete in school, proficient in basketball, handball, baseball and football. He learned boxing at college, and while serving in the Navy during the World War won the light-heavyweight championship of the Pacific Fleet. He is happily married to Marguerite Churchill of the stage and screen. The O'Briens have a baby daughter.

Red Top. How the little starlets take to the flickering kodaks! In Jackie Cooper's recent release, "Dinky," you saw George Ernest as *Jojo*, Richard Quine as *Jackie Shaw*, Betty Jane Hainey as *Mary* and Jimmie Butler as *Cadet Lane*. Betty Jane Hainey was co-featured with Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee in "Mary Jane's Pa." Then there is little Spanky McFarland who is going places very fast; Marilyn Knowlden, who played so beautifully in "Les Miserables"; the famous kids such as Virginia Weidler, Cora Sue Collins, Freddie Bartholomew; and the new 17-year-old youngster, William Benedict, who attracted no end of attention in "\$10 Raise" with Edward Everett Horton and Karen Morley.

Mrs. Edna M. The late Valentino and Pola Negri were never married. His first wife was Jean Acker; Natacha Rambova was the second Mrs. Valentino. They were divorced at the time of his death. Joan Crawford is 5 feet 4 inches, Myrna Loy is 5 feet 5 inches, Clark Gable is 6 feet 1 inch, and Richard Dix is just 6 feet tall.

Mickey Mouse. What are you doing in my column? Better scamper back to Minnie, Donald the duck, and your best friend, Walt Disney. Quack, quack! But as long as you're here, playstems, sew technicolor films, machine. She never me any time.

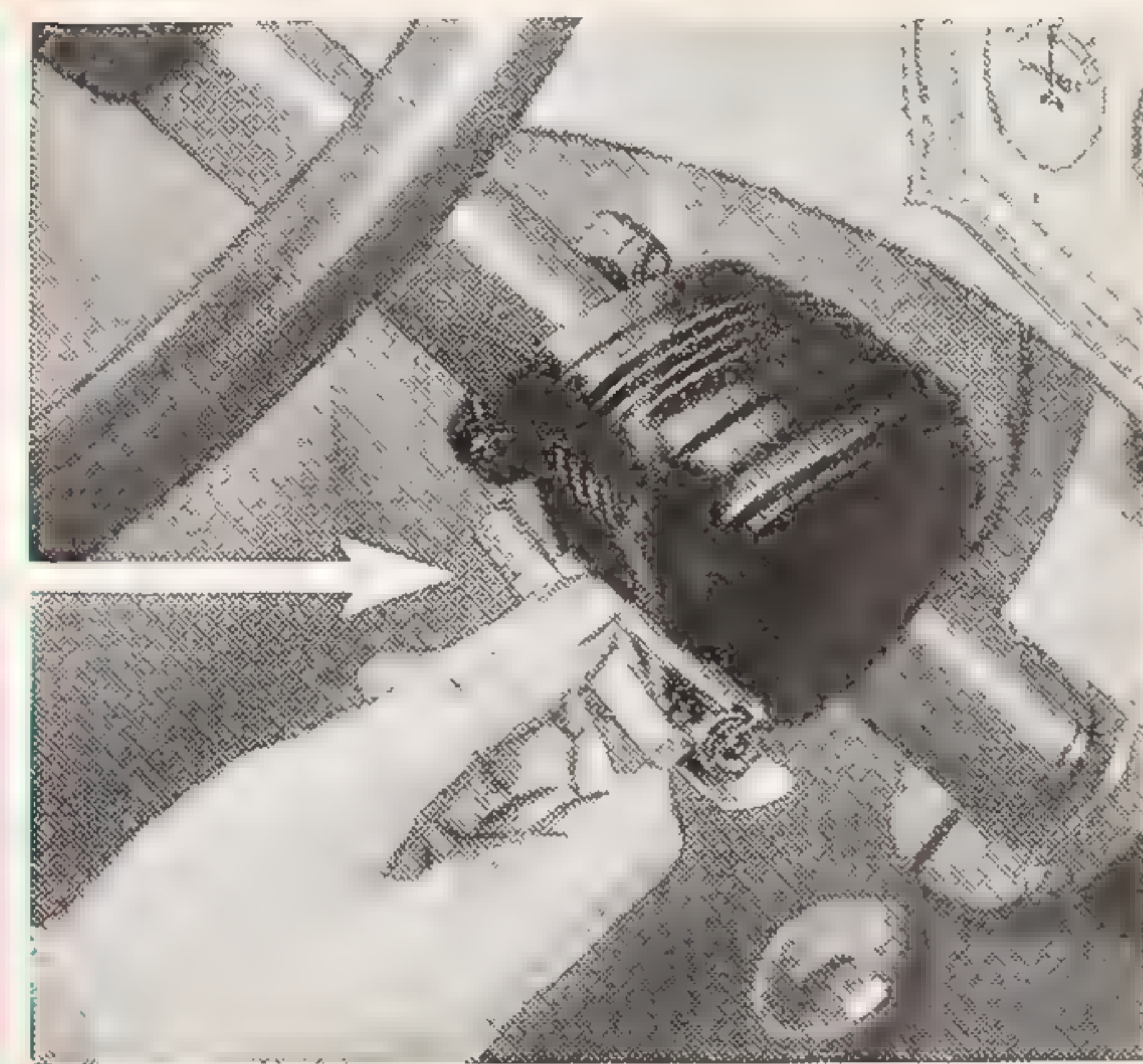


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Would be swell value at \$2.50 but it's not for sale in stores. It's yours for only \$1 plus five fronts from KOOL or RALEIGH packs. (You can combine KOOL and RALEIGH fronts to total 5. No need to destroy packages, simply tear out printed label fronts.) Or—if you prefer—send us 150 B & W coupons, and no money.

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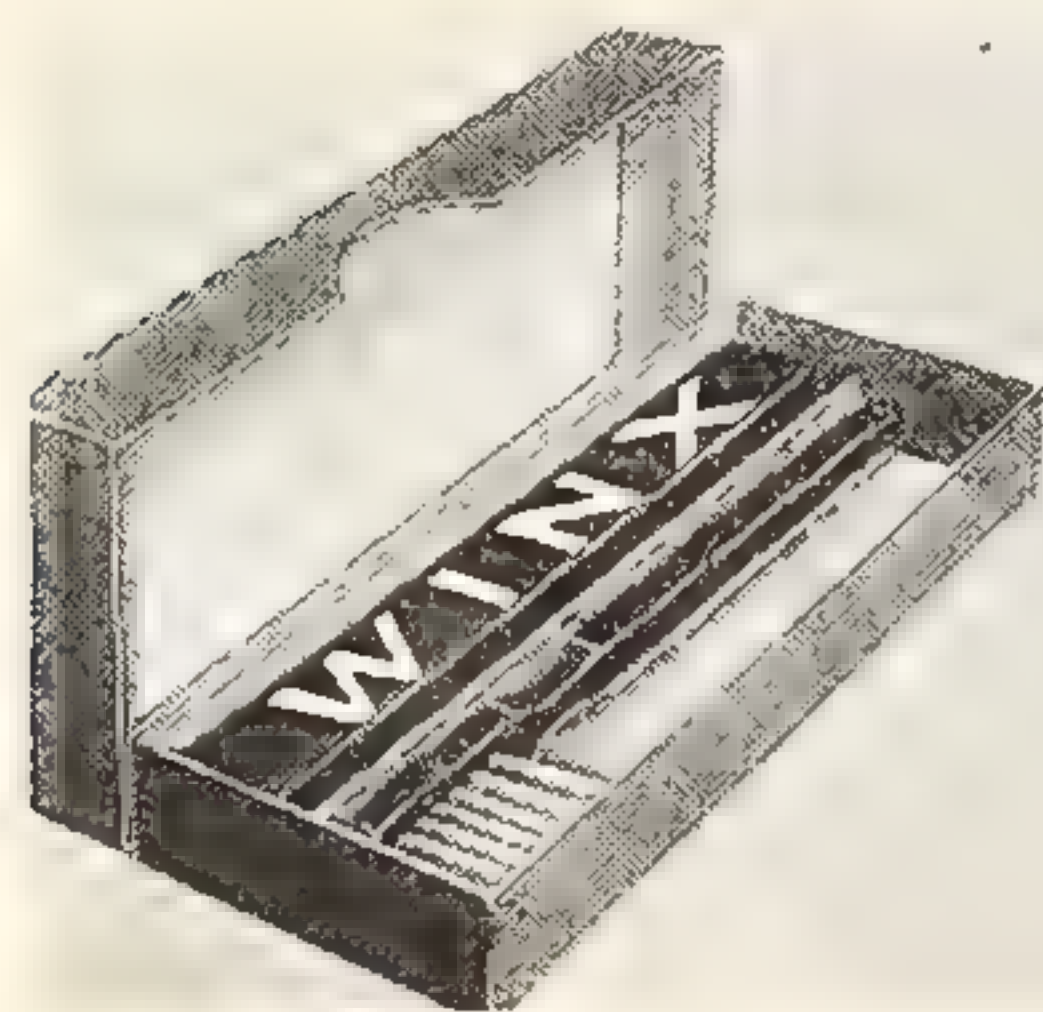
Louise Ross

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STORES

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.



Hollywood's Aloof Lady

Continued from page 51

shoved the pistol right under her nose. I crouched ready to spring for shelter, anticipating nothing short of mayhem as a result of this childish indiscretion. But such is the magnificent composure of La Sullavan that she did not even bat an eye. She merely looked up with a smile and bending the pistol back toward Dickie said, "Hullo."

Dickie stared at her solemnly and then dropped his gaze to her novel. "Is 'at a good book?"

"Well—it's rather dull."

"Then why're you readin' it?"

Even Sullavan can't deal with that kind of childish directness, so she volunteered no explanation. There was no time, anyway. She was being paged by King Vidor, who needed her services for the next scene.

When the scene was over she returned once more to her chair. I looked round hopefully for my guide. Fortunately he had appeared. Fortunately, too, it would be quite some time before the next shot since it was to be a different set-up.

During the introduction the diminutive Miss Sullavan looked a trifle undecided—undecided as to whether she should run away herself or try to make me run away. She compromised by being very charming—so charming, in fact, that I immediately forgot the subject of the interview. There was rather a painful pause and I stalled for time by saying something to the effect that interviews embarrassed me as much as they must embarrass her. A very bad opening!

She gazed at me seriously a moment before asking, "Then why do you do them?"

I dodged the shot and it rolled harmlessly into a side pocket. "That's the same question Dickie Moore asked you when you told him you were reading a rather dull book—a trick question, and unanswerable."

The ice was broken. Miss Sullavan actually treated me to a smile. "I suppose you want to know what I think of my part. I like it—I think it's swell! It's as exacting and subtle as any I have played. As Mr. Vidor told me when I first interviewed him, it is more significant than the mere portrayal of an individual; it is really an interpretation of a composite character—a young woman who is meant to represent all the coquetry, the romance, and the spirit of self-sacrifice which stamped the personality of every young woman of the South at the time of the Civil War. At least that is the significance of the characterization as Mr. Vidor hopes to bring it to the screen. I hope I shan't disappoint him!"

Judging by the few scenes that I had viewed while awaiting my moment, she will not disappoint him. To watch her at work is not to watch an actress plying her art in the portrayal of a rôle; it is to see someone who through her sincerity, her effortless and faultless technique actually becomes another being. The rôle which has been intrusted to Sullavan is a difficult one, requiring a subtle combination of the naïveté of guileless youth with the unobtrusive sophistication of well-balanced maturity. These are the very qualities which the person—not the actress—Margaret Sullavan, possesses to a marked degree.

Whether you see her at work or on the sidelines reading, one feels immediately a quality of effortless force about her. It is startlingly apparent that here is a young woman who knows quite definitely what she wants, and how to get it! Although she is friendly and charming in her rela-

tionship with everyone on the set, she is usually to be found alone reading. While not expressing even tacitly the least bit of disagreeable hauteur, she is still, in some mysterious way, aloof. There is something arresting about her, a studied calm that bars wanton familiarity.

These are the very qualities which perhaps have caused her to be pretty much misunderstood by Hollywood at large. "Contrary to whatever rumors may be abroad," she says, "I do not resent being interviewed. I do resent, however, being cross-examined about things which are no one's business but my own."

"There seems to be a peculiar theory hereabouts that because one has been featured in several pictures one should not be surprised at finding a news photographer or an autograph hunter lurking at the bottom of one's bouillon cup. Well, I would be surprised—I would even go so far as to be displeased!"

"Then you don't want to be a Hollywood goddess?" I ventured.

"I should say not! When an actress reaches the goddess stage in Hollywood her life automatically becomes a hell. That may sound like a paradox, but it's true. And I do believe it's Hollywood's fault that star-worship has reached its present mania. They make goddesses out of picture players and then expect them to live the part so long as they remain in Hollywood. This is bad because deification represents the purest form of dilemma to most people, particularly to actresses who haven't the necessary poise for such a station in life."

"When one arrives at the point in Hollywood where, in addition to acting in pictures, one talks, thinks, eats and sleeps pictures, then it's just too bad! It's time to get out and regain one's lost perspective. If I, for instance, devote eight or more hours—full hours, too—a day to my picture work and turn in a satisfactory performance I believe that I am doing my share. Despite the fact that it seems to be regarded as part of the business to be social and attend parties, I have no burning desire to take part in this extra activity."

"That does not mean that I want to be a recluse—I like a good time as much as anyone. But when I go out to dance I want to escape from movies and movie talk. I certainly don't want to spend the evening discussing camera angles and picture personalities and then pose for an endless line of news photographers during every lull in the conversation. That's too much like the sailor who spends his vacation in a row-boat on Central Park lake. However, once Hollywood has conferred divinity on an actress this is bound to be the result. And suddenly one wakes to find that play has ceased to be relaxation and has become drudgery. I'll not have any, thank you!"

"More than anything else, I want to keep my perspective. And to lose it out here is so terribly easy! The first step is to make yourself think that you are a great star and that you can't be replaced. From there on it's such very easy going—all down-hill. Hollywood's lost perspectives if laid end to end would present an endless and exceedingly depressing vista. This seems to me to be one of the worst evils attacking otherwise sensible people who come here."

At this point I changed pencils, took a deep breath, and launched another question. "You don't believe that it is possible to acquire fame in pictures and still live a normal existence?"

My victim was silent a moment. Then with the careless naturalness which is so characteristic of her every gesture she stretched out in her canvas chair and kicked out the folds in her heavy skirt, exposing more ankle than might have been considered proper for a young lady of Civil War days. She sighed rather lugubriously as if my question had called forth a vision of superlative gloom. "It is possible, I suppose, to be famous in pictures and still lead a normal, natural life," she said finally. "But I don't know how one would go about fashioning this ideal existence. The temptations, the lures, and the countless invitations which Hollywood offers would tempt an angel. It is my experience that no one in Hollywood leads a normal life—and I don't suppose anyone ever has. The town is necessarily throttled to full speed and you can't see speeding vehicles and people move past you without unconsciously putting on a spurt yourself."

Her reply recalled to me the rather amusing picture conjured up by the accounts of this unusual young woman riding behind her husband on the new chromium and blue motorcycle she had given him for his birthday, and probably squealing gleefully as they banked dizzily on the curving Belaire roads. They might be accused of "putting on a spurt" themselves!

Strange as it may seem, riding on a motorcycle does not seem out of place where Margaret Sullavan is concerned. It is merely another evidence of her refreshing naturalness; conclusive evidence of her hatred of sham and artificiality. She wants only to be herself—to be *allowed* to be herself and lead her own life not bothered too much by undue star-worship.

She is essentially of the stage and proves it when she says, "Few stage stars receive or want adulation from their patrons. They are satisfied if they do a good job of acting. My ambition is to do something really worth-while on the stage. But I shall make no plans—I'll let things come as they will."

And will they come!

Joan's Lessons in Living

Continued from page 27

expression with all the passion of a religious devotee. Her house has undergone a metamorphosis which has left it crisp and modern and rather gay, a fitting background for the current Joan.

No matter how hard she is working at the studio, she gives an hour of each day to a voice lesson. No matter how exhausted she may be, she gives a part of her day or night to planned, constructive reading. When she is between pictures she hides herself away and probably works harder than she does when she is at work on a production. Occasionally she slips away to the remote ranch of a friend and spends a few days basking in sun and mountain air.

• She never goes to parties. They frighten her. Despite her acknowledged position as one of the most beautiful and successful women on the screen, she develops nervous chills when she must enter a room full of people. She entertains with fair frequency at her home—but only small groups of intimates, and even on these occasions she is distinctly nervous beforehand.

Joan, in spite of the fact that she has been a public idol for years, is incurably and painfully shy!

She is impatient with and avoids, if possible, the dull routine of attention to domestic detail. Yet, if she chooses, she can plan a dinner, which is a poem, can cook complicated dishes with her own hands. She oc-



STEICHEN

No lipstick-parching for lips that want romance



It's a clever girl who keeps her lips an ardent invitation to romance. But lips *can't* be that...

if the skin is dried and roughened by Lipstick Parching.

So, you must ask your Lipstick to do more than merely tint your lips. It should protect the texture...keep that sensitive skin smooth and petal-soft. That's where so many lipsticks fail. Some seem actually to leave the lips *rougher*.

Coty has proved that lipstick *can* give you the most exciting color...indelible color...without any parching penalties!

Try the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick and see! *It actually smooths and softens lips.* That's

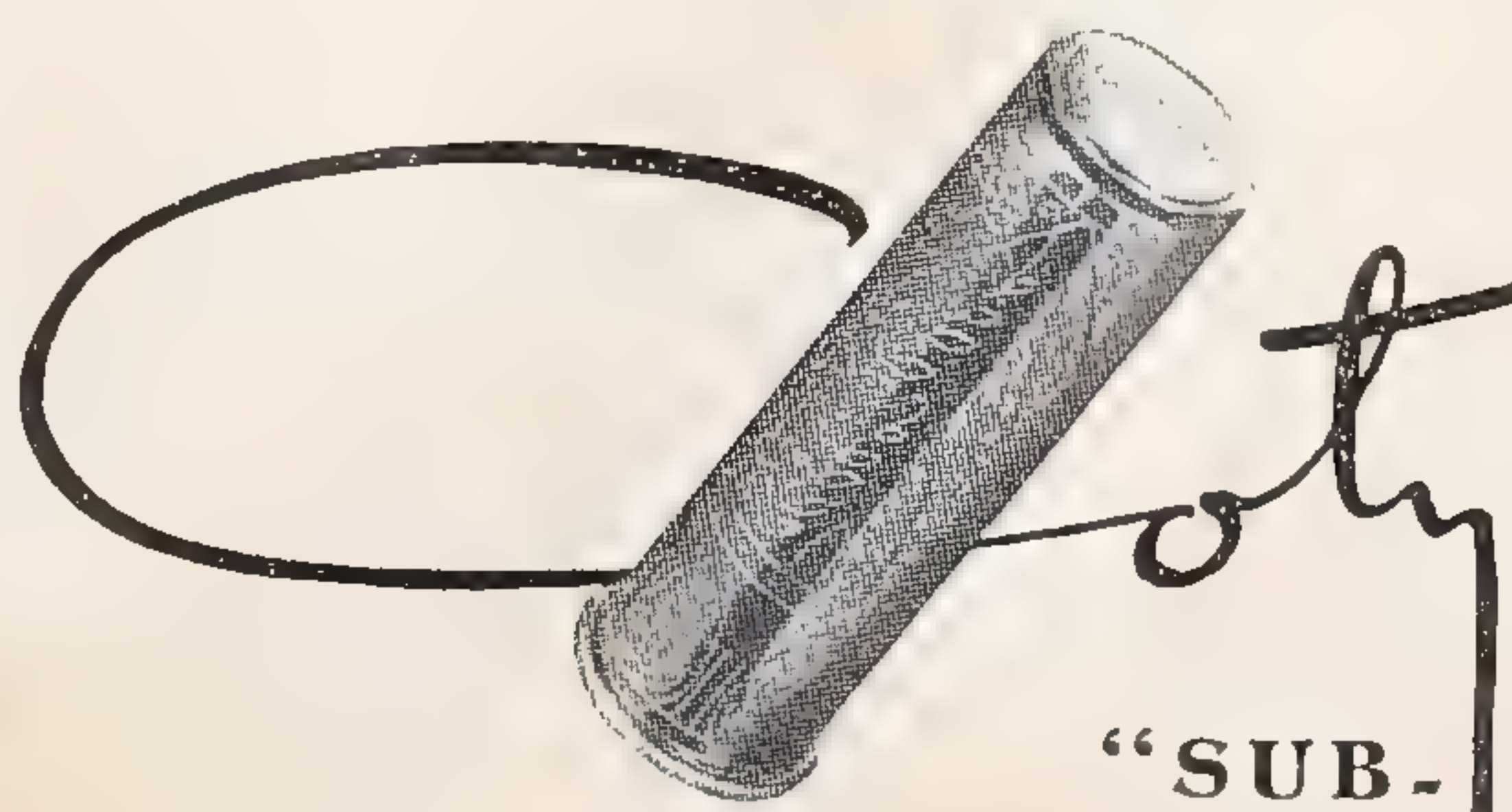
because it contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

The "over-night" test has convinced many girls that Coty Lipstick is every bit as remarkable as we say. Just put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—rejoice! Your lips are smooth and soft as camellia petals!

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 indelible colors, 50¢. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50¢.

A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" face Powder...with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

CHARLES FARRELL chooses girl with NATURAL LIPS



HERE'S WHAT CHARLES FARRELL SAW



Film star picks Tangee Lips in inter- esting test

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Millions of other men dislike bright red lips too... that's why more and more women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint!* Instead, Tangee, as if by magic, accentuates the *natural* color of your lips. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New **FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle



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Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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casually indulges a whim to do her own marketing and she does it expertly.

She is more acutely sensitive to other people's opinions of her than anyone I have ever known. I grew impatient with her about this one day. "Why don't you take a vacation?" I asked her. "Why don't you, for one month, forbid yourself to read anything that is written about you anywhere? Why don't you stop considering other people's opinions and criticisms and give yourself time to get a perspective of your own upon yourself and your problems?"

"A splendid idea!" said Joan. "I'll do it!" And, as we left the studio together, she stopped at a newsstand and bought five or six newspapers and magazines, and my last glimpse of her that day showed her thumbing through them, looking for mention of herself!

Her effect upon other people is interesting, too. Some are exhausted at the mere thought of that boundless, intense energy. Others are stimulated. I know one writer who maintains that if she spends an hour with Joan she rushes away to work far into the night, finishing articles which she

has been postponing for weeks. "If I could see Joan once a week," she adds, "I am sure that I should write three or four novels a year and goodness knows how many short pieces!"

Joan's days of shutting herself up to dance alone, sobbing, to work off a mood; of driving at break-neck speed through the desert at midnight; of wanting "just to be silent," are over, I think. She has gained mental poise lately. She has learned something of her own mental resources. She has gained a perspective on herself and her life. She has matured, deepened, ripened.

Joan, I think, is doomed to restlessness and discontent. She will never be satisfied with herself or with any accomplishment. She will always be aware of larger and more important possibilities. She will never rest on her laurels, however well-deserved they may be, no matter how brilliantly they may have been earned. She will always strive toward some new height, some peak of achievement upon a far horizon. She will never be comfortable or at peace. She will continue to change and grow. She will always be interesting.

Del Rio and Connie Bennett Talk About Each Other

Continued from page 20

life, and nothing about her is humdrum.

She starts each day off with an open mind, sure that something quite special will happen to her. Firmly convinced that just living is exhilarating and dramatic.

"That's why she and Cedric Gibbons have such a happy marriage. It is up to the woman to set the tempo, and with Dolores it's invariably an exciting pace.

"I don't like people who stagnate, who don't make the most of their opportunities. What an extraordinarily progressive person Dolores has been! She came here to Hollywood, a strange city in a foreign land, to begin an acting career. She had to learn general customs as well as the technique of the screen. And this was a particularly formidable task because she didn't speak English.

"Dolores went about the accomplishing of what she wanted with grit and determination. She even had to conquer a long illness, as you may remember. It didn't beat her, though it occurred right after her wedding and kept her off the screen for more than a year. I've never heard her refer to the things it cost her; she merely says it proved the importance of living.

"I admire her earnestness about her work. Nothing is too much trouble. She sincerely feels a responsibility to the public.

"You never see her in pants, in any kind of ordinary, disillusioning *dishabille*. She believes she is obligated to be all that her fans wish her to be. And she enjoys the job of maintaining near-perfection. Dolores will admit that, unlike a lot of stars who pretend to be bored with attention and yet secretly cherish it.

"She has no use for lack of grooming or the casualness that robs a girl automatically of all vestiges of romance. All trends toward femininity are eagerly seconded; except that it's an intelligent womanhood she advocates."

While she discussed her friend, Constance toyed with a white cigarette holder, manipulating it with the identical nonchalance familiar in her films. Her maid announced her business manager, but he was instructed to wait. "Put him in the lounge!" she ordered.

"She doesn't figure that women must be fools, and neither do I. I suppose that's a bond between us. Dolores isn't the least

dumb, although she is so beautiful. She has none of the standard equipment of the terrifically pretty girl. She isn't jealous, shallow, nor self-satisfied.

"Her screen record to date hasn't come up to her dreams. She is ambitious to be more than just a 'regulation leading lady.' Being decorative is not enough, in her estimation. Dolores is resolved eventually to portray characters of real consequence. The only picture she claims has ever begun to approach her ideal was 'Resurrection.' It is odd that she should have a desire to crusade, isn't it!

"And let's see; I like her, too, because I've never heard her fail to answer a question aptly. Despite all her gentleness, she faces issues. I hate insipid people. But there's nothing wishy-washy about her.

"You know," mused Constance, off on another tack and meanwhile blowing a smoke ring, "I didn't approve of her cutting her hair. When it was long she could brush it back smoothly and do effective things with braids. She had a classic beauty which I think she lessened by bobbing. I don't advocate changing your natural personality. Dolores looks Spanish and I feel she shouldn't try to look any less so. The same pertains to her accent. It is a *different* characteristic that gives her something we Americans can't have.

"You do get the essence of Dolores, her colorfulness, from what you see on the screen. But of course you've never seen her as she actually is. She's a woman of the world, with chic and sophisticated allure. Undoubtedly you fancy her adventurous. Yes, that she is!

"To me her main trait, however, is graciousness. Inherently polite, she has an amazing flair for sending everyone who meets her away marvellously pleased and always favorably impressed. It's her honest love for people, I suppose, and men and women alike sense this instantly. They are captivated by her instinctive reaction to their moods and problems.

"I tell her she's over-prodigious. She gives too much of herself. But then Dolores and I are basically of opposite temperaments. For instance, she likes people and it's a natural impulse. She goes on liking them until or unless they do something betraying her trust. While I have my b

of intuition and instinctively I *don't* like people—until my hunch is proven wrong!

"We have our own philosophies, you see; totally unlike. But fortunately neither expects the other to agree, and I imagine we approve of each other, not on account of the customary similarity, but in spite of a pretty thorough absence of resemblance."

Which statement not only displays Constance's fairness, but further brands the delightful Del Rio as super-adaptable. Dolores not only has magnetism for those spiritually akin, but she attracts a hard-to-intrigue connoisseur of companions like Constance Bennett.

If this strong-minded Bennett were not such a square-shooter, she couldn't be convinced that a girl so at odds is worth friendship. Constance has an "Off-with-their-heads!" reputation, but it's apparent that she is discriminating. She may do exactly as she wants. Yet because another is at variance she doesn't campaign to alter her—if she is proven wrong and is shown the person is *right*!

I cannot think of any other two women in Hollywood who have made living such a fine art as these two whose friendship seems so strange. Unswayed by passing fads, unaffected by the constant tempests-in-the-movie-teapots, they dare to be unique. They have exceptional vision, as is evidenced by their continued success in their chosen profession; superb taste, as is demonstrated by the manner in which they surround themselves with the best in everything cosmopolitan that Hollywood can provide. They are wisely living while leading.

Dolores, it is pointed out by this distinguished chum of hers, manages to accomplish a difficult feat. She is popular with all kinds and all classes, with stars and socialites, with all whom she encounters. With women as well as with men, too.

"She is beautiful to look upon, charming to be with, and I am glad to have her as a friend of mine." Constance was on the verge of a summing-up when we were finally interrupted. It turned out that the Bennett business manager had become blasé about the Bennett lounge, and so I said *adieu*.

La marquise had okayed Dolores!

Continued from page 21

she takes no particular interest.

"And I? Oh, I *want* to behave like that. But, so far, I cannot summon up the courage.

"But how marvelously courageous Connie is! What self-reliance it takes to create so many enemies. Yet think of the results. You are at last an individual, and you get what you actually want.

"Selfish? I repeat yes, she is. That, indeed, is the secret of her great success. You must be thinking of yourself first if you plan to reach the top. In any business. And men will admit this. Since feminine independence is so recent a development, it's still blandly assumed that our sex mysteriously alters a fact. Connie was wise from the start about this.

"I should say that she has handled her career better than any other woman in Hollywood. To begin with, she had a brilliant mind. And then she was no Cinderella, but an experienced woman of the world, one who knew values. Logically she learned the answers and had them on hand, ready to give them whenever necessary. She talks to the point.

"She isn't diplomatic, and I personally love that in her. No fancy or delicate handling of a situation for Connie! You always can tell what she truly believes, and where you stand with her. Nor does

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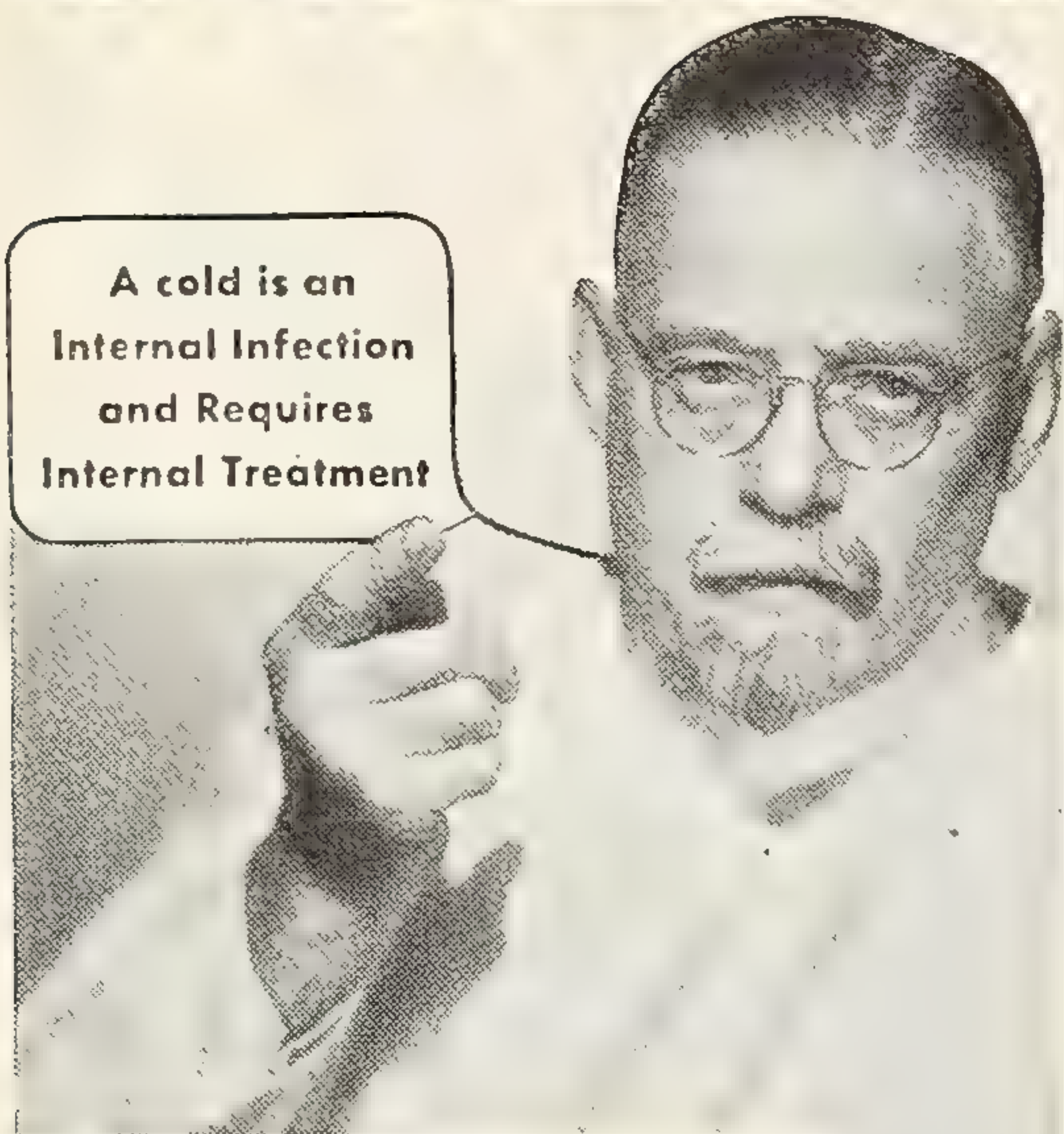
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she pose. This, of course, is a favorite trick of Hollywood folk.

"It is funny when you have seen a star 'before.' When fame has been poured on, she is generally so transformed that you have to pinch yourself to be positive it's the same person. Then you comment, 'Why when I first saw her—!'"

"Only Connie hasn't changed one bit. She's the girl who bent the Hollywood mill her way. She is the one star who has not been influenced by screen glory.

"She impressed me exactly the same the first time I met her, which was nine years ago, as she did the last time. Instantly I thought, 'What a stunning girl!' The minute I heard her talk I reflected, 'What a very smart woman!'"

"You see, Connie came to Hollywood in need of no finishing touches. She was accustomed to money, to attention, to living luxuriously.

"To me she not only is the smartest star mentally, but rates the same ranking in regard to clothes. And I'll tell you why—she has never been swayed by fads. She doesn't let the studios' designers, who go off on such tangents, make up her mind. She doesn't dress like 'a movie star,' but like a chic woman of the world.

"Her wardrobe is as appropriate for New York, London, and Paris as it is for any production in which she appears. Her taste is splendid and she knows where to buy. Most of her gowns are French. Her tweeds come from a certain shop in England. Her bags, her shoes—everything is carefully selected from the most fashionable places, and is fashionable everywhere."

This was a rare tribute from a woman of Dolores' distinction. But since Del Rio spends much time assembling the correct garb for every event herself, she can appreciate Connie's masterful flair.

"Connie's elegance is not something she's acquired just because of Hollywood fame. She'd manage to be the same anywhere.

"She has a very old mind, you know. It is remarkable that anyone could be so wise at her age. I believe this is due to her being naturally keen-witted, and to her having started living so early. She was married at fifteen and so stepped into the adult world. Her father wanted her to be independent, too, and being reared with that idea molded her in the right manner.

"I certainly recommend preparing a girl for life *as it is today*. Connie had this advantage. We who were sheltered lack her backbone. We belong to the last century, when women were fated to be soft and perennially sweet. A woman used to marry

a man because it was arranged for her and she had never been encouraged to decide for herself. Or because she felt sorry for him and couldn't bear to hurt his feelings by refusing his proposal."

Dolores, in that declaration, unwittingly revealed whole pages about her own past. Brought up in Mexico City to be gentle and domestic, she herself was married at fifteen. As the wonders of the globe gradually unfolded she began to mature. Seeing Europe, emerging into the gay social whirl of the continent, and then back home taking her place as a foremost young matron—what gradual discoveries and sorrows lay in wait for this protected flower of Old Mexico!

Not until Hollywood taught her to demand her own inherent privileges did she begin to escape bondage to tradition. Now, happily married to the talented Cedric Gibbons, the man of her mature choice, she is learning what a glorious adventure living can actually be.

Opposite me, in her white satin bathing suit with its flowing Grecian lines, Dolores was breath-taking. But she was all the more thrilling because I sensed what conflicts have occurred in her innermost heart, what piercing growing pains are there even now.

Dolores seldom has trouble with her English any more. She halted, however, when she endeavored to explain Connie's depth.

"She has—how would you say it?—such enormous expansion of character! Like a diamond, she has so many facets to her. And that is fascinating. There is so much to her. One moment she'll be all tenderness with her baby. Then she's cold and calculating as she 'phones on a business deal.

"And what a divine sense of humor! I love being at parties with her, because I give a quick glance across the room. I know that if there's a possible laugh to anything that's been said or done, Connie's caught it!

"She has the most wonderful poise, you know. I've never seen it break, either. You don't corner her; she's never at a loss!

"Her frankness proves her sincerity, and I am proud of her friendship. It isn't poured out to everyone, wholesale. You can have thousands of 'friends' here in Hollywood, but are they really fond of you? I think many of them are just being clever, cultivating you for some purpose. I get no thrill from these artful 'chums.' But I do when it comes to Connie, for if she didn't like me I'd know it."

And she would, too!

Sylvia's Two-Way Personality

Continued from page 31

with a cocky brown felt hat over one eye. Two hundred eyes beat upon us as we pecked at a mess of rabbit-food and babbled the easy gossip of New York, of Hollywood, of practically nothing at all. One could hardly believe that this delightful bit of girl was one of the screen's very finest emotional players, with a line of noble rôles behind her and no doubt many to come.

Suddenly, in the midst of the airy badinage, I switched the talk to her bigger pictures, and a warm glow came into her face.

"'An American Tragedy' was a grand part to play," she said, "But 'Jennie Gerhardt'—there was the picture and the rôle!"

Do you remember with pleasure that fine, stern picture carved out of Theodore Dreiser's novel?

"The whole company enjoyed making that film. We all worked as we had nev-

worked before. When it was done, where do you think we previewed it?"

"Give up," I said.

"In San Diego—and the fleet was in. You can imagine what that houseful of gobs ashore, in a Mae West mood, did to our tragedy. The least they did was to hoot. When we came out of the theatre we said let's put the picture on the shelf and forget we ever made it. But Vincent Lawrence wrote in a charming romantic comedy scene which lifted a low spot in the film—and of course we had played to practically all the sailors in one night!"

It is a great mistake to believe that all artists who are devoted to fine serious things in this world make snoots at the place where they earn their living. Some Hollywood "highbrows" of the phonier type think it smart to sneer at pictures whenever they get a sympathetic audience.

Not little Sidney. Her earnestness, her

true smartness and sense of values are never more evident and honest than when she comments on the much-derided movies. I asked her attitude on filmland and its gaudy works.

"I like the screen better than the stage," she told me. "And why not? Pictures have given me everything I want—opportunity, money, success, the chance to do good work. Picture-making is easier, too, because in the studios the finest experts on earth look after the thousand fretting details—makeup, costumes and the rest of the things that drive a stage actress mad.

"Hollywood has given me everything. The least I can give it is loyalty—and I do!"

There speaks, it seems to me, an honest trouper and a forthright woman, twin jewels rich and rare.

I hope I have succeeded in making somewhat clear that this Sylvia Sidney girl is a remarkable young woman in many ways. And her secret is simple enough, goodness knows.

Encased in that lovely little body is an iron will—behind those big, questioning eyes is a good brain that knows much and wants to know more!

She has literally willed her way to power and glory in the films. Yes, and worked like a bargee, too.

Consider where and how she started.

A little girl named Sophie in New York's Bronx—one of five thousand little girls named Sophie growing up in Gotham's storm and stress.

Poor enough, humble enough—but she wanted to act, she willed to act, and act she did!

Graduated at the head of her class in the New York Theatre Guild's School. Battled her way up from little parts on Broadway to big ones. Ears and eyes always open, forever learning. Leaping to take advantage of every break. Finally the leading rôle in "Bad Girl"—and then Hollywood.

Few little girls would have survived her first filmland experience. She made one mercifully-forgotten picture for Fox—she was bad in it, and looked worse. Nine hundred and ninety-nine maidens would have slunk back to the Bronx and opened a beauty shop. But the thousandth was little Sylvia.

Almost the next thing we knew, she was playing the coveted lead in "An American Tragedy" for Paramount—riding her luck, spurring it, playing to win. And of course she did.

All these things passed through my mind as we sat in the fancy New York saloon picking at our lettuce.

It was hard to believe that such fire and steel lived in the cunning little critter beside me, but I knew that they were there. Her life proved it.

As befits one whose eye is ever on the main chance, young Sylvia leads the simplest sort of life outside the film factory where she toils.

All girl though she is, Sidney really cares little about clothes for clothes' sake. She looks best in suits and those perky little felt hats, and is probably at her worst—if any—in evening clothes, for which she doesn't care a hoot.

Jewelry has little meaning for her. She drinks very little or nothing at all. As for sports, don't let any sly press agent tell you she is a tennis shark or badminton hound. Her sports, as a matter of fact, are very simple too. She's marvelous at such exercises as star-gazing, hammock-lounging and beach-sprawling.

Can you judge a girl by the company she keeps? Sylvia has had an interesting group of escorts in the past few years. Few know, I think, that one of her most devoted friends has been that distinguished war-horse of American dramatic criticism,

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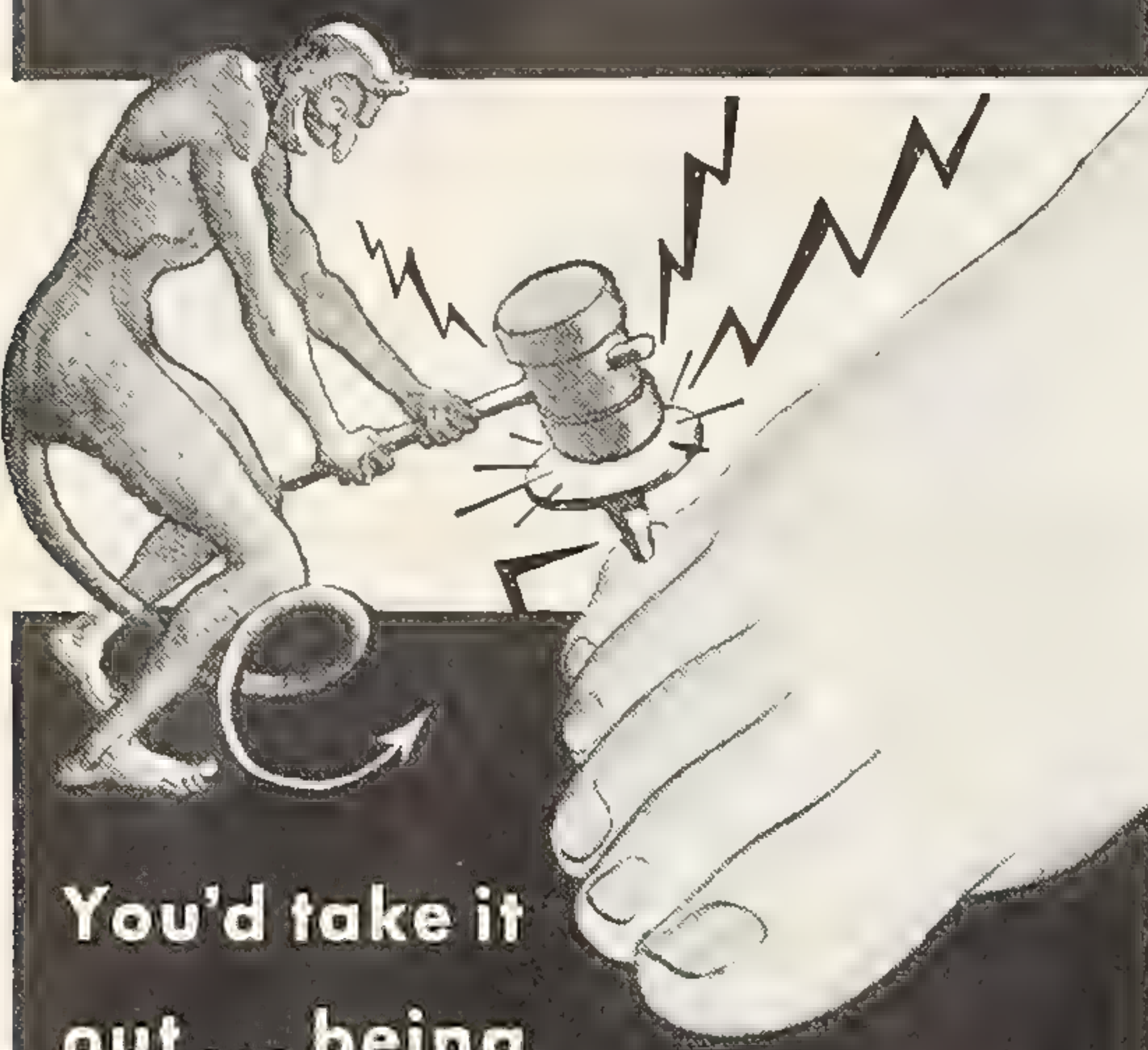
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the redoubtable Mr. George Jean Nathan.

She has been squired hither and thither, at various times, by Richard Halliday, a handsome story scout for the movies, and by Sidney Kingsley, author of the famous "Men in White", and by Norman Krasna, boy-wonder movie author who wrote "Four Hours to Kill." You will note that these are all what might be termed intellectual men—and you will please take my word for it that they are all attractive men. Sidney likes brains—but believe me, she has no objection to beauty of the sterner male sort.

During her recent long stay in New York the inside track seemed to be held by Bennett Cerf, a young publisher, and no one would be surprised if this was Luv, and ended with the wedding march.

At any rate, Sylvia knows what she wants in the boy-friend line, as well as in the fame-and-fortune departments. And I wager she will get the former as she got the latter.

Never sell Sylvia Sidney short. She has one of the greatest wills-to-power since Napoleon Bonaparte. She's a firebrand in the guise of a flapper—which is, I doubt not, one of the deepest secrets of her success!

No one need fret about her future. Whatever it is, it will be precisely what she wants! Only today I see by the papers that she has been given a new contract at a figure that comes close, if not quite up to, the \$4,000 per week she was demanding.

I found it hard to realize all these strong, vigorous traits in the trig little figure, so slim and girlish, that waved goodbye after our luncheon date and strode up 52nd street like the latest trim racing model. But they're there, all right!

Lovely to look at, delightful to know, and Heavens, I shouldn't be at all surprised, to kiss. But my friends, a tigress if crossed in her quick march onward and upward! That, ladies and gentlemen, is Sylvia Sidney.

Movie Bachelor at Home

Continued from page 33

Toluca Lake and its glorious setting.

Many lamps and easy chairs scattered about the room give it an unmistakably homey feeling. Bowls of flowers are here and there; a wide fireplace suggests cheery winter evenings, and many book-shelves overflow with George's favorites, among which I noted several by Wassermann, Ernest Hemingway, and Will Durant.

Beyond the grand piano is a stairway leading to the single bedroom on the second floor. George slyly admits there are advantages in not having a guest-room, though at the moment it would have been convenient as his twelve-year-old nephew, Michael, was visiting him.

It is a cheerful bedroom, furnished in lovely old early American pieces, with frilly white curtains at the long windows. Everything was in spotless order and the closets and bureau drawers would pass the most rigid scrutiny for neatness. George's shoes, made in England, were in their racks, polished and ready for instant use; and even the toilet articles on the dressing-table were laid just so.

George has a young colored couple to take care of him, the wife managing the house and doing the cooking, while the husband acts as butler, chauffeur, and studio valet. Robert is a quiet, soft-voiced boy who became enthusiastic when I talked to him in the garden, a little later.

"Mr. Brent," he beamingly confided, with a grin, "is the most orderly person I ever saw. And his clothes! They are always hung right up and there's nothing lying around loose. Yes'm, he's that orderly with everything he touches."

Now, when George comes home he slides into comfortable lounging clothes, trousers, and a loose shirt open at the neck; but he never goes around the house in pajamas nor does he favor dressing-gowns.

From Robert I learned, too, that George is easy to cook for. He likes plain foods but wants them daintily prepared and is very particular about the service, and he prefers lilies or sweet peas for table decorations.

He's always up early and after a round with the punching bag which hangs under a tree in the garden, a romp with the dogs—an affectionate Doberman, who is also a fine watch dog, and a gentle though formidable English bulldog, George breakfasts

on a glass of fruit juice and toast. He never drinks coffee. But he likes tea.

If he is working, he and Robert then make a dash for the studio. If it is one of his rare free days he luxuriates in trunks, lounging about the garden which is protected on one side by the servants' quarters and on the other by a high hedge. He takes a row around the lake, a sun bath on a table in the garden, reads, then winds up the day by taking a spin in his airplane.

He always dines at home. Usually alone. It is his hour for relaxation; and with only the soft light from four candles, music from the radio, preferably a symphony concert or perhaps a good dance orchestra, he enjoys a simple dinner of roast or chops, vegetables, and a salad. And he adores garlic! He always has a desert, too, and his favorite is chocolate cake with a lot of thick frosting.

George smokes a pipe rather than cigarettes. He seldom drinks though he admits he has his moments; but drinking and flying don't mix and as his screen work and his flying—or perhaps, it's the other way around—are his paramount interests, he cheerfully cuts out the drinking.

Seldom does he go out after dinner. "I do—when I have to," he said, "but I love my evenings at home. Usually there are lines to learn for the next day's scenes and I never go to bed until I feel I am letter-perfect. Then I either take a row around the lake or run with the dogs, drink a glass of buttermilk, and turn in a couple of hours before midnight."

As we walked in the garden in the peace of the late afternoon, I asked, "Are you happy?"

"Very happy," he responded promptly, with his warm smile, "and very serene. I feel I am getting somewhere on the screen now that the Warner Brothers studio is giving me rôles with a humorous angle. Straight romantic leads are deadly; but with a light touch, a bit of comedy thrown in, there's a chance to develop a variety of characters.

"I hope to work steadily for the next few years until I am financially independent, and then I want to travel through South America and the Orient, prowl around some of the out-of-the-way spots where adventure still rides high. I think

I'll then be ready to more or less settle down and I would like to buy a ranch and raise cattle and horses. You see, I was reared on a farm in Ireland, the love of the soil is in me. I want to keep up with my polo, and of course, I can never give up flying. It is an inspiration to me. Up there in the sky one can think more clearly, and it is odd how trivial our human troubles and problems become, how quickly they diminish in importance.

"I've never taken a long air flight yet—that is a dream still to be fulfilled; but I frequently hop over to Palm Springs, for I love the desert. I flew over last week; it was 125 degrees, but I lost a bad cold in just two days."

A soft breeze swayed the trees; the air was filled with fragrance; the lake lay in golden ripples; long shadows crept across the garden; and, being a hopeless sentimentalist, I said, "This must be a magic realm of romance on a moonlight night. Are you always going to resist its call?"

With a laugh, George replied, "No. Definitely no! Someday I want—*Romance!* But not now. As long as I am contented in my home alone, I shall remain alone. Later? Well, who can tell?"

Up Goes Your Hair!

Continued from page 66

If you live where the water is strongly alkaline or contains chemical purifiers, use a water softener, or if you can possibly get it, rain water.

There are trick gadgets you can get to help you make the little curls that are so attractive and smart. I saw one the other day that's wonderfully easy to use. You simply dampen your hair, secure a small strand between prongs, wind it around the curler, release the prongs, take the curler out and slip in a hair pin or "bobby" pin to keep the curl in place until it dries. One curler does for all the curls you want to make.

As for the color of your hair, consider your general appearance and personality very carefully before you change it. Never make your hair any color that it could not be naturally. Perhaps you've been very blonde and your hair has grown darker. Remember, the rest of your features have changed, too, and very light hair may not be flattering to you now.

It takes the most perfect features and clearest skin to do justice to extreme hair. For most of us, hair should be softening rather than striking. Like blue-black hair, very blonde hair is difficult to wear. Reddish tones are more generally flattering—and they're very much the fashion right now.

The lemon rinse habit is a mighty good one for blondes of any shade. Strained juice of two lemons to a pint of water is strong enough to have an actual lightening effect, and it is excellent to take out any vestiges of soap you may have left in. There are temporary rinses and lighteners that last from shampoo to shampoo. However, if you want the color of your hair radically changed and in the most becoming manner, have it done at a beauty shop by an operator in whom you have confidence.

If, by any chance, you've let your hair become over-bleached and want to bring it back to a more natural shade, without going through that awful mixed-color stage, there are preparations that will do the trick. For gray hair that's dyed or bleached, hair color pencils are grand for keeping the part in harmony.



*"No. 8".....
She is easy to identify*

EIGHT million women have always had to consider the time of month in making their engagements — avoiding any strenuous activities on difficult days when Nature has handicapped them severely.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might it have you your confident self, leading



ALWAYS HERSELF
*She knows how to live
... how to get through
the world... the eighth
woman who uses Midol.*

your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the

knowing women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box.



You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes, 15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.



Eunice Skelly



Rejuvenation Authority OFFERS

FACE-YOUTH

Her Intensive Rejuvenating Treatment may now be taken in your own home. What a thrill to see ugly age lines and flabbiness disappear before your eyes!

REALLY LOOK YEARS YOUNGER!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER . . . 10 complete treatments with her amazing **\$1.00** PLASTIQUE OINTMENT and HORMONE ELEMENT

FREE—Instructive book, with or without order "How Loveliness Begins at 40"

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Face Lifting Band.
Corrects Double
Chin, Sag or Crepy Neck.

Write for booklet or send check or M.O. COD if desired.
EUNICE SKELLY, Salon of Eternal Youth
Suite T9, The Park Central, New York City



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LYDIA O'LEARY, INC., Dept. Sc-11
551 Fifth Avenue New York City



INGROWN NAIL

To get quick relief from ingrown toe nail, use **Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL**. Stops pain, drives out the inflammation, hardens nail groove. Aids nail to grow straight. 50¢ at drug, department and shoe stores. For booklet on Foot Care, write to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 349, Chicago, Ill.



Reach for the sun—and find Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream!

ALL-YEAR-AROUND sunshine for your skin is the gift Vita-Ray have made to beauty with their Vitamin Cream. They have captured the vitalizing vitamin in the sun's rays and imprisoned it in a cream that works miracles for every age and type of skin. With the regular use of Vita-Ray, your skin seems actually to grow young instead of older! (You may not know it, but your skin *begins* to age in the early twenties, or even before). Used for cleansing, Vita-Ray imparts a smooth, soft texture, and it helps a lot in clearing up blackheads and refining large pores. As a night cream, it takes the sunshine vitamins right beneath the surface where they create new beauty from within. A protective, flattering powder base, too.

IT'S difficult to write about Covermark without getting all weepy-eyed. We've seen so many instances where it has transformed a tragically scarred or birthmarked countenance into a perfectly normal-looking and sometimes beautiful face. Covermark is a disguise for birthmarks, X-ray burns or any permanent scars. It is used as a make-up foundation, and will stay on until you remove it with cream—even through bathing. You select a shade matching your own skin tones. It's frequently used for covering acne scars or freckles, too, or for lightening up a sallow skin. And women who are particular about the appearance of their legs sometimes use it to disguise varicose veins.

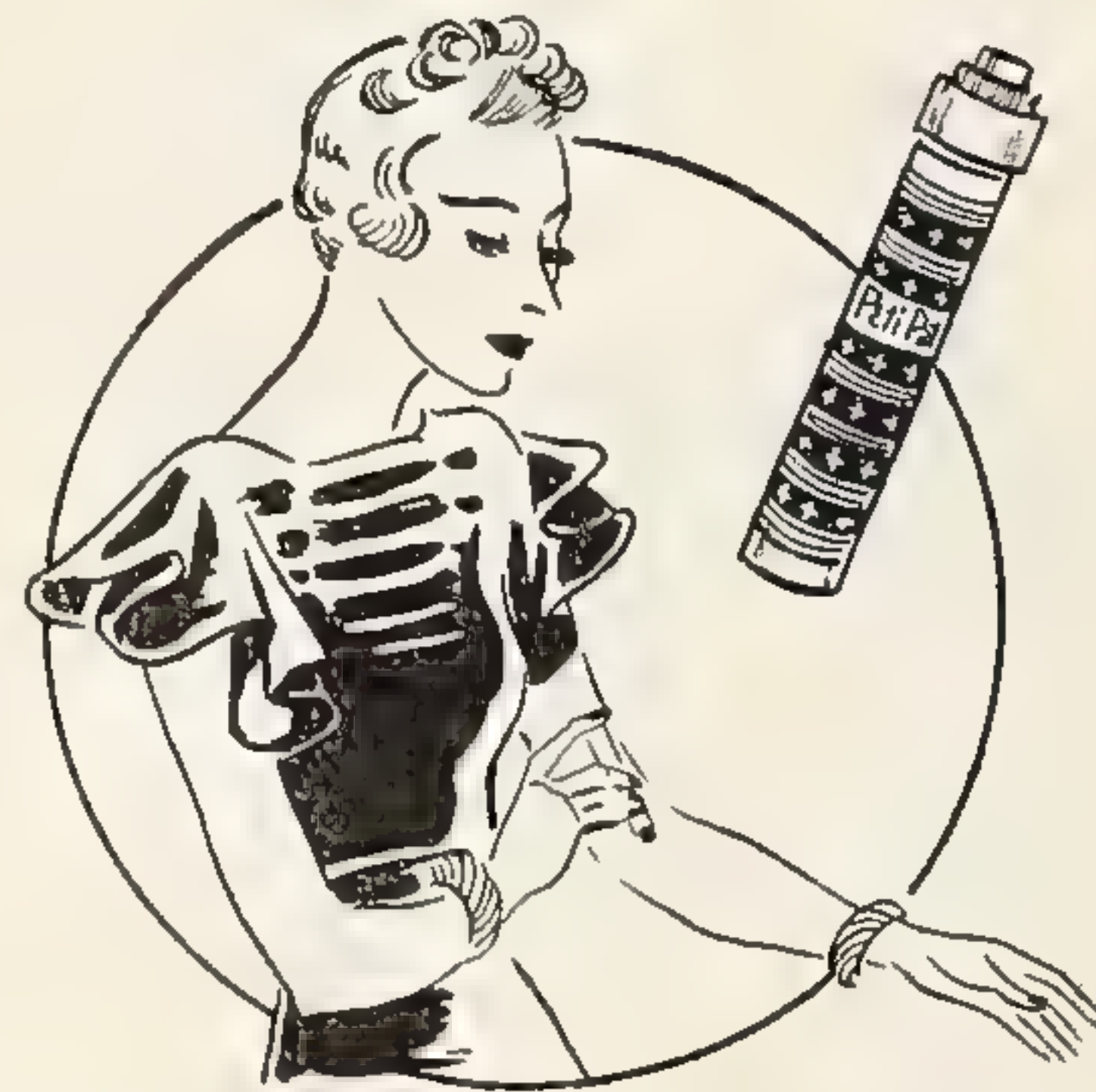
A SINGLE drop of really fine perfume makes every woman a Princess for a day—or an evening! There is nothing to

Femi-nifties

Beauty Facts and Fancies



Zip's new Spray Deodorant keeps under-arms above reproach.



Exquisite fragrance released drop by drop—from **Ciro's Peti Pat**.



New Maybelline mascara refills save eye make-up costs.

come in black, brown, and blue.

WAKE up that sluggish skin with Dioxogen Cream! It contains active oxygen to cleanse away the impurities that cause blackheads, blemishes and enlarged pores. It's whitening, and will lighten up skin on your face. Keep it away from eyebrows and lashes, though. Like all good corrective creams, Dioxogen must be used regularly—for cleansing, as a night cream, and a light film as a foundation.

bolster up your spirits like the knowledge that you "smell expensive." **Ciro**, a grand old French house to whom perfume-making is an ancestral art, have created **Peti Pat**, a slim little black and silver phial filled with the finest perfume. It is leakage-proof until you place the phial at the spot to be perfumed and then pat the other end to release one drop. **Peti Pat** comes filled with **Ciro's** choicest fragrances—**Sur-render**, **Reflexions**, **Doux Jasmin**, **Gardenia Sauvage** or **Chevalier de la Nuit**. Surprisingly inexpensive!

A DELIGHTFULLY easy and sanitary way to insure under-arm daintiness is to use Zip's new Spray Deodorant. There's a convenient little atomizer that screws right into the bottle after you've removed the cap. When your under-arms have been bathed and dried, you simply spray them and allow them to dry (which they do almost immediately). Zip Spray Deodorant is an effective perspiration check, too. You can use it while dressing without being afraid it will ruin your clothes. We can vouch for it, because we've used it ourselves with highly gratifying results.

MAYBELLINE comes out with a grand new device for saving money on mascara. They have a refill and new brush, which you simply fit into your attractive Maybelline metal case. And there you have what looks like a brand new eye make-up set at less than half the price! Maybelline mascara is a great favorite because it leaves your lashes smooth and silky—and it's wonderfully adherent. There's a good deep brush, too that helps you keep your lashes separated and cultivate that upward curl. The mascara and refills

Radio Parade

Continued from page 64

So Lanny just withdrew, courteously, without any squawking about the "breaks." You'll never hear Ross do that, no matter what the provocation.

Just the same, Lanny Ross was quite sure in his own mind that he was not through with acting, not by a long shot. He was just beginning. And he's still going—and places, too.

This Summer he spent several weeks—two weeks of actual playing—getting some valuable stage experience. And also proving that he can carry a part in a good play to the satisfaction of playgoers and also to that of stage producers. One well-known producer of stock at a Summer playhouse as well as on Broadway, after seeing Lanny do "Pursuit of Happiness," wanted him to play the same lead with a company of Broadway players at a Connecticut theatre. The other play Lanny did was "Petticoat Fever," in which he played the male lead at the Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N. Y.

In telling us about that, and his wishes for the immediate future, Lanny gave this writer the impression that he is really out to "show" Hollywood. If not that, then he's downright stage-struck. Or maybe it's just the very wise move of a very intelligent young man who is preparing himself for whatever. Perhaps, after all, television is not so far away. But whatever the motive, Lanny is in dead earnest about learning all he possibly can about acting. He has the kind of determination and intelligence that makes it pretty certain he'll make that grade, too.

Just imagine if some reasonably good play should come along this season, and Lanny Ross were to score emphatically on Broadway! Oh, Hollywood, what headaches you'll have in certain quarters of your midst then!

This is a possibility, because Lanny would be receptive to such stage offers as appeared advantageous. He said so when he told me that: "There's nothing I'd rather do than to play a show this winter. I don't want one of those old-style musical things with a lot of costumes, pageantry, and chorus boys and girls; but a play that has light comedy, genuineness of character, with some songs and music supplemental to the plot," he said.

That he would be a good drawing-card for some such show goes without saying; and therefore he will, no doubt, be propositioned for many plays by the Broadway producers this season. So you see why I think it a mighty good long-shot bet that there is in the making another legend of the popular variety about Hollywood, and before many months have passed, too.

But there is this about his prospective, or rather possible, excursions into stage acting, or pictures again. Lanny Ross will not quit radio for protracted periods of time. And why should he? Right now he is at the peak of his popularity, and has attained one objective that has been a goal for as long as he has been on the "Show Boat" show. He becomes its star as well as its star performer beginning in the Fall. It will be "Lanny Ross' Show Boat" in the billing, and he will be the chief figure in all the scripts.

"I'm assuming more responsibility now," he said. "And I can't tie myself up to contracts that would interfere with my radio work. I have a clause in my contract that gives me eight weeks' freedom to do whatever I care to do—stage, pictures, concerts. But the only outside engagements I will accept will be those that permit me



*Why
doesn't it EVER
ring?*

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

. . . .

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for—

Well, bluntly, if it just weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since thousands of women find perspiration odor so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

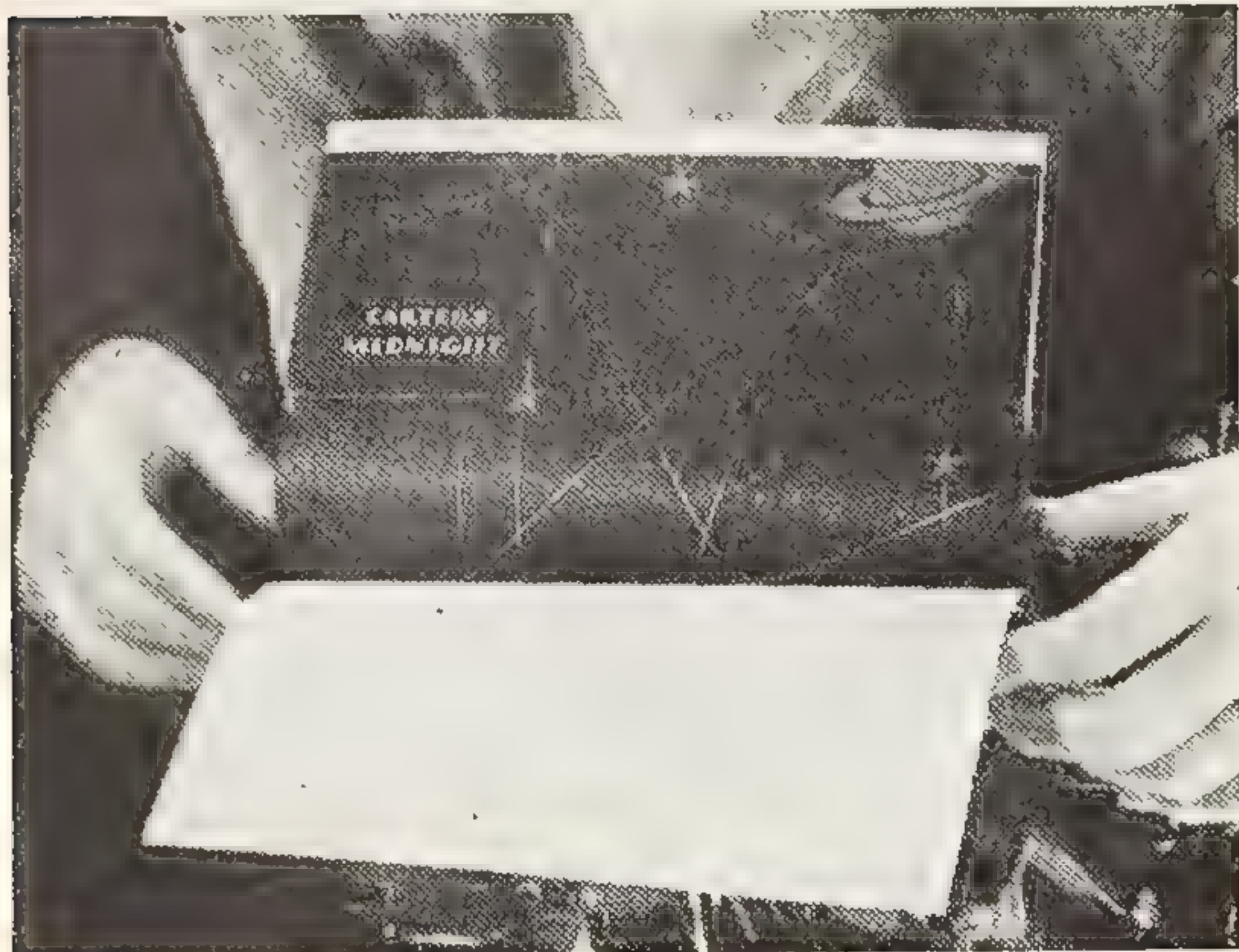
Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



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TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

Add a little Sparkle



...to the Day's Long Grind

THE typing won't seem quite so endless when you use a sprightly sheet of Carter's Midnight Carbon. It was designed for folks like you who like things with a dash! It's a good worker, too, for all its gay silver dress. Makes sharp, clear copies, and is clean to handle. Send 10¢ for a couple of sample sheets of Midnight. Address Dept. S3—The Carter's Ink Company, Cambridge Branch, Boston, Massachusetts.

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to give them my whole attention for a time, and then return to radio."

Lanny also has assumed more responsibility in his private life. As you know, there is now a Mrs. Lanny Ross—and a right charming little lady she is, too.

His marriage to Olive A. White, was not exactly a surprise, despite the fact that no public announcement about it got out until several days after the event.

Olive White, or Mrs. Lanny Ross, if you will, has managed Lanny Ross' professional career almost from the start, and under her very able handling Lanny has made such strides as to prove beyond doubt her business ability in a field that requires plenty of diplomacy and shrewd judgment. Both of these, plus a very engaging manner are the possessions of the dark-haired, bright-eyed and alert Olive White Ross.

Here's an indication of how Lanny Ross works toward and gets to his ideal—an anecdote that has the virtue of being true. On one of his recent Sunday night programs, the script called for Lanny to announce his own song, an Irish ballad which is one of John McCormack's favorites. It also called for Lanny to say something about the song being one that McCormack sings so beautifully. Well, a chap who works in radio, as a matter of fact had worked with Lanny Ross on some programs a couple of years ago, heard all this, and, commenting on the "State Fair" program, said it was a real show—"Why," he added, "they had John McCormack as a guest star the other night!" When you stop to consider that the Irish tenor is Lanny's *beau ideal* and that while he has

never imitated McCormack, but studied his style, his interpretation, his diction, then you get an idea of how young Mr. Ross follows through on this objective.

Yes, whether he is out to show Hollywood or has something else in mind, it looks to me as though it won't be long now before they'll be paging Mr. Ross for pictures again. And here's hoping they do!

As one of her most faithful fans, I hope, just for her own peace of mind, that Helen Hayes doesn't fall into the melancholy mood that gripped the Great Alexander when he found there were no more worlds to conquer.

For Miss Hayes, who seems to go out and conquer every medium of dramatic expression as fast as science and the crafts can perfect it, there is a gloomy prospect, should she be wishing new fields to make her own little royal domain. She became a queen on the stage, moved over to the film pastures and did the same thing, and now repeats the feat in radio.

As a matter of fact radio had to do something to keep up with Miss Hayes, after she proved that the microphone could be a mighty medium for dramatic characterization. The result is that radio sets a new precedent for itself. Engages a foremost dramatic star, not for a guest performance, but for a number of performances in an original work for the air, in which Helen Hayes will play a sustained character in a series of dramatic episodes.

Now you tell us, Miss Hayes, please, what next?

Principal Prize Winners in SCREENLAND Marion Davies Contest

Following are winners in the SCREENLAND Marion Davies Contest:

FIRST PRIZE WINNER (Auburn Car)

Miss Lucie M. Wiltshire, 3000 Tilden Street, N. W., Apt. 403, Washington, D. C.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER (Atwater-Kent Console Radio)

Miss Clara Nelson, 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

3 THIRD PRIZE WINNERS (Small Atwater-Kent Radios)

Miss Ruth Kucksdorf, 2776 N. 37th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. F. Schmidt, 161 N. Montgomery, Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. James L. H. Peck, 1827 East Street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Winners of the above and the additional prizes in this contest have been notified and their prizes delivered to them. Names of all winners in this contest are on file at the offices of this publication, where they may be examined.



A prize of beauty, power, and luxury! Above, the 1935 Auburn Convertible Sedan model won by Miss Lucie M. Wiltshire, who took this first prize in SCREENLAND's Marion Davies "Page Miss Glory" Contest.

More Reviews

Continued from page 14

The Gay Deception—20th Century-Fox

An utterly charming and delightful whimsy about a prince in disguise and a girl who won a lottery—the Cinderella theme slightly varied. Francis Lederer is the charm-boy to perfection as *Sandro*, the prince who beats his own boat to America to learn some of our strange ways by being a bell-hop in the smart Walsdorf-Plaza. Frances Dee as *Mirabel*, the little baffled stenographer who is determined to have a good time on her \$5000, gives one of her most endearing performances. The contretemps are light and airy and completely ingratiating. Benita Hume and Alan Mowbray head an excellent supporting cast, and you will find this to be light spontaneous entertainment with grand dialogue.

Curly Top—Fox

The children—your own, or the neighbors—will never forgive you if you neglect Shirley Temple's latest. It's the most typical Temple film so far, with the little idol acting, singing, dancing, and shaking her curls in practically every scene; and making you like it! John Boles helps tremendously with his smoothly sympathetic performance of the benefactor who rescues *Curly* and Big Sister Rochelle Hudson from an orphanage. Watch Rochelle—she can sing, in addition to looking like a stunning young Joan Crawford.

Dante's Inferno—Fox

The haunting and spectacular illustrations of the *Inferno* which comes to life in the central portion of the picture justify the whole effort. The modern portion can and will be taken with a grain of salt. It concerns Spencer Tracy's climb to wealth and power after he joins the carnival business as a barker for a show called "Dante's Inferno," his greed and final humbling. Henry Walthall scores along with Tracy.

The Goose and the Gander—Warners

Kay Francis in a farce-comedy of domestic and other mix-ups which is well written and played until the explanations start in, when it sorta goes to pieces. The major portion of the film is entertaining and has good dialogue. Kay is the first *Mrs. Summers*, Genevieve Tobin the second who took *Mr. Summers* (Ralph Forbes) away from the first. George Brent just goes along for the ride, and what a ride it turns out to be. Very nicely acted play.

Every Night At Eight—Paramount

A corking good entertainment with a radio background—nothing to strain the mind, and numerous laughs. George Raft has a band trying out over an amateur hour and takes along three other entrants, Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly and Frances Langford, to success in show business. Some good songs, with Frances Langford putting hers over with a bang. Patsy Kelly steals the show with her comedy. Star and the capable cast do a fine job. A pleasing show.

Jalna—RKO-Radio

A rather dreary picture made from the *Mazo de la Roche* novel. A complacent Canadian family with its inevitable grande dame, has two new brides introduced into the circle. Complications ensue when their romances become involved with brothers other than those they married. Nigel Bruce saves things with his superb humor. Kay Johnston, Ian Hunter, David Manners, C. Aubrey Smith, Peggy Wood and others make up a very good supporting cast.

One Grand Fudge!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.-240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

- Let others have their fudge failures. You needn't. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Clip it. Try it.
- But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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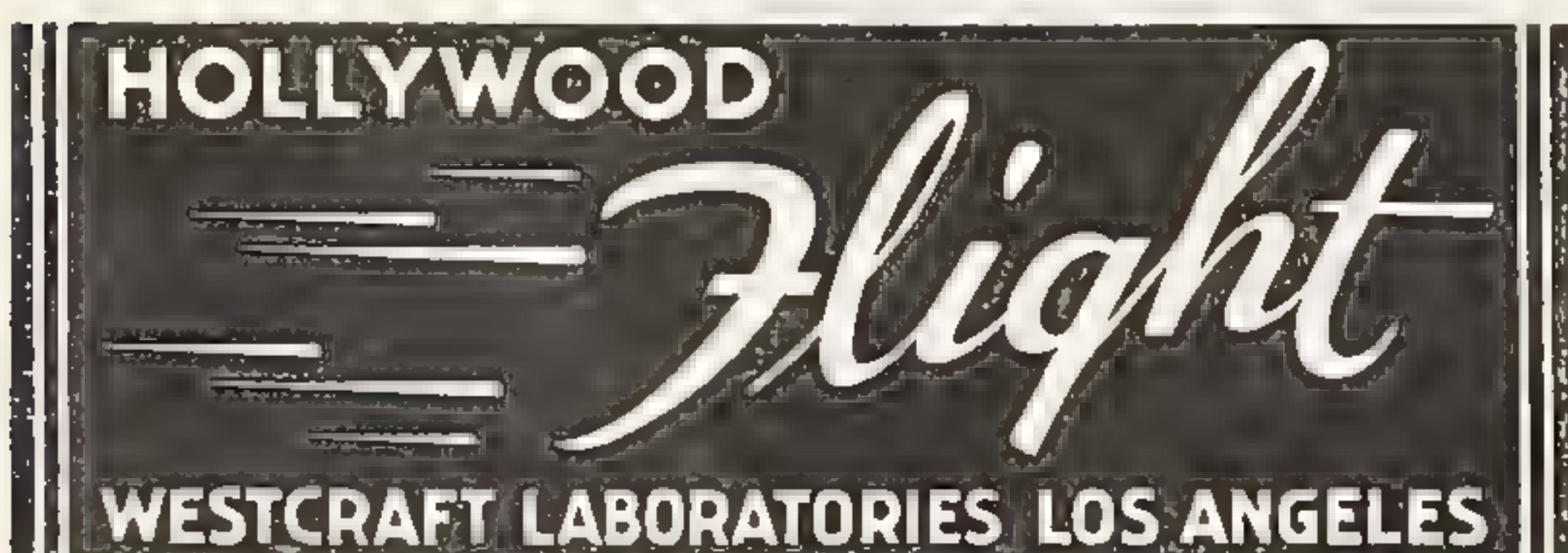


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A worthy companion to this unequalled lipstick is the **Flight** rouge compact—which can only be fully appreciated by being tried. Like the lipstick, it comes in all popular shades.

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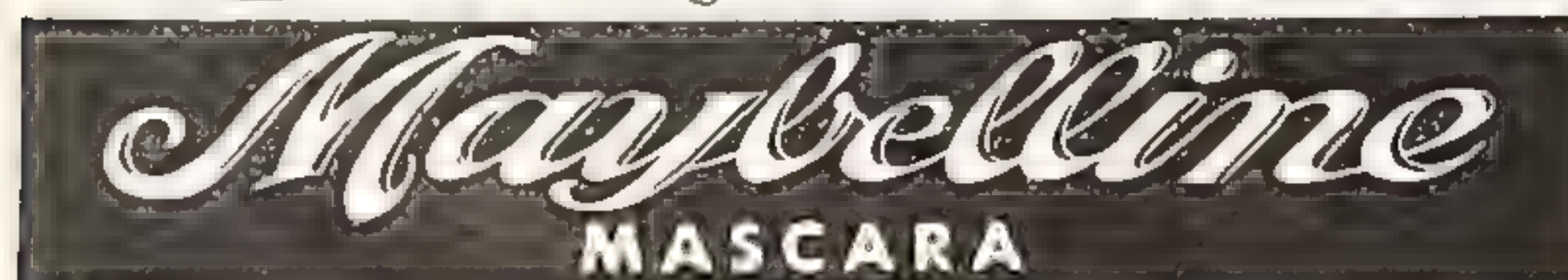
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Every day more and more beauty-wise women accent their eyes to deeper beauty and meaning... with **MAYBELLINE**. Instantly darkens lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Contains no dye... utterly harmless... non-smarting... tearproof. Approved by Good Housekeeping and other leading authorities. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c at reputable toilet goods counters. Refills 35c



Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 6

anyone at ease—be charming company to whatever guest she's talking to, yet never miss a thing. She knows the minute any guest is feeling left out, or shy; she knows just who will get along together, and who should be separated or they'll be bored. She can show off her famous husband so that he's immensely pleased with himself, without letting him or anyone else realize what she's doing. She gives each guest a chance to be his or her most fascinating self—and that's a secret worth a fortune."

When you go to Maureen's for one of her infrequent parties, you'll very likely play games. Maureen goes with the "British set," including the British Consul, and you know how they are about games.

"The last time someone started a game called—I believe—*G-Men*," related Maureen, from the depths of the couch cushions. "Someone tells a short story, such as: 'Pat O'Rooney was found dead last night in the aisle of the Chinese Theatre.' Then everyone asks him questions, which he may answer only by 'yes' or 'no,' until the whole mystery is solved.

"You ask, for instance: 'Was he murdered?' Then you have to find out how, why, at what time, and by whom. You'd be surprised how thrilling it can be.

"Some people like to play charades with props, the more elaborate the better. They say that if the actors are costumed it takes your mind off what they are doing and it's harder to guess. And then others think the simpler the harder. We try both.

"Did you ever give a party where everyone had to come in costume, just down to the neck? That is, a dress-the-head-party? The idea is to arrive as a character in history—a real person, like Napoleon or Pocahontas—but one not easily guessed. Then the one who guesses the most gets a prize—or you can give it to the one who wears the best disguise.

"I suppose everyone is playing that crazy game with the bottle and matches, but if you've never tried it, you can't imagine how much fun you can have out of being silly!

"You take a bottle without a cork, give each player—it doesn't matter how many there are—twenty-five matches; each puts a match on the head of the bottle and passes it to his neighbor; the idea is to get rid of matches, but any matches that fall off when the bottle is yours belong to you. I think Madge Evans had two hundred once."

Tamale pie is a grand dish to serve on a chilly evening, after a round of games. It's not an Irish dish, but Maureen says she is a cosmopolitan about eating, and there's everything you can imagine in this pie.

TAMALE PIE

- 1 can corn
- 1 can tomatoes
- 3 eggs
- 1 lb. ground round steak
- 1/2 lb. ground salt pork
- 2 cups corn meal
- 2 cups sweet milk
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon pepper
- 2 onions sliced and cooked in 1/2 cup butter until golden brown

Combine all ingredients and bake in a medium oven about one hour. Serve with olives and crackers.

"Tell you something cute to serve," bubbled Maureen, her blue eyes lighting. "Ship Eggs! You take hard-boiled eggs, cut them the long way and devil the yolks; then you cut pieces of cheese in triangles



Nelson Eddy drops in to visit as Brian Aherne and Jessie Ralph go over their lines on the set.

and fasten them upright in the eggs with toothpicks so that they make sails. I suppose I'm crazy about them because Johnny and I are so mad about his new boat. You can fix these and stick them in the ice-box until you're ready for them.

"Oh yes, there's another rather novel thing that made a hit at one party—Easter Lily sandwiches. You take white bread, very fresh and soft, roll it into a cone shape after you've put quite gooey butter on it, put damp napkin on the plateful and place them in the ice-box until they stick together. Then you fill them with a chicken mixture and put a thin wedge of cheese in the top for the stamen. You've no idea how pretty they are.

"Another gadgety dish is a dessert. It's called 'Cherry Tree,' and we must have had it one Washington's birthday, but I don't see why it couldn't be served any time.

"You line small pottery flowers with waxed paper and fill with any kind of ice cream you like. Sprinkle ground chocolate over this to look like earth. Then you use a green toothpick for the stem, fasten mint leaves on for branches, and put a maraschino cherry on top for the flower.

"Personally, I am not terribly fond of desserts. I usually just have salted nuts and candies, and serve something like spaghetti or tamale pie or a hot dish like that, salad and sandwiches.

"There's a Russian salad I'm fond of, but I don't often serve it because it's too much trouble to get it right unless there are just a few people. I got the recipe from some Russian people I met on the boat on my last trip to Ireland."

RUSSIAN SALAD

- 2 heads Romaine lettuce
- 1 large cucumber
- Salt, pepper, sugar
- French mustard
- Vinegar
- 1/2 pint sour cream

Cut the lettuce and cucumber into small pieces and mix with seasoning. Whip the sour cream until it is the consistency of whipped cream, then mix altogether and chill in ice box for an hour before serving.

"There's another pretty salad, called Mab Salad, that I haven't often seen here. It looks like a huge flower on the plate, if you do it right."

MAB SALAD

Cover cold plates with shredded lettuce, cover lettuce with peeled and sliced cucumbers, garnish with alternate strips of red and green peppers and put a tablespoon of mayonnaise in the center.

"I suppose everybody's told you about me and the potato peelings," went on Maureen. "I hear other people are ordering them now. They're good, try them and see. You have your potato baked as usual, then remove the inside and put the peeling back into the oven until it's crisp."

"Sometimes, when a party is so terribly informal that I didn't know it was going to happen until I brought some people home with me, unexpectedly, I serve what I call Midnight Snack. Maybe it's not so terribly unusual but it's popular."

"You cut slices of bread very thick and toast them on one side. Then you spread the untoasted side with butter and catsup, put a slice of onion—very thin—on it, then a slice of tomato, then a slice of American cheese and two strips of bacon and a ring of green bell pepper. Put them back in the oven until the cheese is melted and the bacon is crisp, and oh, my!"

Maureen likes to do her own marketing, though she very seldom cooks. There's something fascinating about markets, she says.

She's very neat, too. Her white bedroom—down a tiny hall from the living-room—looks as though it had just been designed for its owner and not used yet. Every drawer in her chiffonier is in exquisite order, stockings arranged according to shade, gloves and handkerchiefs not half an inch out of place.

"The sisters at the convent were so particular," explained Maureen with a blush, "it got to be second nature to be neat."

She's that way about herself, too, fresh as a rose with the dew still on it, even after the hardest day.

A Star is Made

Continued from page 25

said. "And I was afraid you couldn't do it."

"You mean this was framed?" Diana was still angry.

"Certainly not. But I'm glad it happened. I find you have the necessary emotional quality."

"Then what I said still goes," said Diana. "I can't play with Miss Petite in the cast."

"I'm afraid you've lost your job, Miss Petite," drawled Monroe. He loved things like that. "And you'd better leave the set—and take your bad manners with you. We'll go on with the scene—and Miss Wells will please put a little of her recent spirit into it."

The picture moved beautifully after that. Roemer, curiously enough, was a little nicer to Diana and Monroe was in a softer mood.

Diana grew less self-conscious. She was able to throw herself into the rôle of *Belle*. She made her mean and vicious and yet, in a way, understanding. A real character.

When the picture was over Diana was worn out. Michael suggested that she come to his home for a rest. Tony wanted gay parties. Diana went out to Alicia Drake's beach house and spent a week lying in the



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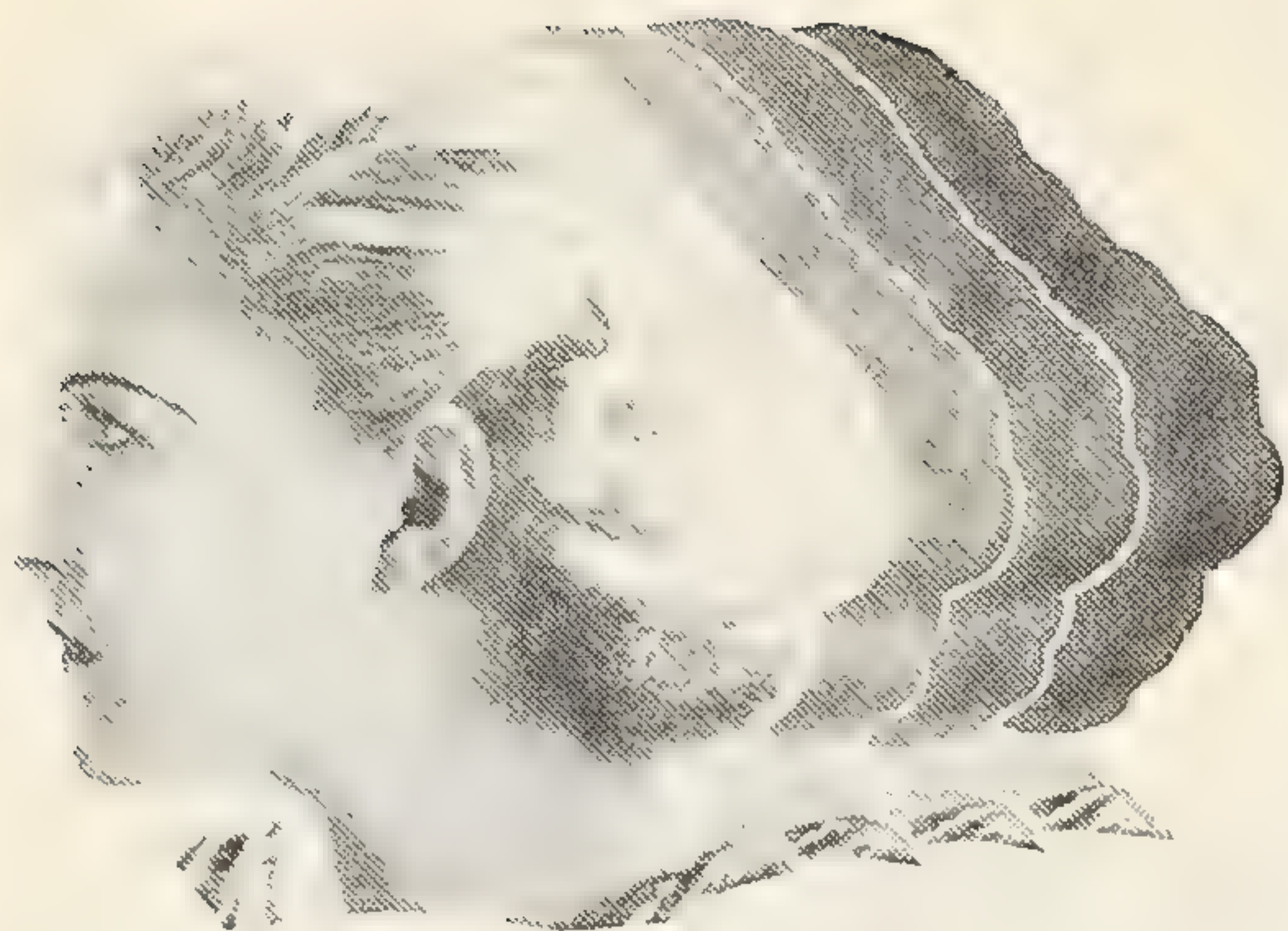


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"Scarlet Stain" was released. It was an immediate success. The reviews all praised it. The part of *Belle*, which a dozen actresses had refused, was called "The character success of the year."

Immediately, life became more complex, more exciting. A photographer took a series of publicity photographs of her. In the home of Corinna Babcock, whom Diana scarcely knew. Diana was pictured in "her" garden. She was shown cooking in Miss Babcock's correct, tiled kitchen. She was photographed reading, curled up in a corner of Corinna's living room.

The publicity department asked Diana questions. About her home and school days, her views on life. Seemed disappointed because her parents had been neither millionaires nor racketeers and she had no "past" to write about.

A week later girls from the motion picture magazines met her at luncheon at the studio. Miss Banks, of the Publicity Department, had charge of the luncheon and saw that Diana's answers were not too dumb. Diana was not especially good copy. She was full of neither wisecracks nor pat philosophy. She had never had startling romances or adventures. She was just an attractive girl—and that doesn't make good copy.

The results, however, were just as satisfactory as if Diana had been more unusual. Writers, on newspapers and magazines, gave her clever quotations, talked of her gaiety. Of her calm acceptance of success. Her cleverness. Her charm.

The first time she saw her picture in print she had a real thrill. The caption said, "Diana Wells, the lovely and startling *Belle* in 'Scarlet Stain.'" She bought all the magazines containing pictures and stories about her. It was wonderful!

She was put immediately into "Stolen Glory." The character was a little like *Belle*, though a trifle more sympathetic. Monroe was again the director and Jonathan Brooks was the star. Brooks was a silent fellow but Diana liked him. He never tried to hog a scene, and though he was without humor, he played sincerely and with feeling. The others in the company were friendly and Diana noticed that they were more considerate of her than other companies had been.

Fan mail began piling in. A few letters at first—and then hundreds of letters. Diana tore them open eagerly. How grand of these strange people to write to her! Some of the letters, confusing her character on and off stage, criticized her. Others praised her acting. A girl in Texas sent her a lovely handkerchief. Her second gift was a box of fudge, but it was stale when it reached her.

Soon, there were too many letters for her to answer alone. She was glad to avail herself of studio stenographers to answer routine letters. There were crank letters claiming relationship with her and letters demanding everything from clothes to a college education. Some of the letters made her very happy. Others left her a little sad. It took her a long time to get used to them.

At first she was too busy for parties. "You can't be a hermit just because you're getting ahead," Tony Bryant said. He felt that, in some way, her success reflected credit on him. Hadn't he "discovered" her?

He took her to parties. She was not unknown, now, sitting at the feet of greatness. Folks complimented her on her characterization of *Belle*, flattered her.

At first the flattery was gratifying. Sooner than you'd have thought possible, Diana began accepting it as her just due. People liked her on the screen. Why shouldn't they tell her? If they thought she had a great future, so much the better.

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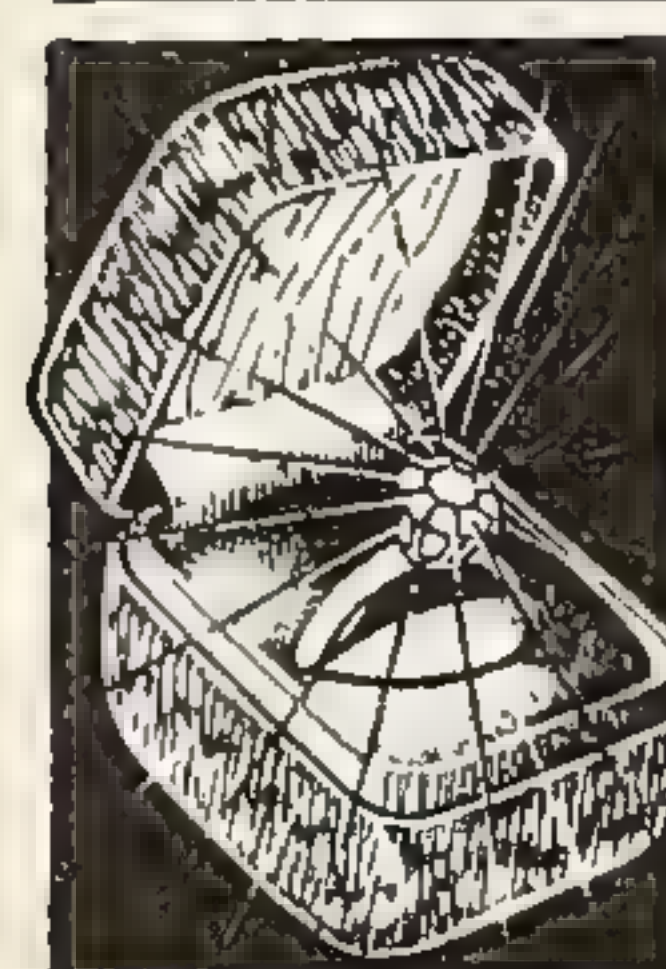
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Diana was a success in "Stolen Glory." More laurels. More interviews. She was even more of a success in "Beware of Brunettes" and "The Avenger."

After "The Avenger" was released Trauber called her in his office.

"Remember what we said about breaking your contract?" he asked.

"Yes," said Diana.

"Well, we're doing it sooner than we'd have thought possible. Exhibitors and fans have been asking for you. They are the real judges, you know. We've just had a conference—and we've decided to double your salary—and to make you a star!"

It was unbelievable that this could happen to her—and it had happened! She—Diana Wells—was a star in the movies!

Diana was given her own dressing room. A charming little bungalow, white with green shutters. And she had her own maid, now, a colored girl named Henrietta.

She was tired of the apartment. She took a furnished house in Beverly Hills, done in Spanish style. She hired a couple to work for her, the man to do the serving and the driving, the woman the cooking and the housework. She bought a small car—she'd been renting one, up to now.

She was a star! A thousand joys—and tribulations—of stardom began to press in on her.

At the beginning it was marvelous, the announcements, the excitement.

"There's Diana Wells," someone would say when she went into a shop or restaurant. She had no private life at all! Being recognized once in a while was fine. Being recognized all the time wasn't quite so pleasant. Oh, well, it was all part of the very odd state of being a star.

Flattery piled on flattery. Invitations came. Far more than Diana could accept, even if she had had nothing to do but go places. Folks she met, casually, would ask if they could give dinners for her. Men asked to be introduced—and then wanted to take her places—to be seen with her. Diana Wells—the newest star!

Photographers asked to take her pictures. Dressmakers begged to make gowns for her. Folks came with letters of introduction.

Diana's father died. He had not been ill long. Diana flew East for the funeral, arranged for her mother to come back and live with her, flew West for a new picture. She grieved for her father—but she could not take time for grieving.

Costumes to be fitted. Interviews. Massage—her hips looked a little large. Lessons in horseback riding, in swimming, in fencing. Charities . . . people . . .

She thought she would "come to herself," have time for thinking, for introspection. There was no time.

Michael had changed. He was solemn, cross. He didn't see why she had to give all of herself to her pictures. He had heard that she was running around with a fast crowd. A man at the bank had told him. He had wanted to bust the fellow's nose. Michael was jealous, that was all! She had been going to parties because she needed diversion. It was silly to call them fast. She had to have fun. Dinner with Michael wasn't enough.

Marry Michael, now! How perfectly silly! Why, Michael couldn't afford half of her household expenses—didn't like any of her new friends. Choose between Michael and a career? How dreadful! Michael was a dear, but, after all, she was a star. Michael didn't understand. She kissed him lightly, didn't notice when he didn't call her up for a long time.

Diana was changing. She didn't realize it, herself. Around her there grew a group of sycophants. Tony Bryant, at first superior, flattered Diana constantly. Half a dozen other men, one a young actor

named Marcus Williams, one a young writer named Forest Drury, several young actresses, a girl on a screen magazine—all were in constant attendance, bringing Diana news of what was said about her, keeping strangers from annoying her.

Some of the things they did were pleasant, necessary. Others wrapped her in a layer of cotton wool, kept from her all the real facts of life that, one time, had been important. She no longer saw things as they were. She saw things colored through these new friends.

The first new starring picture was a real success. So were the two that followed.

Then came a picture she didn't like at all. "Don't do it," and "Speak to Trauber about it," her friends said. It was the same old plot of the hard, bold woman.

Trauber was angry. Diana had never seen him angry before. But he gave her another picture. She was worried. What if she had made a mistake?

The new picture was better than ever! That would show them she knew what she was talking about. When she was given another picture, though she liked it, she fussed anyhow. After all, Triangle was a small company. She didn't have to do everything they told her.

Trauber was even angrier, now. He called Herrick into his office. They both looked grave.

"Perhaps the best thing to do," said Trauber, "is to release you from your contract entirely."

Diana was stunned. She hadn't expected that.

"That will suit me perfectly," she managed to say.

She hurried to Tony with her news.

"Fine!" said Tony. "You'll be better off some place else. The first thing is to get an agent. Why, you're an important star. He'll get you something good."

Before the day was over, Diana had spoken to Twizel, of Twizel and Jeffers, who, for ten per cent, would get Miss Wells a position really worthy of her.

Diana had expected huge offers immediately. Ralph Twizel telephoned her every day. He had "several marvelous things in view." It was better not to grab at the first offer.

She waited. Worried. Her little group worried, too. But they were sure something grand would turn up. Diana Wells—the popular young star!

She told Michael. He was neither hopeful nor worried.

"It's been a swell experience," he said. "Why don't you chuck it all, while you're on top of the heap? You'll have the memory of your success. Let's get married!"

"I'm too young," said Diana. "The other day a famous star of ten years ago came into the office. No one recognized her."

"Wasn't that a tragedy?" Michael smiled. Diana didn't smile.

"We look at things differently. I'm ambitious," she said.

She had her chance the next day. E. T. Boulder of Splendour Films made an offer. The usual contract with options. And a salary greater than she had had at Triangle.

"Didn't I tell you?" asked Tony. "Now let's celebrate."

The celebration ended with a headache that lasted two days.

Splendour Films was a much bigger organization. There were six men, each with a finger in the pie, instead of just Trauber and Herrick. They all argued more, seemed even more sure of themselves.

The first picture, "Less Than The Dust," was, they said, made for Diana Wells. It gave Diana a chance to be a slum girl, who, through trickery, rises to be the head of a huge beauty business. Diana wasn't even consulted as to whether she liked the picture—but she was given the only star book-

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		Freckled	☐	Black	☐	Light	☐
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ing. The picture was a great success!

"You see," said Tony, "you were afraid you couldn't make good without Triangle. Now you're really made."

Her next picture was even a greater success. The money rolled in. A huge, seemingly magical check every week. She'd save a little, of course. Time enough to save a lot later. She had to do things, now. Wasn't she a star? Folks expected things of stars.

She bought a home. The house she was living in was atrocious, she felt now. Not good enough for her.

The new house was in Monterey farmhouse style. It really was lovely, with broad porches, large gracious rooms. It was expensive but Diana made a down payment, arranged to pay for it monthly. Why, it would take but a small part of her salary—and in a few years it would be all her own.

The house was nearly new. It was on three acres of ground. An actress had bought it and had overestimated her appeal. Diana smiled tolerantly. The girl shouldn't have tried to purchase it on a small margin. Her own salary would leave so much over for other things.

There were other things. A lot of them. The garden, for one thing. The builders had put in only meager foundation plantings and the former owner hadn't even had a garden. Diana knew that things grew wonderfully in California—but they have to be put in, first, and then have to be watered, looked after, constantly.

Now, landscape gardeners took care of the garden. Groups of bushes and shrubs massed against the house. There were hedges. A rose garden with thirty-five varieties of roses. Diana hired an expert gardener to look after the place.

She arranged, too, for a tennis court and a swimming pool. After all, she had to have some way of entertaining her friends. The pool was circular, lined with blue-green tile. Curved stone benches stood at the water's edge. Chairs, in green and white, appeared after one word from Diana.

Inside, the house grew by magic, too. On the porch were wicker and chintzes. In the living room there was much white and brown, with touches of purple, scarlet and chartreuse.

Diana's own room was in chartreuse, blue-green and white. Her mother's room was in mauve, rose and grey. The dining room had white walls and chairs and was gay with scarlet and green. There was a playroom, too, with pine panelled walls and a great fireplace, for cool evenings when you couldn't stay out of doors. Here was a motion picture machine, wired for sound, with a screen at one end of the playroom. The kitchens and baths were gay with tile. The details were left to an excellent decorator.

Diana learned a patter of decoration, of periods, of furniture, of color schemes. She could talk nicely of French styles, of Queen Anne, of Eighteenth Century and of modern décor. It was all most fascinating.

The house was finished. Diana moved in!

She had many more servants, now. A big car besides the small one, which she could drive herself if she felt like driving.

Diana decided to give a party. She talked it over with Tony. He agreed that she could ask a lot of people. Time enough to grow exclusive later on.

She sent invitations to Sunny Beck and to Iowa Summers. She hadn't seen them in a long time.

She telephoned to Michael—it suddenly occurred to her that she hadn't seen him in ages, either. She urged him to come and to bring Sara and Sara's boy friend, Bob Rennard, and any of his crowd he wanted to bring. She invited everyone she

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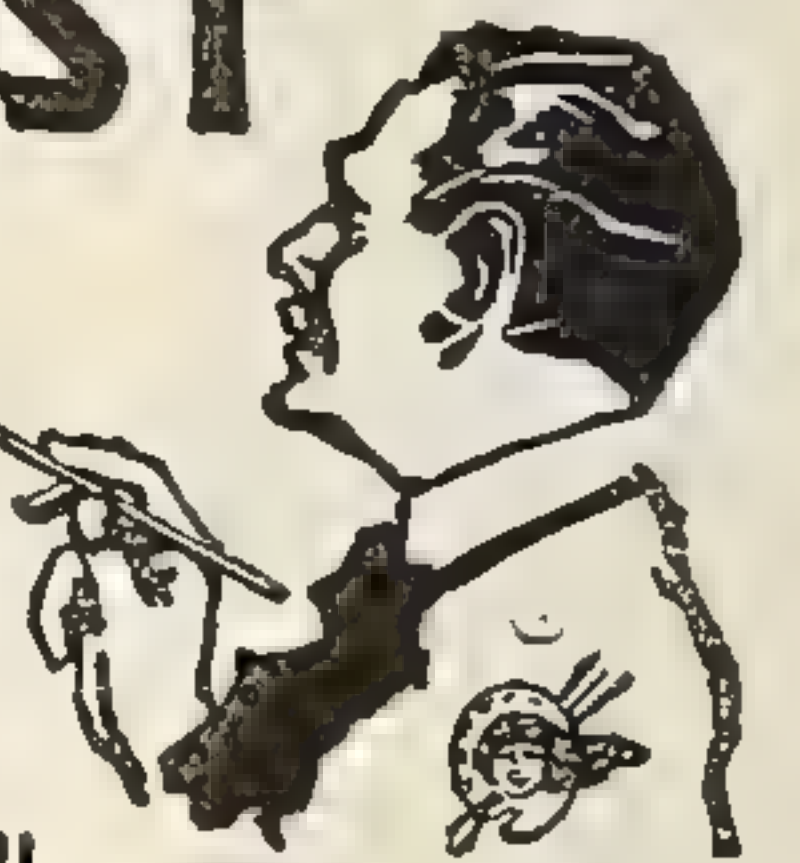
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knew well enough in the movie colony.

The party was a big success. That is, it must have *seemed* a big success. A lot of people came and were jolly and gay. Yet all evening Diana had a feeling that something was wrong. The most exclusive stars didn't come—but a lot of them never went to parties. And so many folks drank heavily and acted funny after they'd been drinking. Few wanted to dance, though there was a good dance orchestra.

Sunny and Iowa both came. Sunny brought a man with her. Diana learned he was a third-rate director, and married—but not to Sunny. Sunny beamed on him but Diana took it for granted that it was because he was a director and could help her. Iowa looked out of sorts. It was plain both girls envied Diana—but Iowa did not hide her envy.

"It's funny," she said, "that you should have this success, when I was the one who had everything for it."

Iowa was having a hard time of it. She had worked as an extra only a few days in the past month. Her money was gone and she wasn't making enough to support herself. Her folks couldn't send her anything.

"Don't let that worry you," Diana said. She ran up to her room, hurried down, pressed some bills into Iowa's hand.

"You'll do better than me when you get a break," she said.

Michael came in late, accompanied only by Sara and Bob Rennard. Diana spent as much time as she could with them—but there were so many people to look after.

During the buffet supper she ran over to talk with them. When she noticed them again they were standing, a little apart, from one of the gay groups of drinkers. She introduced them. The drinkers went on drinking and talking, almost as if Michael and Sara and Bob were invisible.

Michael came to Diana later, said they must go. She urged him to stay. Even if he had stayed she couldn't have been with him a great deal.

"Let's make a date for next week," she said.

"What night?" Michael smiled at her quizzically.

Diana had made half a dozen engagements ahead. Besides, she might have to work a couple of nights.

"I'll ring you up," she said, "the first minute I have."

"Never mind." Michael shook his head.

"What do you mean?" His voice frightened Diana.

"It's a farce, our pretending to be in touch with each other. This is your world. My life is different."

"You're turning me down because I'm a star?" Diana tried to keep her voice light.

"God knows it isn't that," Michael said. "Star or not, I love you. But we've nothing in common. You say I'm no fun. These people care nothing for me. And I can't say I like them a hell of a lot. We're apart already. Might as well face it."

"You won't—telephone me?" Diana asked.

"No," said Michael. Then, his voice, just tinged with sarcasm, "You can call me—if you ever need me." He couldn't imagine Diana ever needing anyone.

Michael was gone! Michael—and her dream of life with Michael. How long ago that dream seemed. This was today. This gay whirl of sound and color.

Someone put a hand on her shoulder. It was Tony.

"Better light up," he said. "Or the party'll die on you."

She joined the nearest group. She was gay. She felt her voice getting too loud. What did it matter? She even laughed when Ned Drogan fell across the living room floor, dragging with him, with a great crash, one of her best porcelain lamps, one of a pair that couldn't be replaced.

It was four o'clock before the guests were gone. All but Tony. He stood in the living room, which, a few hours before, had been a model of immaculate perfection. Now there were stains on the new rug, a burn in the delicate fabric of the sofa. Ash trays were overflowing. Flowers wilted. Half-emptied glasses stood everywhere.

"It was a nice party," said Tony. He put his arms around her. "Here's where I knew you'd be—an established star."

She laughed. "You've always been my best fan."

"Look here, darling," he grew serious. "You can't keep me guessing much longer."

"Tony!"

"I'm not a child!" He held her more firmly. "You know how I feel. I didn't want to frighten you. But you know I love you. I'd marry you if I could. But I can't wait for you—much longer."

"Please don't even tell me you love me tonight," Diana said. "I'm so tired." There were tears in her eyes.

"You poor child," said Tony, changed again. "I'm a wretch. But think over what I've said. I'll run along. Lunch tomorrow? O.K.?"

"O.K.," said Diana, and smiled through her tears.

The newspapers and magazines carried glamorous stories about the housewarming in Diana Wells' beautiful new home.

(To Be Continued)

Freddie's Life and Adventures

Continued from page 30

reading, and she said: "It's far too difficult for you, darling," but it wasn't so very difficult after all, because she explained it first. One thing I couldn't understand by myself, and that was why God had only one son. Because if Jesus did so much, just think what a whole family could have done. But Cis explained that there was nothing else left for anyone to do, because Jesus did everything.

And sometimes, even though I didn't understand the words, I loved the sound because it gave me all sorts of feelings—sad ones and happy ones and now and then a feeling as though I were getting larger and larger inside and might float off somewhere if I didn't hang on pretty tight to Cis—that was a little frightening and yet awfully pleasant, I can't explain why.

Then there are other things I don't really remember myself, but I've heard Cis and the rest mention them rather frequently, so if you think it's quite all right—not cheating, I mean—I'll tell you about that.

For instance, they used to have garden parties and bazaars in Warminster where we lived, and the idea of these parties was to make money for people who needed it. So one day Cis said: "Would you like my nephew to go along and recite?" And they said yes.

I really do remember the next part of it. I sat beside Cis and she said: "You won't be shy, will you?" And I said: "No, when's the blind going up?" Never having seen a stage before, I thought the curtain was a window blind. Then Cis said it was time to go on the stage, and when I got



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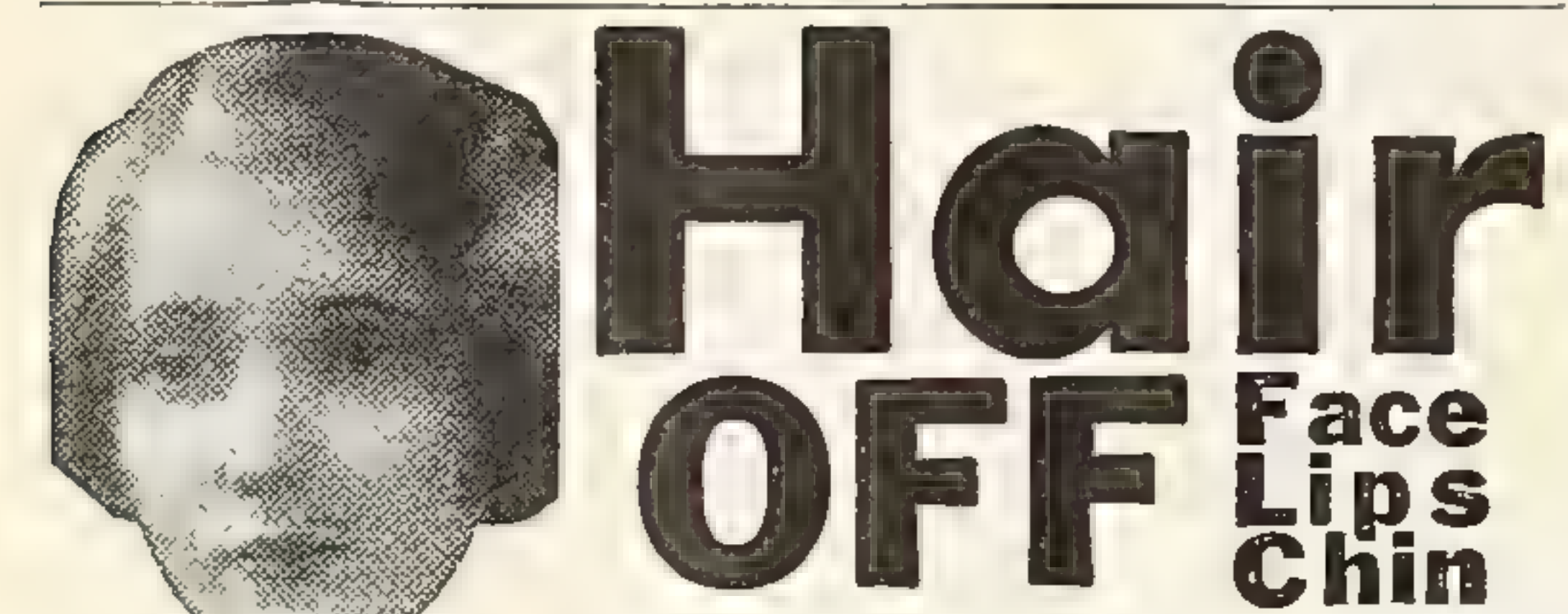


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there, all the people clapped, so I clapped too. It wasn't very polite, but there *was* an excuse for me, because I didn't realize at all that I was paying myself an honor. I just thought, if they clapped, I ought to clap too. Then when I thought we'd clapped long enough, I held up my hand and said: "Sh!" and started the piece. It was about a London policeman who stopped the traffic. I was having a good time, when suddenly I felt a rather uncomfortable feeling in the general region of my nose. So I said: "Excuse me, I want to wipe my nose"—nothing like being frank, is there?—and Cis passed me up a handkerchief, and after I'd wiped my nose, I started all over from the beginning. And when I'd finished, I clapped again, I'm ashamed to say, so the people clapped too.

I really can't go any farther without telling you about Cis—you mustn't be shy, Cis—you know I can't relate my life without bringing you in. Cis is the most important person in my life, and my father's sister. She always says she has no talent, and that hurts me terribly. If Cis has no talent, then I have none. You see, it's like something in a barrel. Suppose there's a barrel standing beside the road, and nobody pays much attention except perhaps to wonder what's in it and go his way. Then along comes John and says: "There's wine in that barrel or talent or whatever the case may be." Well, then, that means that John must have had talent to recognize what was in the barrel, when nobody else did and it wasn't marked with a label of any kind. So I say that if I have talent, Cis must have it too, and I'd consider it a great favor if you'd put it in your paper.

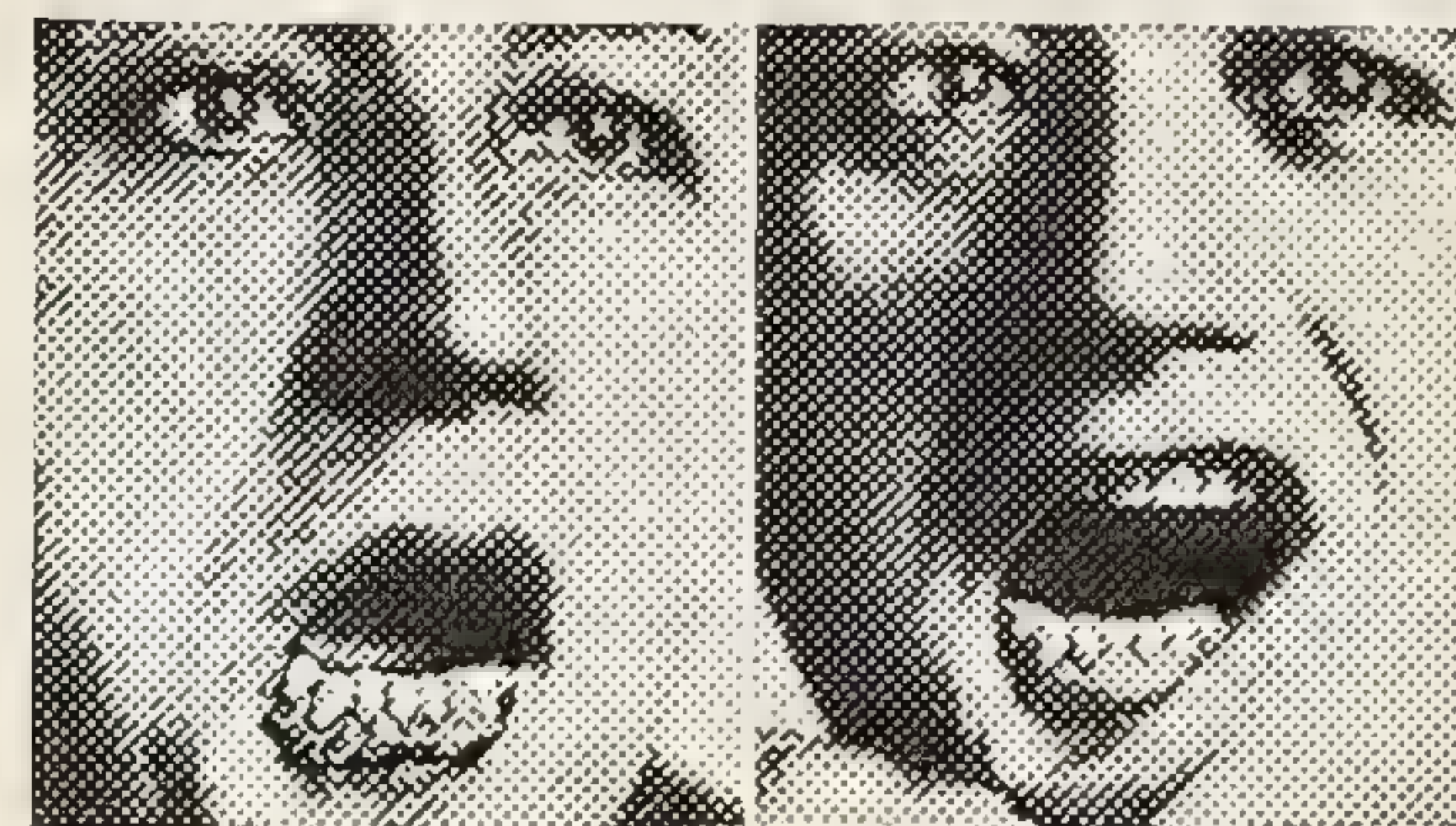
You may not believe this, but Cis and I can talk to each other without saying any words. There was once on the stage I'll always remember. I had a speech to say, and for some reason I hadn't rehearsed it with Cis. And about a quarter of it I knew, and the rest I couldn't remember. The words went right out of my head, and then I looked at Cis who was standing in the wings, and the words came running right back in again. Queer, isn't it?

D'you know what I do? There's a game I like to play sometimes, which consists of my saying to Cis: "Let's think about someone we both know, but not very well." And Cis thinks, and suddenly in the middle of my head, about a quarter-way down, there forms a hazy little pink square, and inside the square I see the person she's thinking about. You can laugh if you like, Cis, but it's absolutely true. Well, it may not work out *every* time, but you must admit that it does at least once in ten—or d'you think twenty would be fairer?

Oh, and I must tell you about Peter. Peter's my cousin, two years older, and my best boy friend. Rowland Leigh is my best man friend and Cis is my best aunt, uncle, brother, niece and distant second cousin twice removed. Peter used to come down to Warminster for the holidays, and we began by playing trains and climbing trees, and after a while we built ourselves a playhouse in the silver birch and spent our days there. Then when he started going to the officers' school at Aldershot, we didn't care much about playing anything but soldiers. Peter was the colonel on guard and he'd march up and down the lawn with a gun—it was just a stick, of course, but we'd pretend it was a gun—and I was the army marching behind him with another gun—my gun was smaller, because even though I was supposed to be a great many men, I was only a great many privates and Peter after all was an officer.

We weren't supposed to go beyond the gates. But one day—I don't know just how it happened—we marched right out of the gates and down the road, and before we knew it we were at the railway station.

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Then, as we were already there, we thought we might as well sit down and watch the trains go by. There was a very nice porter and, when we told him we were army men, he saluted us and gave us a place to sit and pointed out the various trains and where they came from and where they were going. We didn't realize that Cis and the rest would worry—well, the truth of the matter is, I'm afraid we didn't think about it at all till they came and found us. Then we were terribly sorry, of course. I'd give a good deal to see Peter right now, but he's in England and I'm here, and there's no use crying over spilt milk. Not that I don't like it here—I shouldn't want to give you the wrong impression, because I love it. But I suppose what I should really like is to be here and there at the same time. I wonder if that could be managed, Cis?

It's difficult to tell the next part, because it sounds rather silly to talk like that about oneself. But Cis says I must tell it as though I were talking about an entirely different person, so I'll try. All this time, you see, people were saying to Cis: "You ought to put Freddie into the films, because he has talent." And Cis thought it would

be quite easy, but it wasn't. She wrote to one or two producers, and nobody answered. There were several reasons. In England they don't like children to act before they're fourteen—and just because Cis and other kind friends thought I could act was no reason why a producer should take them at their word. Well, finally Cis took me to an agent in London, and they gave me a small part in a film. No, I wasn't frightened—all I had was a good time. Then later I played on the stage in "Oliver Twist." I remember that very well, because when we went to see the man, he said: "So you've brought the baby." And I was dreadfully offended and nudged Cis and said: "Tell him I'm not a baby. Tell him I'm grown up." Because while I know eight's not very old, still I do think it's too old to be called a baby.

But we didn't get very far with our acting in England, because of these reasons I told you. And I'm afraid Cis was rather disappointed. But she went on saying: "Never mind, we'll get there yet." And I knew if Cis said so, we would.

(Next Installment: Freddie Tells About "David Copperfield.")

The Only Girl on a Gable Location

Continued from page 19

hair ruffled in the wind. He looked extraordinarily rugged and even more handsome, I believe, than when all slicked up with mustache and well-cut tailored suits in his more modern settings.

And for the first time, I believe, I talked to the real Gable. He confided to me, as we perched ourselves on a couple of old barrels on the wind-swept deck, that he loved this sort of thing. That he felt he was intended to be a man of the outdoors, and that in pictures like this and "China Seas" he felt a deeper satisfaction than in any of the more debonair sophisticated things he is called upon to play.

"This is almost a vacation for me," he said with a grin. "Almost, not quite. You know what my idea of a real one would be? I'd fly in my own plane from here to Rio de Janeiro, find out about some of that wild, untraveled tropical jungle of Central and South America, see some of that fascinating beauty of those South American cities I'm always reading about, and then take the Graf-Zeppelin—boy, what a ship and what a thrill—to Europe, see a few sights incognito, and fly back. It could all be done in a month and think of the territory covered."

Yes, that was the Gable who loves speed, action, adventure—and beauty! But I am getting ahead of my story. I am talking about Clark Gable entirely, and I know you want to hear the whole story of the exciting *Bounty* location trip.

Sailors' superstitions be hanged! There were no mishaps those days because of a woman on board. No mishaps? Well, of course—

There was the day that Laughton, as the tight-lipped, stern disciplinarian, *Captain Bligh*, slipped on the deck when the *Bounty* took a great lurch and almost went overboard.

And it was at 1:30 a.m. the next morn-

ing, coming back from Avalon by speed-boat, that twenty-three of the men, (no stars in the lot), ran afoul of a reef a mile from shore and jammed three holes in the bottom of their boat. For thirty long minutes, while the boat filled with water, and they bailed frantically, they sent up S.O.S. signals with a pocket flashlight which were finally and luckily seen by a tug-boat captain smoking a final pipe before he went to bed. (Of course, you know later, off Santa Barbara, a camera man did lose his life heroically.)

And there was the day that Clark, amusing himself between scenes by taking potshots at live sharks which flipped in the waves off the boat, dropped a handful of shells on deck and a few moments later, running its length barefooted, stepped on one and so injured his foot that he had to have medical aid.

And you've never seen such a near-catastrophe as took place when your female scribe tried to get off the *Bounty*. She slipped on the wet ladder going down the side of the ship and was only rescued from a plunge into the water where she would have been, if not drowned, crushed between tossing water-taxi and rolling ship.

And there never were such frightful sunburns incurred by one and all that day, Clark not excluded. But trivial matters, all, said we, at the time.

Here's my running story of the whole trip. Maybe you'd like to hear the details in case a *Bounty* and ship-load of barefoot actors come into your life some day!

If you're going from Hollywood, you ride the film boat from a San Pedro wharf direct to the Isthmus, some ten miles across Channel. The boat makes it once a day carrying passengers and supplies. And so, surrounded by eight twenty-gallon gasoline tanks, four cartons of strawberries, two dead sharks, (to be used for *Bounty* atmosphere), and six milk cans, I started my great expedition.

The sky was clear. The stars were shining. The sea was choppy and rough; but by sticking my head out of the side and missing the strong gasoline odor, I managed to keep the stomach quiet. (I am told Mr. Franchot Tone, making the same trip the night previous, was not so fortunate! On Mr. Gable's trip, he yelled for

Stop..

WORRY OVER

tell tale

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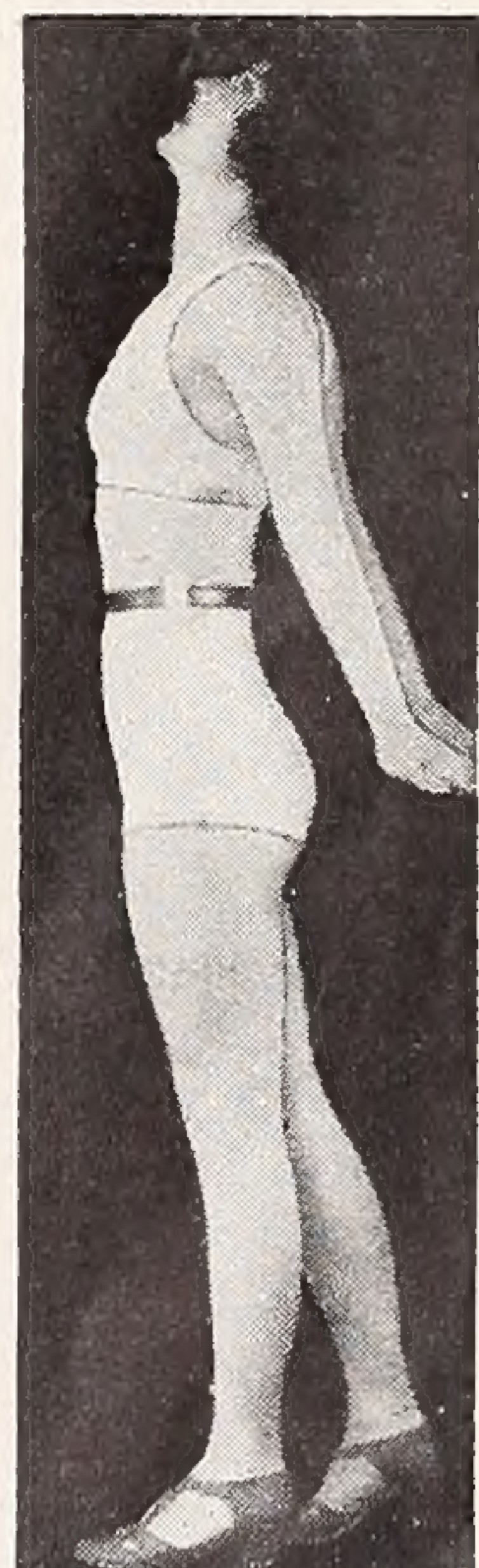


Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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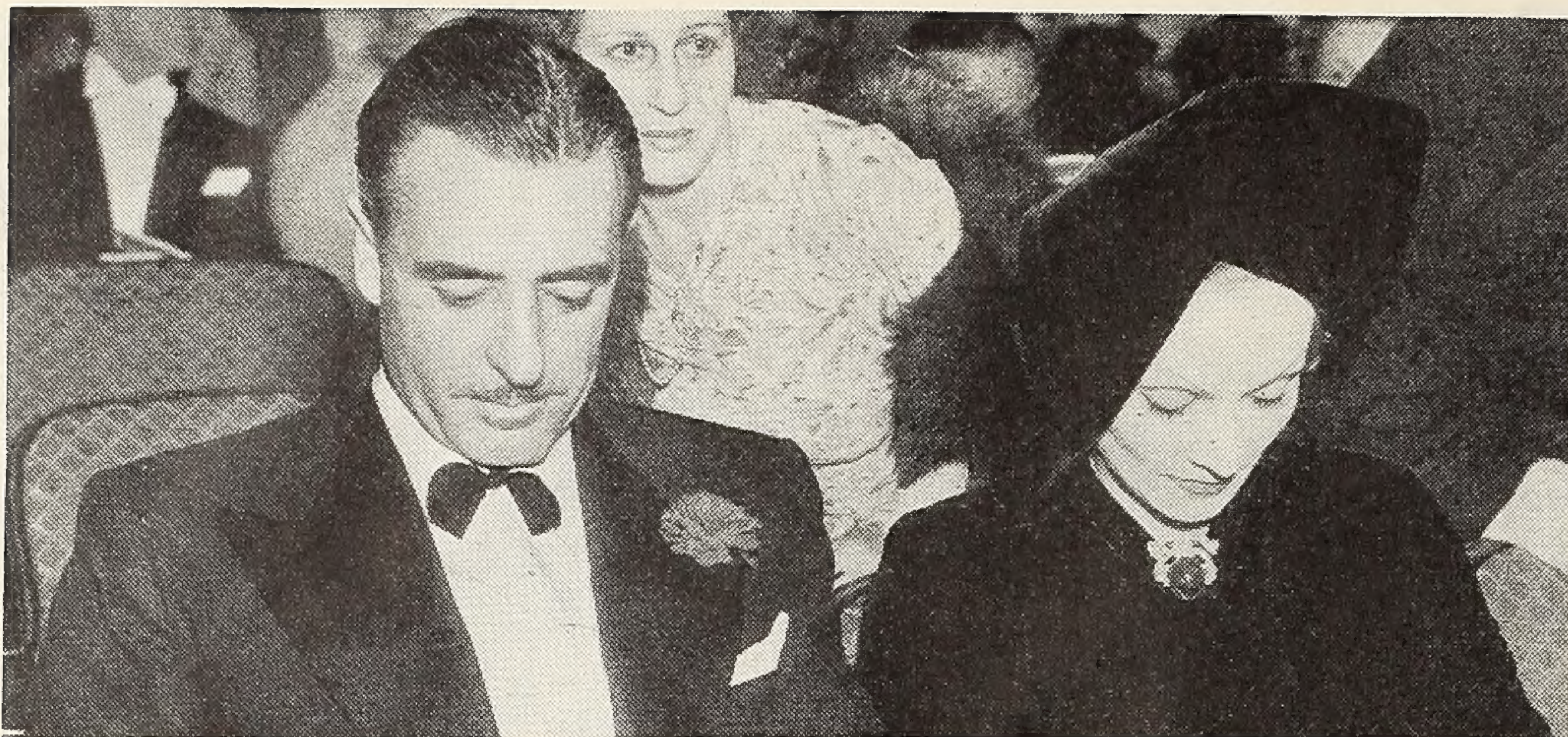
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Wide World

Companions at the play! A new combination, John Gilbert and Marlene Dietrich, as they attended a first night in Hollywood.

more speed!). At 12:30 a.m., we sighted land and the huge camp, "City of Men," wherein were parked the hardy crew of actors and technicians, *et al*, for M-G-M's "Mutiny on the Bounty." There was a cottage reserved for me, and I fell instantly into its waiting bed.

At 5:30 the next morning—it seemed middle of the night—a siren blew. Well, old fire-horse Babcock leaped from bed to go to the fire. But no, it was just the first call for breakfast. Another siren blew at six; and at 6:30, I found myself at breakfast in the camp's main dining-hall with an extremely sleepy-eyed Clark Gable, a silent Charles Laughton, and a very charmingly pleasant Director Frank Lloyd. (You know, of course, that most men are really not fit to speak to in the morning until they've had their coffee, and I would say that Mr. Laughton and Mr. Gable, charming as their manners were later in the day, would be no exception to this rule. Mr. Lloyd, by the time I arrived at the table, had *had* his coffee!).

Incidentally, forgetting the rule, I remarked brightly to Mr. Gable that it looked like a fine day, and after a terrific effort, he brought forth a smile and a mumble: Yes, it might be, but he hoped it wasn't windy. Mr. Laughton merely remarked bitterly that if he got any more sunburned, he couldn't work any more. After the first few sips of coffee, they looked much brighter, and by the time we fell into another water-taxi—it was the same I had ridden the evening previous, only now it was headed for sea—the conversation was a little more stimulating, although far from brilliant.

Incidentally, would you like to know what they ate for breakfast, these film idols? Well, Mr. Gable, I must report, is a sissy eater. He had a glass of lime juice and two cups of coffee. No scrambled eggs or sausages for him. Not even a bit of dry toast. I thought he looked longingly at Charlie Laughton's well-filled plate, but I couldn't be sure until he told me later—goodness, not then; he hardly mumbled a word then—that he had to watch his diet. Clark Gable watching his diet!

"I haven't eaten a boiled potato for years," he told me. "And I love 'em. I come from a family of big men. Fatness is a family trait. I had a grand old uncle with a stomach like John L. Sullivan's and six double chins. Well, I resemble him in features, but I don't try the double chins. So it's no beans or potatoes or any of the hearty foods I like, for Gable."

The *Bounty*, anchored off the Isthmus every night, had already started out to sea under power of its auxiliary motor, and we caught up with it some three miles distant and clambered up its side. The deck of the *Bounty*, as I viewed it for the first time, was a sight never to be forgotten. As

you know, the ship is a replica of the famous old vessel which sailed from England to Tahiti back in 1700. It is ninety feet long, has a twenty-four foot beam, and carried three masts, the mizzen, fore mast, and main mast. It is what is known technically as a square-rigger, and in the early morning calm, its sails were still to be furled.

Sprawling on the deck, standing, sitting, or lounging against boxes, was the all-male cast, a picturesque sight in stripped sailor pants, bare feet, and colored kerchiefs around their heads. The real crew, regular San Pedro seamen, were, much to their disgust, in the same garb as the cast. They had to be so costumed for atmosphere; but later in the day when close-ups for principals were in order, they made a quick change to their grease-smudged blue jeans and flannel shirts and square-toed shoes.

The first scene on tap was that in the story where the sailors, after being becalmed for days, catch a whiff of wind. Clark, as *Fletcher Christian*, excitedly runs the length of the deck, and Mr. Laughton, as *Captain Bligh*, follows him.

The first I knew work was under way came with a sharp call from Director Lloyd: "Have we a captain on board? Get your hat off, Mr. Laughton, and let's get going!" For Mr. Laughton, still wary of the beating rays of the sun, was lolling in what shadow he could find, a lovely white 1935 duck hat pulled securely over his face.

Over and over, they took that scene. And then close-ups. And then some shots of Donald Crisp as *Seaman Burkett*, fighting with hungry, snarling shipmates over the catch of a shark. It was, surprisingly, much as if you were watching movies made within the four walls of a studio stage, save for the background of the tall masts of the old square-rigger with its flopping sails and the blue Pacific.

My attention concentrated on Clark—(what female's wouldn't?). I found him putting extraordinary vigor and power into his scenes; and then between shots, he was like a great big kid. For the most part, he acted more like an ingratiating, irresponsible small boy than a great big he-man. Always between scenes he was forever playing, and more excited about the possible chance of potting a live shark with his revolver, which he had brought along, than the scene to be shot. Once I thought Director Lloyd was going to have to reprimand him seriously for his romping. Someone had yelled, "There's your shark, Clark," and forgetting his scene, he had grabbed his gun and rushed to take aim. The cameras were set, the lighting was right, and Lloyd wanted action. He yelled, "Take your places!" Everyone but Clark was ready. Lloyd yelled again,

"Come on, Clark, let the shark go." Looking very much like a disappointed small boy called to supper from playing pirates, Clark came back to work.

Laughton was a great surprise to me. I thought, why, I don't know, that he would be extremely British and stand-offish and very dignified. He was completely the opposite. Much more adult in his actions than Clark, he too relaxed between scenes, but by sitting and chatting of everything with prop boy or actor or—yours truly.

I was fascinated to watch him go into a scene. In a second, with a twist of the shoulder, a flicker of an eyelid, he goes into character, is completely the sinister, stern English sea captain. His stride down the deck carried more power and more authority than I thought possible in a little man. The way he planted his feet on the deck, the way he carried his shoulders, changed him instantly from a pleasant person into that ominous captain whose every move exuded cruel power.

Franchot Tone is invariably bored. He had no scenes on board ship that day, but I saw him in the evening on land nonchalantly putting nickels in the marble machine. He looked surprised at my appearance and inquired, "What, for heaven's sakes, are *you* doing here?" And when I told him, he said, "My, it doesn't seem possible anyone would deliberately choose such an assignment!" And when the rest of the gang left for an evening's frolic at Avalon, and Gable, resplendent in white flannels; tried to persuade Franchot to go along in Clark's specially chartered speed boat, Franchot wouldn't be bothered.

Well, the day went on and the day's shooting. A wind came up right after lunch, (served below deck), and the sails of the *Bounty* were unfurled to the breeze—I hope that's the right nautical term! Anyway, full sail we went with the wind. I have never seen a lovelier sight than the *Bounty* in full sail. The breeze became stiffer and stiffer, and coats and sweaters were donned; but still the cameras ground until nearly six, when fog rolled in.

When there's fog on the Pacific, and you have a motion picture to make, you just—like Greta Garbo—go home, call it a day, and put on the sunburn ointment. At least, that's what happened to us of the *Bounty*.

After dinner with only roast beef, roast veal, fried potatoes, two kinds of vegetables, soup, salad, apple pie, ice cream, and coffee—you have no appetite at all on the sea!—everybody boarded water-taxis once more and went off to Avalon where there is a real motion picture theatre, to see the rushes run. And if I still entertained any notions about Mr. Charles Laughton being sedate and prim, I lost them then. There was a little delay getting the theatre lights turned on and out of the darkness from the stage came the sounds of a tap dance. As the lights blazed, there was Mr. Laughton, enjoying himself hugely as he executed a soft-shoe number all by himself. When the gang yelled their approval, he bowed and recited the Gettysburg address.

The next day, "The City of Men" on the Isthmus lost its official classification. The Joan Crawford company, making "I Live My Life," moved into camp for scenes on some old Greek ruins constructed high on a hill overlooking the bay. Women arrived in numbers, and I lost my ranking as "the only female." And so I went home.

En route to the mainland in water-taxi, we struck fog, lost our course, and almost hit an enormous freighter, which loomed, foghorn squawking, out of the darkness. Somehow, that old sailor's superstition, "A woman aboard ship bodes . . .," which I know, kept coming into mind, and I was ever looked so good to me before on that mainland. But I won't forget Gable in a hurry!



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